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THE  
**FOREIGN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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ART. I.—Adam Oehlenschläger's *Schriften. Zum erstemale gesammelt als Ausgabe letzter hand.* (The works of Adam Oehlenschläger. Collected for the First Time.) Bdc. I.—XVIII. 8vo. Leipsic. 1829, 1830.

MANY of our readers are probably old enough to recollect the time when any adventurous person who had spoken gravely in company of Danish literature or Danish poetry, would have been looked upon as a literary Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, who was endeavouring, on the strength of having been beyond seas, to pass off the usual wonders of a traveller upon the public. Nay, it is not many years ago since a Frenchman, talking to a friend who had ventured to explore the savage regions of Germany, and naturally wishing to acquire some knowledge of the habits of the natives, asked him, "*Les Allemands, est-ce qu'ils ont une langue?*" "*Non,*" replied the other, "*ils parlent seulement un patois; mais ils se comprennent entre eux!*" Now certain it is, that the Danes too, as well as the Germans, contrive to understand each other pretty well; and what, perhaps, is more to our purpose, they are now beginning to be understood by Europe also: the names of their poets, their novelists and historians, are becoming less strange, if not absolutely familiar to our ears; and Danish literature is fast assuming a respectable, if not an elevated position on the field of European culture. We have already, in a general article on the subject of Danish poetry, alluded to the works of some of its most distinguished ornaments; we now propose to consider a little more in detail the literary life of its greatest dramatic poet—Adam Oehlenschläger.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER was born in a suburb of Copenhagen on the 14th of November, 1779. His father held the situation of organist and steward at Friedricksberg, a royal country-seat in the neighbourhood. This residence, which had been built by Frederick IV. after his return from Italy, animated and gay with the pomp and bustle of the court in summer, was left in winter

almost deserted, under the charge of the poet's father. The poet was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and surrounded by these splendors, not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales obtained from some circulating library in town, to which he made frequent pilgrimages for this purpose through storm and snow; or to listen to his father, who, as the autumnal evenings closed in, used to assemble his family about him, and read aloud to them accounts of voyages and travels.

At the age of twelve he exchanged the freedom of the country, and the stately rooms of the royal residence, for a narrow lodging in the town, to prosecute, or rather to commence his studies, under the care of Edward Storm, a Norwegian, a poet and a man of talent. Though Oehlenschläger's reading had been of the most desultory and least profitable kind, Storm saw in his activity of mind, and the energy with which he pursued those studies which interested him, the promise of future improvement. Even before this time he had been overheard in the chapel at Friedrichsberg, when he thought himself alone, delivering extempore discourses from the pulpit, much to the satisfaction of the clergyman, who happened on one occasion to overhear his effusion from the sacristy, and forthwith advised his father to make him a preacher. Whatever he learned himself he instantly set about communicating to others. Having promised to give one of his young friends instructions in anatomy, he prevailed on him to accompany him to Friedrichsberg, where he had procured the skeleton of a child for the purpose of demonstration. The friends were to sleep together in the same room; the skeleton, after the conclusion of the lecture, was left on the table; and the lecturer and his pupil had dropt asleep. Suddenly they were awakened by a knocking at the door, and lay motionless with terror, thinking that the owner of the skeleton had come in person from the tomb to reclaim his bones. Great was their relief, however, when they found that it was only the old maid servant, who came to bring the anatomist his night-shirt, which he had forgotten below!

The same activity displayed itself at school, though, unfortunately, instead of being devoted to Latin and history, it took the direction of stage-playing, dramatic composition, and pugilistic exhibitions. The latter were, indeed, in some measure forced upon him. His father, who was not very well able to defray the expenses of his education, had, as a good speculation, purchased from the keeper of the king's wardrobe a number of faded suits, out of which the young poet had been equipped for school. "There I walked about," says he, "for a long time in coats which had once figured on the backs of crown-princes, and stiff boots

which had been worn by kings, while my pantaloons were made out of the cloth which had covered some old billiard-table, now out of commission." This strange raiment, his long dark hair straggling in the Roderick-Random style over his shoulders, and his tall thin figure towering above the rest, "like the minster over the houses in Strasburg," rendered him at first the butt of the school; and it was only after bestowing a sound drubbing on some of the ring-leaders that he was allowed to wear these memorials of ancient grandeur in quiet. Once fairly naturalized, however, his liveliness and ingenuity soon rendered him a favourite. He headed their sports, and organized a regular system of stage-plays, the young poet himself being generally both the composer and the principal performer. "My dear child," Storm used sometimes to say to him, "you are a greater poet than Molière; *he* used to think it quite a feat to write a piece in eight days; *you* manage the matter with ease in one." Occasionally, some blundering comrade ruined the effect of Oehlenschläger's most impassioned scenes by some unlucky *contre-temps*. He and his comrades were one day performing a very touching piece, in which the heroine was to faint on being informed by a truculent father that she was not to wed her lover. The despairing father, who could not remember a word of his part, but who with a strange perversity had bestowed his chief attention on the stage directions, looking at the fainting lady, repeated with much gravity, "During this time the other characters support her;" and after uttering this affecting apostrophe, immediately disappeared. A well-administered blow from the prompter, however, sent him back upon the stage, and, like an application of animal magnetism, restored at the same time the memory of the performer.

So passed the period from his twelfth to his sixteenth year. During the latter part of the time he had been more diligent; praise and rewards had occasionally been bestowed upon him; he had acquired a passable knowledge of history, geography, and his mother tongue; understood German well, French indifferently, and had a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. Like Shakspeare, however, he had little Latin and less Greek. His father's first intention had been that he should devote himself to merchandize; but ignorant as he was of English, a bad arithmetician, and without the smallest inclination to commerce, it was plain that "his madness did not that way tend." To his great relief, the merchant into whose counting-house his father had hoped to introduce him, could not receive him, and so the obnoxious proposal was dropped.

Thus agreeably disappointed, he prevailed on his father to allow him to resume his studies, with the view of passing his

examination in arts, and again plunged into belles-lettres and poetry. It is rather singular that most of his early efforts should have been in the comic and satirical vein. The gaiety of youth is instinctive, not reflective, while comedy, with its exhibitions of the weaknesses and absurdities of life, is the result of an enlarged experience of society, reflection on its follies, and of those feelings of vanity and vexation of spirit which that experience and reflection give rise to. In such a mind as Oehlenschläger's, we should have imagined that the tragic or epic would have pre-occupied the ground which might have been assigned to the comic or idyllic; but, probably, his choice was influenced by no deeper principle than imitation, and the chance which had thrown Holberg's Comedies, Wessel's *Liebe ohne Strumpfe* (Love without Stockings), and such parodies on the sentimental school into his hands before the grave pieces of Schiller and Goëthe.

Less singular, considering the constitution of his mind, in which vague and enthusiastic feelings were but too predominant, was the strong delight which he experienced in romance reading, particularly those in which spectres and chimeras dire formed the machinery of the story. Hoffman had not at that time astonished the world by his ghastly phantasmagoria, in which the devil and his angels seem perpetually on the broad grin, and the reader wandering among *doubles* of himself, and passing inexplicably from the regions of this lower world into a land of shadows, and from fairy-land back again to reality, feels himself throughout, as it were, in a hazy, troubled, oppressive, and night-mare dream. Weber's romantic legends of the olden time (a field from which more than one of our own novelists have borrowed without acknowledgment), he read with approbation; but for the genuine ghost story, which makes the knotted and combined locks to part, and the reader to feel as if he were undergoing the operation of scalping, Spiess was the man! Over his horrors Oehlenschläger loved to pore, till the fantastic began to overpower the satirical tendency in his mind, and the common events of life to be overshadowed by an atmosphere of terror. On the road, for instance, between Copenhagen and Friedrichsberg, stood the public place of execution, in a waste field looking towards the sea, the wheel and gallows reading a moral lesson to the traveller, and the gentleman of the shade, as they past. During the dynasty of Spiess and his brethren, a criminal had been executed at this spot. Oehlenschläger had gone one afternoon with his sister and the servant to the Suderfeld, to gather some walnuts, which the gardener had still left on the topmost branches of the trees. His sister had been rather silent and gloomy during their walk;—the

sun had set, the autumn evening was closing in. Suddenly she proposed to him to go out to the field and see the dead man. Ashamed to decline following where a female offered to lead, he assented, though the nut which he held in his hand actually fell to the ground in the extremity of his terror. When they came to the high road opposite to the place of execution, his sister and the servant would go no further.

"But some irresistible power," says Oehlenschläger, "seemed to impel me on, like a bird into the jaws of the rattle-snake. I had never been there before, but now I sprang over hedges, and ditches to shorten the way. I drew near to the terrific spot in the lonely field. The sun had gone down; the darkness of an autumnal evening rested upon all. I did not dare to look up. I saw only the green sward beneath me, and its risings and hollows, as I hurried over them, seemed to heave like the waves beneath my feet. At last I saw the dark pillar right before me. I looked up: a pale and bloody head grinned at me from the stake, beneath which lay a severed hand. A headless carcass was stretched upon the wheel, with the arms hanging down, and the legs covered with woollen stockings. A panic terror seized me; I took to flight; I thought the criminal was at my heels, nor did I venture to draw breath till I reached the high road and rejoined my sister and the servant."

These wanderings of a heated imagination, it may be supposed, are symptomatic of no great progress in the graver studies to which the attention of Oehlenschläger should have been directed. In Greek he utterly failed. Had he been allowed to commence with Homer, or Herodotus, or even with the historical books of the New Testament, something, he thinks, might have been done; but the doctrinal and argumentative Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians he found himself unable to master, the more so that he was required to translate them out of Greek,—not into Danish but—into Latin. Gradually he lost courage;—for now the path to distinction through the field of classical and theological attainments seemed to grow longer and more thorny as he advanced; from this side he began to feel that the Temple of Fame was shut against him.

It was during this period of despondency that the idea of devoting himself to theatrical pursuits, as a profession, occurred to him; not that he had any particular attachment to stage-playing, or any very romantic conception of the pleasures of an actor's life; for, in fact, Oehlenschläger had been himself by far "too much in Arcadia," and had seen too much of the undress of a stage life to be carried away by the enthusiasm of Dick the Apprentice. His motives to the rash act were, in the first place, as it seemed, to procure the only means of gratifying what had now become a habit, and almost a necessary of life with him, his taste

for witnessing theatrical representations:—a passion the more violent, perhaps, that he had scarcely ever had a farthing of his own wherewith to gratify it: secondly, as musical composers prepare themselves for their art by familiarizing themselves with the range and compass of instruments in the orchestra, Oehlenschläger, who seemed to feel that dramatic poetry was not unlikely to be his ultimate destination, thought that the best school in which a knowledge of stage effect was to be acquired was the green-room, and the stage itself. One path of dramatic poetry seemed at that time almost unoccupied: the success of Holberg's comedies had turned the course of Danish poetry decidedly into the channel of the comic. Tragedy, except in a few translations from Lessing, Kotzebue, and Shakspeare, had already been scarcely cultivated at all. Samsøe's play of *Dyvecke*, no doubt, by the nationality of its plot, the brilliancy of its decorations, and, above all, by the sudden death of its author, just as it was in the course of rehearsal,—and the Secretary Sanders' *Niel Ebbesen*, a melo-dramatic Pizarro-like effusion, also on a national subject, and full of “gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder,” had excited considerable attention in their day, but failed to maintain any permanent reputation. And, in fact, by affording a means of comparison with the tragic dramas of other countries, they only served to point out more distinctly how little had yet been done in the department of tragedy.

This plan, which had haunted his brain daily for some time, was at last suddenly resolved on: his father, always too ready to gratify his whims, agreed to it; and his mother, though she would willingly have seen him devoting himself to another employment, was silent. He was introduced to Rosing, the star of the Copenhagen stage, and forthwith embarked in a course of fencing, singing, and dancing, as preparatory to his appearance on the boards. He had been too much accustomed to theatrical displays in his early life to feel any great apprehension on his first appearance, which seems to have been attended with no remarkable approbation; and though some of his subsequent performances were more favourably received, it did not seem by any means clear that the Copenhagen public would “certainly go to his benefit;” on the contrary, his appearances, generally speaking, were rather tolerated than applauded. Oehlenschläger had never entertained, from the first, any very exalted notions of an actor's life—anxious and heart-sickening “as in the best it is”—and now, more thoroughly awake to its annoyances from personal experience, he soon came to think he had reaped all the advantages he was likely to derive from it in reference to his culture as a dramatist. An acquaintance with two brothers

of the name of Oersted, the one a student of law, the other of medicine, tended to increase this feeling; the jurist did every thing in his power to induce him to abandon the stage, resume his classical studies, and devote himself to law. With the poet, a total change of profession, a transition from gay to grave, was a light matter; he ran home, procured (as usual) his father's consent, and instantly transmitted his resignation to the stage-manager in a few dignified lines, who, somewhat to his annoyance, was pleased to accept of the tender without any expression of regret.

So ended, then, the first act in the Drama of Life. The prologue had been one of dreams and visions, voyages in Fairy-land, wanderings in the region of romance; abortive attempts at serious study, successful acquirement only when success appeared hardly desirable. The elements of something great doubtless appeared from time to time to flicker through this chaos of the mind; by sudden but transitory flashes revealing themselves through the palpable obscure, but whether they would arrange themselves into shape and substance, or float about for ever in shapeless though imposing masses, seemed at first to be questionable. His theatrical life however,—the enlarged acquaintance with human character, which he had thence derived,—the tendency which such a profession, with its strange extremes, its outward splendour, its real shifts and meannesses, invariably has to sober the ideas of those who come within the sphere of its influence, unquestionably did much to regulate the fancy of Oehlenschläger, to bring forward those qualities which were likely to be really available to him, and to teach him their proper aim and application.

And now, almost as suddenly as if on the stage which he had quitted, the curtain rose upon him in a new character, that of the student of law, pursuing his studies, with the assistance and encouragement of Oersted, in hopes of qualifying himself in two years for his degree. A new incitement was shortly afterwards added to his diligence. This portion of his history is agreeably diversified by some love passages with Christiana, the daughter of the Councillor Heger, whom he afterwards married. The most singular part of the business, which is pleasingly and naturally told, was the coolness of the old Councillor on receiving the announcement of Oehlenschläger's attachment. All the poet's means, it is to be observed, were merely, as the schoolmen would say, *possible*, but not very probable, *entities*; he had not yet distinguished himself in literature; his law he could not hope to render available for years, and therefore the prospects of the lovers were any thing but flattering. It was naturally with a beating heart, therefore, that Oehlenschläger laid his proposals before the father, a musician, optician, fire-work maker, and fifty other things besides.

He might have spared himself all anxiety on the subject; for the old gentleman, after listening to the young lawyer's maiden speech on the question, coolly rang the bell for his daughter, told her in a moment how the matter stood, placed her hand in that of Oehlenschläger, and—changed the subject.

We have our doubts whether even the strong inducement afforded by the hope of future professional independence, would ever have made the poet a diligent or successful student of law; but, as if to interrupt his studies still more, a war with England, and the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen, in 1801, occurred, frightening the isle from its propriety, and converting all ranks for the time into volunteers. The military manœuvres were pleasant enough during fine weather; but, like Major Sturgeon's forces at Hounslow, they grumbled much at their marchings and counter-marchings when it rained or blew, and Oehlenschläger, who was an ensign in the corps, maintains that once, upon a raw and gusty day, when he was carrying the colours, the wind rose as if on purpose to vex and discomfit him. Being all philosophers too, the volunteers had a bad habit of always demanding to know the *reason* of any manœuvres they were called upon to perform. One of them, in a fit of absence, loaded his piece, but forgot to draw his ramrod, and, lost in deep thought, was coolly taking aim at his commander. The latter perceived his danger in time, and stepping up to the pensive recruit, struck his gun to a side, and observed, "My friend, when you load your piece, always make it a rule to draw your ramrod. *I will tell you the reason why*: otherwise you may shoot your commanding officer through the body!" The services of this valiant corps, however, were not called into action; the encounters were confined to the ocean; one fine summer morning they were reviewed by the Crown Prince, who made them a speech, and thanked them for the fatigues they had undergone, and the blood they had shed (from the nose chiefly) in behalf of their country; the warriors were refreshed with wine and catables on the field; a ball followed, and next day all was peace and prosaic labour—Othello's occupation in Copenhagen was gone.

With the return of peace there was no longer any pretext for evading his studies, and Oehlenschläger now began to flatter himself that he was really making some progress in law; still, however, he continued to reconcile it with private theatricals and literary clubs, at which he became acquainted with several persons, all eminent in different ways, and most of them not less distinguished for their peculiarities of character, than for their genius or learning. Such were *Pram* the poet, clever and vain, with a literary shortsightedness which could see no merit beyond the range of its own

microscopic views,—who used to maintain, that Wallenstein was one of those pieces which any non-commissioned officer in a marching regiment might write to order, in twenty-four hours, if required; *Hieronymus Meister*, also a poet, and a determined wag, who knowing Oehlenschläger's old inclination to the marvellous, used to practise on his feelings, by sitting down to read to him some pretended romance of his own composition, and when, by a few artful and mysterious paragraphs he had roused his curiosity, suddenly breaking forth with the abruptness of the historian of the Bear and Fiddle; *Steffens*, then young and enthusiastic, since distinguished by his ability and eloquence in many departments of literature; and above all other oddities, the savage, dirty, old antiquarian *Arndt*, a German Ritson, who seemed to consider all Europe as an extensive library or museum, and kept moving incessantly from one end of it to the other, lodging every where without ceremony or invitation, invariably abusing his host, and either carrying his masses of manuscripts in his voluminous Peter Schlemihl-pockets, or burying them when they became too bulky, in different parts of Europe, in some corner of those ancient ruins, among the mouldering remains of which he lived, moved, and had his being. From this "unwashed artificer," who presented himself one day like a spectre, Oehlenschläger derived important assistance in the study of Northern Antiquities; Alf's, Frithiof's, and Vilent's Sagas he perused with attention, and guided by this strange pioneer, whose acquaintance with the past was only equalled by his ignorance of the present, he thoroughly imbued himself with the inmost spirit of the remote and picturesque antiquity, to which his researches had been devoted.

The first fruits of his new studies appeared in a small Collection of Poems, which he published in 1803, containing several Danish Ballads, somewhat modernized, in *ottava rima*, and a Dramatic Lyrical Sketch, entitled *St. Johannes Abend-spiel*, a piece somewhat in the taste of Goëthe's *Fastnacht-spiel*, though at the same time not without claims to originality, for many of the gay scenes it contains were recollections from the poet's own gaieties in the Thiergarten. This collection was shortly afterwards followed by *Freia's Altar*, a satirical comic opera, which from its literary allusions produced a considerable sensation—and by *Vaulundur's Saga*, modernized from a fable in the Edda.

Hitherto, however, Oehlenschläger had done but little to justify the bold assertion, with which, under the influence of punch or patriotism, he had one evening astonished his companions at a symposium of the club, that he would yet rescue Danish Poetry from the lethargy into which it had sunk since the days of Ewald. No sooner had he uttered this sally, than he shrunk back into his

seat, terrified at his own assurance; and yet startling as the prophecy might seem, coming from such a quarter, many of those who heard it lived to see it fulfilled. By a series of Dramatic Poems, chiefly, though not exclusively, on national subjects, he has rendered the Danish Drama an object of European interest, and placed it in a far more imposing position than it ever occupied under Ewald.

The first of these Dramas was anything rather than northern in its character. It was a successful attempt to give a dramatic form and colouring to one of those tales of the east which are the delight of our childish days; and which still, in the hands of a true poet, exercise something of their old fascination upon maturer minds. Every highway and byeway in Fairy-land; every "dingle and alley green" in that wild wood, had Oehlenschläger traversed in his childhood. Many a pilgrimage had he made from Friedrichsberg through the snow to procure a supply of its wonders for winter quarters; and having once garrisoned the old palace in this way, he cared little for the imprisonment of storms from without.

"Born in the distant North,  
 Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth  
 From Fairyland;  
 Where flow'rs eternal blow,  
 Where strength and beauty go  
 Linked hand in hand.  
 Even in my childish days,  
 I pored enchanted o'er its wondrous lays,  
 When the thick snowy fold  
 Lay deep on wall and hill,  
 I read, and felt the chill  
 Of wonder, not of cold."\*

When at a later period he resolved to dramatize some of his old favourites, his choice naturally enough fell upon Aladdin. The splendour, variety, and beauty of the incidents, the artful blending of the human with the supernatural interest, the many light but effective touches of character and pathos which it exhibits, form so clear and distinct an outline for the dramatist as to leave him little to do but to fill up details, and to exhibit, somewhat more at length than in the rapid sketches of the Arabian story-teller, the feelings and reflections of the characters. Besides this he had discovered, as he thought, some fancied resemblance between Aladdin's situation and his own. He too, like the Arabian youth, had discovered in his bosom a wonderful

\* From the Dedication to Aladdin, addressed to Goethe.

lamp, that of Poetry; his mind had been developed in the same irregular and eccentric course; he was in love, like Aladdin; and his mother too, like Aladdin's, had died shortly before. This analogy, remote and fanciful as it was, probably influenced his imagination, and strengthened the dramatic colouring of the tale by a personal sympathy.

The chief difficulty in the management of such subjects lies in this—that in the attempt to reduce them to the form and proportions of a European drama, the naïveté, the airy lightness of the original often disappear; the fairy groundwork looks too thin and gossamer for the tissue of reflection with which it is wrought up; and the result is, something half childish, half philosophical, an awkward imbroglio of Eastern fancy and Western sentimentalism. To avoid this elaborate failure, and at the same time to give to the subject that relief, which, like most Oriental drawings, the original wants; and that tinge at least of European feeling which seems necessary to interest the inhabitants of our northern regions, is the object, and one which has seldom been attained with success. Gozzi has not made the attempt at all. He has taken his fairy tales as he found them, and revelled in all the fantastic absurdities of the original which he rather aggravates than relieves. Tieck, in his management of such subjects, either retrenches the Oriental and the marvellous altogether, as in *Blue Beard*, and paints his characters on a background of chivalry, or renders his fable a mere vehicle for literary satire, as in *Prince Zerbino*, the *World Turned upside down*, and *Puss in Boots*. Oehlenschläger, however, has met the difficulty more fairly—the vein of reflection, the occasional satirical points or humorous touches which occur (though perhaps not strictly Oriental) are still sufficiently in harmony with the whole, while from the magical canvas on which they are delineated, the natural pathos and deep human interest of many of the incidents stand out with the same force and simplicity as in the original. There is much fine poetry in the scene where Aladdin, just at the moment when his gratitude to heaven for the blessings it had bestowed upon him is pouring itself out in prayer, is arrested by the orders of the sultan; and also in his reflections in the dungeon. The cheerfulness which at first supported him gives way before the gloom of the prison and the continued sounds of the death-watch in the wall, and he sinks by degrees into the following train of melancholy thought:—

“ How dark these dungeon walls close over me!  
 How hollow is the rushing of the wind  
 Howling against the tower without! 'Tis midnight—  
 Midnight! And I must tremble for the dawn!

The lovely dawn which opes the eyes of men,  
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;  
To them it brings new life, but death to me.

*(The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.)*

What gleam is that? Was it the day that broke?  
Is death so nigh? Oh no—it was the moon.  
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?  
Com'st thou to tell me, I am not the first  
Upon whose ashy cheeks thy quiet light  
Fell calmly on his farewell night of life;  
To tell me, that to-morrow night thy ray  
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake!  
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night!  
How often hast thou, like a fav'ring goddess,  
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,  
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers  
Vented our mute felicity in song!  
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,  
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form  
Could lurk such coldness, or such cruelty.  
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face,  
On myrtle bowers, on wheel and gallows, down.  
The self-same ray, that shone above my joys,  
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,  
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided  
O'er mouldering gravestones, which above their dead  
Lie lighter, than despair upon the heart  
Of those that yet are living!

Com'st thou here,

Thus to insult me in mine hour of need—  
Pale angel of destruction, hence—disturb not  
The peace of innocence i' the hour of death.

*(The moon is obscured with clouds.)*

By heaven she flies! She sinks her pallid face  
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,  
Even as an innocent maiden, when she droops  
Her face within her robe, to hide the tears  
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.  
O if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon!  
Forgive me. O forgive me. I am wretched;  
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I—  
Yet, guiltless, I must yet endure and die.

But see! What tiny ray comes trembling in,  
Like an ethereal finger from the clouds,  
And lights on yonder spider, that within  
Its darksome nook, amidst its airy web  
So calm and heart-contented sits and spins.

*The Spider sings.*

Look upon my web so fine,  
 See how threads with threads entwine;  
 If the evening wind alone  
 Breathe upon it, all is gone.  
 Thus within the darkest place  
 Allah's wisdom thou may'st trace;  
 Feeble though the insect be,  
 Allah speaks through that to thee!

As within the moonbeam I,  
 God in glory sits on high,  
 Sits where countless planets roll,  
 And from thence controls the whole:  
 There, with threads of thousand dies,  
 Life's bewildering web he plies,  
 And the hand that holds them all  
 Lets not even the feeblest fall."

Comforted by the moral lesson of the spider, Aladdin resumes his courage; a striking picture of the vacillations of human feeling, alternating as the moon shows or withdraws her light, shaken from its firmness by the ticking of one insect, and restored to tranquillity by the sight of the silent industry of another.

The composition of Aladdin seems to have confirmed the impression long lurking in Oehlenschläger's mind that he would never be a lawyer; his intended bride was of the same opinion, and to poetry he now resolved finally to turn as to his natural home. By the interest of Count Schimmelmann, he obtained from the Danish government a travelling pension, and leaving Copenhagen set out on a tour through Germany, with the intention of visiting France and Italy also before his return.

He visited Halle, Berlin, and Dresden, and made the acquaintance of most of the eminent literary men of these places. Weimar, however, was with him the chief object of attraction, though death had shortly before been busy among some of its greatest names. The clear-headed, open-hearted Herder was dead; so also was the enthusiastic and noble Schiller; but Wieland, though now on the verge of the grave, still lived to greet the Danish wanderer with his cheerful smile, and to write in his *Album* the touching words, "*Fuimus Troës*:" with Goethe he enjoyed a friendly and confidential intercourse for several months; the old Duchess Amelia invited him to her parties, and he quitted Weimar at last, loaded with kindnesses and complimentary verses.

Meantime the political horizon was darkening around him, unknown to Oehlenschläger, who never read newspapers, and was totally ignorant of the rapid progress of Napoleon's armies in

Germany. Accompanied by his friends, Bronstedt and Koes, he, after spending some time in Dresden, had quietly returned to Weimar, unconscious of the storm which was about to burst upon the town. In the theatre they met Goethe, from whom he first learnt the precarious nature of their position, only when it was too late to make their arrangements for setting out for Vienna. The arrival of the King and Queen of Prussia, and the establishment of the Prussian head-quarters at Weimar soon followed: the streets were crowded with officers and soldiers, hurrying to and fro with orders and despatches: the camp was without the town, and as Oehlenschläger walked through its bustling rows in company with Goethe, he thought irresistibly of Wallenstein's *Lager*. The 14th October arrived, and now the sound of the cannon, which had for some days been heard at a distance, drew nearer. Instead of the parties of Prussian soldiers, who from time to time had been arriving with bodies of French prisoners under their charge, the Prussian cavalry were now seen hurrying by dozens through the town, inquiring in vain for the road to (what did not exist) the mountains. Soon after, the first balls from the French cannon began to fall into the town, Weimar in a moment was still as the grave, the shops closed, the streets empty, the inhabitants concealed in the cellars and lower floors of the houses; the October sun shining pale and almost as faint as the moon, through the thick sulphurous smoke of the cannonade. The French marched in without resistance, "regular as rolling water," and quartered themselves through the town. When the Royalists took possession of London, our great Republican poet interposed merely the shield of poetry between himself and the rude attack of military violence: he placed a sonnet above his door as a protecting spell. Oehlenschläger, who knew well that no "captain, or colonel, or knight in arms," in the French army, would hesitate, upon any such ground,

"To lift his spear against the Muses' bower,"

adopted the safe expedient of joining his companions in the cellar. The landlord of the Elephant, where Oehlenschläger lived, was fortunate in the guests that fell to his share. They made free enough with his brandy and kirschwasser, enforcing their application, as Bobadil expresses it, "civilly—by the sword," but in other respects the barbarous people showed them no little kindness; they mounted guard behind the door, and when a set of Bacchanalian marauders attempted to break into the house, during the pillage that followed, assisted the landlord to defend his household against the intruders.

Oehlenschläger, wearied with the anxieties and fatigues of the day, had thrown himself on a sofa to sleep. The French were

carousing in the room below, heedless of the moans of a young Silesian officer, who was expiring in a corner of the apartment. Suddenly the poet was awakened by a sound of cries from without; he started up—the room about him was as light as day—the city was on fire, and the sounds which had roused him from sleep were the shrieks of women and children. The flames had been kindled by some wretches to enable them to plunder with more facility and effect. Fortunately they were got under without much loss; but the plundering ceased only with the entrance of Bonaparte, by which time, in truth, there was little more to take. A rigid order was then issued against it, and “every day,” says Oehlenschläger, “two or three volleys of musketry from the park announced the summary fate of those who had violated the prohibition.”

As soon as matters had subsided into something like quietness, Oehlenschläger hastened to leave Weimar, now converted into a lazaretto, and where the very theatre was at the moment used as an hospital for the wounded. He pursued his way by Gotha, towards Paris, through a track marked by misery and desolation; the coachman drove over corn-fields thick with grain, and when Oehlenschläger remonstrated with him on his wantonness, coolly observed, “It was war-time,” and, like the Lady Baussière, rode on.

In Paris, Oehlenschläger devoted himself with activity to composition. *Hakon Jarl*, *Palnatoke*, and *Axel and Walburg*, three tragedies on national subjects, were completed during his residence in that capital. Though Oehlenschläger had drunk deeply from the fountain of German literature, in his preliminary course of reading, these tragedies are no echoes of any particular school, but are full of originality and independence of mind, both in their conception and execution. The coarse Old Bailey personifications of Kotzebue, at one time so enthusiastically admired and imitated—and from their very faults always likely to conciliate a certain class of spectators—had been succeeded by the empire of the romantic in its different modes and applications. In the works of Werner, and still more of Müllner, Raupach, and others, it appears in its coarsest shape, in the garb of exploded superstitions, long since worn out as to all influence on the mind, and in the employment of a dark, inscrutable, and arbitrary fate, as the leading principle of dramatic action—in views of life, where man is represented as a puppet, driven about by an invisible hand, scared by dreams and forebodings, comforted by prophetic visions and mystic extacies. Free-will is represented as crushed at once beneath a blind unalterable fate; the victim of crime falls, not by gradual seductions and temptations, with struggles, with relittings, with remorse, but at once and for ever:—every thing seemed

arranged for him by fate, itself; the victim is bound, the dagger is thrust into his hands; it is the 24th or the 29th February, the doomed anniversary of crime; the clock strikes twelve, and the murder is done, with as little free agency on the part of the perpetrator, as if it were performed by steam. Surrounded as we are, on all sides, in these fate tragedies, with infernal influences, we may truly say with Ferdinand, when he leaps into the sea,

“ . . . . . Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are *here*!”

In the hands of Tieck and the Schlegels, the romantic assumes a more refined disguise, though we scarcely think a less untrue or objectionable form. The dark Nemesis which stalks openly through the gloomy castles and vaults of Werner, Müllner, Grillparzer,\* and the rest, is here kept in the back-ground, visible only in dim and distant outline, or shown under the doubtful twilight of a rich and balmy eve:—the masks and daggers of Werner, Ingemann, and Raupach; the ghastly presentiments of Müllner and Grillparzer are thrown aside as too coarse and vulgar instruments of excitement; but still we are left wandering in a land of wonders, to which we have been abruptly transferred, without any thing to connect us with it; still we are in the same region of shadows, calling shapes, airy tongues, and inexplicable emotions, in which we trod when under the guidance of the coarser votaries of the romantic; and though now softening mists and variegated colours have in some measure relieved the gloom and monotony of the scene, yet the most unaccountable recollections, transitions, extacies of feeling, in short, the wonders of the mind within instead of miracles from without, continue to haunt and hover round us; the old Märchen, and devout legends of the middle ages, take the place of the half-Pagan, half-Christian superstitions of the other class; and *Guilt*, and the 29th February, are only exchanged for something as unsubstantial in *Octavian* and the *Holy Genoveva*. But in both, the sources of action, the sentiments which influence the beings who are represented as peopling these airy regions, are so unlike those of reality; their movements are so eccentric, so little capable of being foreseen or calculated on, nay, so unintelligible when they occur;—mirth and tears, hope and terror, tenderness or stormy energy, succeed each other so unaccountably, that as the bases of any compositions

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\* We mention Grillparzer with reluctance, because it is only to his “Ahnfrau” that these observations are applicable, and because his Sappho shows how capable he was of appreciating the higher beauties of dramatic poetry. Byron, who did not praise rashly or readily, when personal motives did not intervene, has done justice to Grillparzer’s talents in his letters.—*Vide Moore’s Byron*, vol. ii.

which aim at being generally or permanently popular, both modes of the romantic appear to us to be absolutely worthless.

Both these conventional systems Oehlenschläger has ventured, greatly to the annoyance of some of the critics of the Tieck school, to throw aside; though fully sensible of the dramatic capabilities afforded by the romantic, or the power of the superstitions of the middle ages, or of the lingering remains of yet more ancient mythologies, when judiciously kept down, and used only as an accessory to the picture of feelings and passions, as they were and are. His studies under Arndt had deeply imbued him with the knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology, and with the spirit of the elder times of Denmark and Norway. The wild, savage, straightforward energy and calm submission to their fate, when it overtakes them, which characterise those ancient sea-kings; the pure, exalted, constant attachment, or passive courage of their northern dames; the contrast of the dark and gloomy religion of Paganism, with its maxims of cruelty, its blood-stained altars and human victims, with the spirit of Christianity, its milder manners and purer precepts; or occasionally with the more temporal devices of monkish superstitions and fraud;—are themes which, in the hands of Oehlenschläger, are made to yield the most striking materials for tragedy; while his perfect acquaintance with the time is shown, not in the accumulation of minute particulars or antiquarian allusions, but in a primeval simplicity, and essential truth pervading and informing the whole. The superstitions of the time, Pagan or Christian, he also employs without hesitation; for to have omitted them as influential motives of conduct, would have been to have left out one of the most marking features in the character of the age; but they are used sparingly, not as the grand moving principle of the drama. The interest of the piece centres in real characters, actual emotions, incidents historically true or believed. Over them doubtless a certain plastic power is exercised; here a shade is softened, there the dreariness of some situation of savage force is relieved by the light which modern refinement sheds over the scene; but still all is tempered so as to blend those touches of a modern hand harmoniously with the original ground, and to preserve the spirit of the time in its simplicity of tone and colossal grandeur of form.

In "*Hakon Jarl*," a usurping heathen tyrant is opposed to the young and rightful heir of the throne, who is a Christian. The deep, steady, unflinching cruelty and bloody superstition of Hakon, are portrayed with a force and truth which make the reader shudder. Some of the scenes, that for instance in which, supposing it to be the will of the gods, he sacrifices his almost infant son, Erling, would not be endured on the stage in this

country; we hardly think on that of any other. The good old Horatian precept, "*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,*" is, we suspect, of universal and invariable application. Yet individual scenes of this play are rich in poetical beauties, and the impression of gloom and desolation from the whole is complete and consistent. An iron strength pervades the dialogue; solemnity and gloom rest upon the scenes, as if we were really wandering in some druidical forest, and catching glimpses of warriors and priests, kings and white-veiled dames, through the dim smoke of sacrifices, and the dusky twilight of interlacing oaks and immemorial pines.

As in *Hakon Jarl* the piety of Christianity had been represented in contrast with the barbarity of Paganism, so in "*Palnatok*" an open honourable heathen nature is opposed to the artifices of monkish cunning. The main object of the play is to paint the feelings of one hitherto conscious of an unsullied fame, but who, by having yielded to the passion of a moment, has stained the brightness of his shield by a stain which nothing but death—his own death—can efface. Having thrice detected the treacherous King in attempts upon his life, he at last yields to the demon of revenge, enters the apartment where the royal assassin is sitting to receive the tidings of *Palnatok*'s death, and there pierces him with an arrow from his unerring bow, for *Palnatok* is the Tell of Denmark, and this play opens with a scene (founded on tradition) similar to that of the apple in the square at Altdorf. Though he feels that the treacherous monarch has deserved his fate, yet the thought that he had thus slain an old man unable to resist him preys upon his mind, and he looks for death as the only means of restoring his fame, or tranquillising the deep feeling of remorse which gnaws his mind. Knowing that he has been invited to the funeral of the King only with the secret view of arresting him, he shrinks not from going thither, and in the face of the assembled multitude avows the deed, and the motives which had actuated him, and awes them into silence by his commanding deportment. The traitor, *Piölnir*, who attempts to seize him, he cuts down upon the spot, then seating him at the table with an energy which makes the very windows of the old hall shake above them, he thus proceeds—

"Peace in the hall I say!—By Asa Thor!  
Make but one motion to lay hold upon me,  
And your hearts' blood shall answer it.

[*To Swend, the young King.*

Young Milkbeard,

So thou wouldst lay thy hand upon a hero!

Who was it taught thee, aye who taught ye all,

Ye smooth-tongued brood, to wield the sword in battle?

Who made ye what ye are, trained ye to warriors?  
 I, Palnatoke!—Will ye then believe  
 Your father, your instructor, was a villain?  
 By Denmark's honour, even Walhalla's gods  
 Blush in the clouds and are ashamed of ye.

*[The warriors sheath their swords and sit down ashamed.]*

I could depart at once. I need not render  
 Account to such as you; but I am come  
 To take farewell as would an honest man,  
 And silence the reports that stain mine honour.  
 I slew thy father, yesternight, because  
 By fratricide he gained the throne, because  
 He sold our Denmark to the priests, because  
 He thrice before had aimed against my life.  
 That is enough for my defence with you.  
 The hoary sinner had deserved his death.  
 Farewell to thee and all, I sail for Usedom.  
 Seek'st thou revenge? Then meet me like a man  
 There, with thy fleets upon the open sea,  
 But stain not thou thine honour, nor insult  
 The man who hath been more than father to thee.  
 I go from hence as calmly as I came,  
 And where is he that will impede my passage!  
 I may have been too hasty, may have sinned,  
 But the eternal Gods must be my judges,  
 Not men. I fall not by such hands as yours."

*[Exit.]*

Palnatoke is distinguished by one peculiarity—the introduction of a new unity. Those of time and place, Oehlenschläger, like most of his northern brethren, holds rather cheap, but here we have, instead of them, the unity of sex, for females are, by a sort of Salic law of the drama, entirely excluded. If, however, they are somewhat unceremoniously used in this picture of the darker ages of Denmark, they are restored to their ascendancy in his next play of "Axel and Walburg," of which Love and Constancy is the moving principle; and where a melting tenderness takes the place of that savage strength which had sparkled through Hakon Jarl, and Palnatoke. The relationship of cousins has interposed a barrier between the attachment of Axel and Walburg; to overcome this obstacle, Axel, after joining the crusaders under Henry the Lion, and distinguishing himself in Palestine, has received from the Pope himself the permission to unite his fate with that of Walburg. He returns to Drontheim full of hope; he meets his mistress in the cathedral, accosts her in the disguise of a pilgrim, ascertains her constancy, but learns, from her at the same time, that the King had, during his absence, solicited her hand, and that all the weight of the royal authority, backed by the intrigues of the priesthood, would be employed to prevent

their union. Confident, however, in the force of the Papal warrant, Axel has no fears; the marriage day arrives, the archbishop and the court are assembled in the cathedral, the ceremony is about to commence,—when Knud, an intriguing monk and a tool of the king, discovers that, though the pope's warrant removed the objection of relationship by birth, it did not do away with the disability arising from their being foster-children, which, by the law of Norway, was of itself an impediment to marriage. By this objection, the object of which Axel immediately perceives, the proceedings are suddenly stopped, and the archbishop is reluctantly compelled to pronounce a sentence of separation against those whose destinies he was about to unite. The King urges that this parting should take place instantly and in his presence, but the Archbishop, who sees through the artifice, maintains the right of the lovers to bid adieu to each other alone; the King, who had been wresting the law to the utmost against the unfortunate, is compelled in this point to admit its validity against himself; and the lovers are left alone to bid each other a last farewell. We can only afford room, however, for part of the pathetic scene that follows. Walburg takes the crown of roses from her hair, and looking at it exclaims—

“ . . . . . White rose!

Fit emblem art thou of eternal love;  
The ruddy glow of earth is faded from thee,  
But the bright angel form remains behind.

*Axel.* O Walburg! Walburg!

*Walburg.* Calm thyself, my love.

*Axel.* Be calm, sayst thou? O Walburg! how hast thou  
Become at once so calm and so composed?

*Walburg.* In the dark stilly grave all things are calm.  
I was prepared before.

*Axel.* Prepared!—O Walburg!

Not so—for never did thy lovely eye  
Beam with a brighter joy than at the moment  
When in thy lover's hands thou laidst thine own.

*Walburg.* The eye will often sparkle clearest, Axel,  
When it is full of tears!—

*Axel.* What—didst thou weep then?

Whence came thy cause of terror? Seemed not all  
To smile upon us? Have I like a fool  
Toiled ever after an ideal dream?  
Have I, like Jacob, year by year toiled on  
To gain my own Rebecca at the last,  
And then to meet this blow!—Patience—Oh Heaven!  
My fate is fearful, unexpected—'tis  
A thunderstroke, and I am felled before it.  
Ah! truly saidst thou Walburg, when the pilgrim

Beside thee knelt—he kneels beside the grave!  
 Beside the grave in truth: it *is* his goal.  
 Yes, thou wert right; the grave expands its arms  
 For him, as for a friend. What hath he more  
 In the wide world to look for or to gain.  
 My sun is set, my light grows dim and dimmer,  
 I grope my way on earth through storm and darkness;  
 O open then, mine own maternal earth,  
 And take thy son unto thy quiet breast,  
 Since Walburg may not press me to her bosom.

*Walburg.* O Axel! Now—for the last time on earth  
 Does Walburg press thee to her faithful heart.

*Axel.* O fate be merciful!—here let me die.

*Walburg.* Not so, loved youth. Yet thou must live.

*Axel.* And why?—  
 What should I live for now.

*Walburg.* For honour, Axel;  
 Think of the noble import of thy name.  
 Means not the name of Axel great and noble  
 In our old Danish tongue.

*Axel.* And such he would be,  
 If fate had not ta'en his Walhalla from him,  
 His own fair faithful Walburg—a reward  
 Such as a hero toils for.

*Walburg.* My loved life!

*Axel.* The trumpet called me to the field. I fought  
 Not for myself, to gain an olive wreath,  
 But from the clouds there bent a goddess down,  
 Stretching a rosy garland to my grasp,  
 A crimson crown of roses!

*Walburg.* It is faded.

*Axel.* I came to Rome, I saw the ancient pope;  
 Trembling I knelt before the lord of earth,  
 And drank life, hope, salvation, from his smile.  
 He gave the magic letter to my hand;  
 Ye blue and beauteous hills of Italy!  
 How fast ye faded from my eager eyes;  
 My gaze, for ever turned to the far north,  
 Soon saw the pallid northern streamers play,  
 That sparkled like the watch-lights from my home!  
*Walburg.* Such were the feelings of thy Walburg too.  
 By hill and dale untired the pilgrim trod,  
 Far distant from his fellows, staff in hand.  
 The lark that soar'd above him sang of Walburg;  
 The rosy dawn gleaned like the glow of love;  
 And when, at noon, he sought the shady wood,  
 On every German beech or southern myrtle  
 He graved her name. Close over it, thou bark,  
 And hide the much-loved characters for ever!

And you ye Dryads, from your ancient trunks  
 Still sing the northern lovers' hapless fate,  
 To southern maidens when the evening falls,  
 And your green locks are quivering in the wind."

\* \* \* \* \*

With the assistance of the archbishop a plan is formed for the escape of Axel and Walburg. It proves successful; all obstacles are (by a pious fraud, in which the good archbishop participates) fairly overcome, and the lovers are on the point of embarking, when the news reaches Walburg, that an invading band under Erling has landed, and that the life of the king is in danger. Loyalty at once rises superior to love; Axel flies to protect the king who had injured him; and who, overcome by his generosity, sacrifices his own passion, agrees to resign to him the object of his affections, and intreats his forgiveness for the distress he has already caused. At this interesting moment the hostile squadrons throng into the cathedral where the interview between the loyal Axel and the repentant monarch takes place; Axel seizing the royal mantle and helmet, which the wounded king had laid aside, rushes forward and receives in his own breast the blows which are aimed against the king. Meantime the royal guards, under Sigurd, force their way into the church. The invaders are beaten off, and Axel, dying in the arms of victory, is shortly followed by Walburg, who, after pouring out her grief, first in a strain of calm sorrow mingled with hope, and then in a wild extatic strain of melancholy enthusiasm, expires by his side.

As in Axel and Walburg he had portrayed the constancy, so in his "*Hagbarth and Signa*," written some years afterwards, he has depicted with wonderful force and beauty the omnipotence of a youthful passion. The whole interest of the play depends on the position of Signa, who falls in love with Hagbarth, who had slain her brother Alf in single combat. In its general bearings therefore her situation is analogous to that of Chimène, in *The Cid*. But how differently are these characters treated by the French and by the Danish poet! On the French stage love is nothing more than a convenient means of complicating a plot, by its collision with other feelings, and the supposed license which it affords to sudden and violent revolutions of feeling—a convenient principle for illustrating the conflict of duties. "The father softens," says the Governor of Tilbury, in the Critic, "but the Governor is fixed:" and so in the French drama, though the woman begins to soften, the daughter only becomes the more obdurate. These things are differently managed in the drama of the North: there love is viewed not as a weakness, but as a divine, irresistible sentiment, which it is equally vain and criminal

to resist, and which, when it has once penetrated, indelibly colours with its golden hues the fountain of existence. It is no longer a mere disturbing force, crossing the path of other duties like a comet and disturbing them in their courses, but a calm, celestial luminary, which in its irresistible round draws all minor objects within its orbit, and round which they are contented thenceforward to perform their humbler revolutions.

In this latter, and certainly more elevated and poetical form, has the passion been treated by Oehlenschläger in this play, which, though by no means one of his best, and far inferior in the conclusion to the commencement, must—from the deep feeling with which it is imbued, the unhesitating, indestructible attachment which it portrays, and the many passages of lyrical sweetness with which its scenes are interspersed, like *Romeo and Juliet* always have a charm for the young and enthusiastic reader. The prejudice which we should otherwise feel against the character of Signa, when, like *Polyxena*, her hand “*trembles* in his who slew her brother,” is artfully softened by the previous representation of Alf’s character;—a melancholy dreamer, a weary-of-the-world, and anxious to rejoin the object of a youthful passion, who had died before him; so that when the visionary falls at last beneath the sword of Hagbarth, and enters on that eternity which had so long been the subject of his thoughts, we feel as if by that event he was indeed released from an irksome imprisonment—as if the door of some friendly palace had suddenly been opened to one who had long been lingering on the steps, and gazing wistfully on the treasures within through its chinks and crevices.

The following short monologue follows the scene where Signa has forgiven and bidden adieu to Hagbarth, who has been driven from Zealand by her mother, never to return under pain of death:—

SIGNA (*coming slowly back*).

“He is not here. ’Twas but my mother chiding.  
 The echo of his oars grows less and less;  
 So flies the stag unto his forest hiding,  
 Scared by the hunters in his loneliness.  
 Night comes : the moon grows bright above the sea,  
 The birds of eve their mournful descant pour,  
 ’Twas here, they sing, he bade farewell to me,  
 And never, never, will I see him more !  
 I took the fatal garland from my head,  
 To give it to him ere he sailed for ever;  
 It would not be—my mother’s frown forbade,  
 But that which once was loved is hated never.

Yet will I part what love had joined together ;  
 As from this wreath, the last my hands shall bind,  
 I pluck the rose leaves, one by one, to wither,  
 I fling my fond hopes loose upon the wind."

In Paris, where these tragedies were composed, Oehlenschläger had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one who at a later period became his most determined enemy—the vain, witty, clever, but vaccillating, Baggesen; as well as with Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. After a short tour through Switzerland, he went, by invitation, to visit Madame de Staël at Coppet, with whom Constant and Augustus Wm. Schlegel were then residing. No very cordial union appears ever to have taken place between Schlegel and the Danish poet. The former thought the Dane too opinionated, too little disposed to adopt those views in criticism which he himself and his sect advocated; the latter thought the critic and philosopher too much attached to the aristocracy and the hierarchy, too exclusive and *exigeant* for his tastes. Schlegel read over Oehlenschläger's works and assisted him in his German translations of them, but with a cautious abstinence from any remarks on their literary merits or demerits. With Madame de Staël he found himself more at home. To her kindness, her talent, her enthusiasm, her deep and sincere love of truth, her contempt for meanness or artifice either in literature or in life, he does ample justice; making only some deduction for her vanity and her undisguised want of sympathy with the calm, the simple and the profound. If, however, Madame de Staël erred on the score of vanity—if a mote could be pointed out in her eye, it must be admitted that there was occasionally an absolute beam in that of her critic, whose conduct was really now and then perfectly ludicrous. Among other visitors, for instance, at this general literary meeting-house was Zacharias Werner. Oehlenschläger had read his *Sons of the Valley* and his *Consecration of Strength*; but with some feeling of admiration for the occasional flashes of genius which in these tragic extravaganzas broke through the "blanket of the night," he had an insurmountable and well-founded dislike to his mystical æsthetics, his violent contrasts and transitions, and the inexplicable principles of composition which he had latterly adopted and advocated. All this, on the contrary, was just the thing likely to captivate Madame de Staël, ever anxious for originality even when it was but a transition from bad to worse, and shaping, by the aid of her own fertile and brilliant imagination, a vast and magnificent outline, out of those misty and objectless fragments, which were strewed about with a certain imposing and colossal

vastness in the works of Werner and his brethren. She accordingly expressed enthusiastic admiration of his *Attila*, which he one day read aloud to the party at Coppet. A feeling of jealousy at the admiration so warmly expressed was probably awakened in Oehlenschläger's mind, which was increased by an incident which shortly afterwards occurred. The poets were walking one day together on the Geneva road, when Oehlenschläger communicated to Werner the plan of a new tragedy he was then contemplating on the subject of the life and (traditional) death of Correggio, and in return begged to know the nature of the new "Mystery," on which he understood the visionary was engaged. "Excuse me," said Werner, "I have sometimes communicated my plans to people beforehand, and somehow or other they always found their way into the newspapers." Madame de Stael, coming up shortly afterwards, asked what they were talking of. "I am scolding Werner," said Oehlenschläger, "because although I have told him the plan of my tragedy, he is making a mystery of his. Is it not too bad?" Ah!" said Madame, gravely, "*C'est une autre chose; vous avez besoin de vous former.*"—

"Without answering her," says Oehlenschläger, "I turned my back and left her. She waited, expecting me to return; but as I did not make my appearance, she sent a servant to inquire for me. I told her I was packing my trunks in order to depart. She then came to me in the kindest manner, and begged me to remain and not to be angry. 'You know,' said she, 'how much I esteem you; I prize Werner on account of his poems, but you on your own account.' I assured her that her friendship did me honour, and that if I were nothing more than a promising youth, as she seemed to think, that would be enough; but that I had written as long and as much as Werner; that I did not think I had any thing to learn from him; for though he possessed genius and goodness of heart, he wanted good taste entirely, and if he went on as he was doing, would soon want good sense also: that I could not expect her to have any great consideration for me as a poet, since she was as yet acquainted with none of my works; only she might have deferred, till further acquaintance, the judgment she had pronounced as to my poetical deficiencies. She agreed with me, and so peace was concluded. Shortly afterwards she had an opportunity of perusing my *Hakon Jarl* and *Aladdin*, and then she found I had no need to go to school to Werner."

Oehlenschläger seems scarcely conscious of the childish figure he cuts through this scene; and indeed this is not the only extravagant sally of vanity in which the Scandinavian indulges. He fairly quarrelled, for instance, with the Danish ambassador, because he would not take his word for his own identity, without his passport. Leaving these follies, however, we now accom-

pany him on his long-looked-for visit to Italy. A bright sunshine seems spread over this portion of his life; his Journal seems to be written by one whom the balmy air and clear sky of the south had almost intoxicated. The sight of the Alps, he says, exceeded all the visions of them which his imagination had formed. In Parma he visited the frescos of Correggio in the churches of St. Joseph and St. John.—

“As I was gazing at the cupola,” says he, “through my spectacles, the church gradually filled with persons, who placed themselves on their knees about me, and began to pray with fervour. As I wished to give no offence, and at the same time thought it would be a piece of affectation to kneel, I placed myself in a corner, and silently commenced my own devotions. I find my prayer written in my Journal, among long-winded criticisms on art, in these terms: ‘O God, open and purify my heart, to recognize thy greatness, goodness and beauty, in the works of nature and of man. Preserve my country, my king, my love, my friends. Let me not die in a foreign country, but return to my home in peace. Give me cheerfulness and courage to pursue my path along this fair earth, without hating or despising my neighbour, nor weakly yielding against my own conscience to the prejudices of the world. Let me be a good poet; thou hast formed my mind for art; it is the telescope through which I acquire a nearer intercourse with thy perfections. Let me live in my works like this good Correggio, that when I am dead many a young heart may yet be cheered by my poetical pictures.’ Such was the prayer, neither altered nor improved, which I uttered beneath the cupola of Correggio: the idea of writing a play on the subject of his life—an idea which I had already entertained in Paris, again occurred to my mind; and in Modena, when I saw the little fresco painting over the chimney-piece in the Ducal palace, which had been executed in his seventeenth year, it was finally resolved on.”

The intention was shortly afterwards carried into effect in a play of no ordinary originality and beauty, though based on the simplest and most tranquil elements, in which southern imagery and southern feelings, the pure inspiration of art and the even tenor of a domestic and innocent life, have been caught by the poet, with the same distinctness and grace with which he had already depicted the stern scenery and sterner passions, the war-like heroes and tumultuous life of Scandinavian antiquity. Taking Vasari’s (somewhat apocryphal) account of his death as the ground-work, he has delineated with perfect success, and in a style of which “the plainness moves us more than eloquence,” the hopes, visions, and disappointments; the fears from without, the fightings within, as despondency or renewed elasticity of mind obtain the ascendancy—the chequered life and melancholy death of that great artist. Correggio is represented by Oehlenschläger as a quiet, gentle, talented being, but of a weak bodily frame,

easily depressed for a moment by censure, as easily restored to cheerfulness by the voice of encouragement: not yet conscious of the full extent of his own talent, but feeling that nature has formed him either to be an artist or nothing else; and clinging to art through good report and bad;—calmly, and at a distance from the courts of princes, pursuing in his own village his beloved occupation, and devoting his hard-earned gains to the support of an amiable wife and child. In contrast with Correggio, a timid shrinking child of genius, stands the bold impetuous hasty-tempered Michael Angelo; blasting for a time, by a rash sneer uttered in anger, all the visions of hope with which the modest Correggio had been cheering his village solitude; while between both, and linking together these distant extremes, is placed the calmer, kinder, more practical and common-sense character of Julio Romano, alive to all excellence, however dissimilar to his own, acknowledging with the candour of true genius the superiority of another, and by his consolations raising up anew those hopes which the sarcastic tongue of Michael had so rudely scattered to the wind. Correggio himself is exhibited also in his domestic relations as a fond husband and father, cheered by these blessings in his humble home, though assailed from without by the envious persecutions of Ottavio, who entertains a criminal passion for his wife, and Battista, the meaner instrument of his master's plans. He is exhibited under all the different moods, of which a mind so gentle is capable, now almost worn out by petty vexations, now consoled by some heavenly dream, or rapt into extacy even while bending with fatigue and bodily suffering under the load of copper in which his painting is paid for, by the tints of a rainbow or the glories of the evening sun; and at last, like that setting luminary, expiring tranquilly in the arms of his son, just as the gratitude and patronage of his countrymen, on whom his productions had shed a new lustre, are beginning to show themselves in the distance, like some lingering messenger arriving too late to save the victim, but in time to place the wreath of martyrdom on the brows of the dead.

The piece to which Correggio bears most analogy is the *Tusso* of Goethe, which is to poetry what this tragic Idyll is to painting. But the natural, kind-hearted, simple, and modest Correggio justly excites a warmer interest than the more fiery, self-willed, and somewhat self-conceited being whom Goethe has delineated. Correggio's misfortunes are not owing to himself—he fights up against his fate, silently indeed, yet gallantly; nor could he act otherwise than he does, without meanness or guilt. But Tasso's misfortunes arise from a morbid sensibility to all that concerns himself, and an incapacity to comprehend, or a determination to

disregard the rules of society and the salutary influence of custom. The bridge which spans the stream of life is wide enough for him and others too, could he only be persuaded to think so, and to walk peaceably across; but to his jaundiced eye it seems narrow as that sharp-edged scythe blade which the Koran represents as the passage into Paradise; all the world seems to be in a conspiracy to push him into the stream, and so, giddy and despairing, he plunges voluntarily down. Correggio has as narrow, as rough a path to pursue; the shocks he encounters in his pilgrimage are real, not imaginary; poverty, with its icy hand, pushes him on one side, treachery spreads its trap-doors and pit-falls on the other; but he grasps his staff firmly, plants his foot with caution, and moves on uncomplaining and undaunted. The pity we feel for Tasso, as painted by Goethe, strong as it is, is akin to contempt—our sympathy with Correggio is blended with admiration.\*

We pass rapidly over the remainder of his stay in Italy, which was distinguished in particular by one incident of a more adventurous nature than is generally met with in a poet's biography, namely, his falling into the river at Tivoli immediately above the cataract, and very narrowly escaping being hurried over into the abyss. The poet, who had now been separated from his country, his friends and his intended bride, for five years and upwards, naturally began to feel some symptoms of home-sickness. The sight of the Alps on his homeward journey was now as delightful to him as it had been on his entrance into Italy, though from another cause. As he approaches the Simplon, he writes as if his spirits rose with every step of his progress.

“Once more among the old gigantic hills  
 With vapours clouded o'er;  
 The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,  
 The rocks ascend before.  
 They beckon me, the giants, from afar,  
 They wing my footsteps on;  
 Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,  
 Their cuirasses of stone.  
 My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—  
 Why should my heart be sore?  
 I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,  
 The nightingale's no more.  
 Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?—  
 Bleak is the path around:  
 Where from the thicket comes the ring-dove's cooing?  
 Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

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\* For copious extracts from this Drama, translated with admirable closeness and freedom, we refer our readers to *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 8.

Yet should I grieve? when from my loaded bosom  
 A weight appears to flow :  
 Methinks the Muses come to call me home  
 From yonder rocks of snow.  
 I know not how—but in yon land of roses  
 My heart was heavy still,  
 I startled at the warbling nightingale,  
 The Zephyr on the hill.  
 They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam—  
 It seemed not so to me!  
 In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,  
 My thoughts were o'er the sea."

In his passage through Germany his only anxiety was to revisit Goethe. Unfortunately he had but two days to spare for Weimar, and those who wish to meet Goethe in his best mood must occasionally wait a little, as seamen do for a fair wind. Oehlenschläger's account of the last interview, though somewhat long, is so interesting, and to those who have felt how often old friendships are broken, and serious misunderstandings caused, by trifles, so touching, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

"I had dedicated to him my *Aladdin*, had sent him a German copy of my *Hakon Jarl* and *Palnatoke*, with an affectionate letter, and I now expected a paternal reception, such as a scholar would anticipate from a master. Goethe received me courteously, but coldly, and almost like a stranger. Had subsequent events, then, extinguished in his mind the recollection of happy hours spent together, which in mine remained so dearly cherished, so incapable of being forgotten? Or were these recollections slumbering only, and peradventure might be awakened? Was I too impatient, that the son did not at once find the father he had expected? I know not. In truth, I could not suppress the pain I felt—but I thought that if I could be allowed to read my *Correggio* to him, our old communion and fellowship would revive. Matters, however, it seems, were otherwise arranged. When I told him, through Riemer, that I had written a new tragedy, which I wished to read to him, he sent me word that I might send him the manuscript, and he would read it himself. I told him he could not read it, as I had only a very ill written copy in my possession, full of corrections and interlineations. Such as it was, however, I gave it to Riemer. He brought it back to me, and told me that Goethe in fact found he could not read it; but that when I printed it, he would do so. This pained me, but I endeavoured to preserve my firmness and good humour. Goethe twice asked me politely to dinner, and there I was bold and satirical, because I found it impossible to be open-hearted and simple. Among other things I recited some epigrams, which I have never printed, on some celebrated writers. Goethe said to me good-humouredly, 'This is not your field—he who can make wine should not make vinegar.' 'And have you then,' I answered, 'made no vinegar in your time?' 'The devil!' said Goethe, 'suppose I have, does that make it *right* to do so?' 'No,' rejoined I—

'but wherever wine is made, some grapes will fall off which will not do for wine, though they make excellent vinegar, and vinegar is a good antidote against corruption.'

"Could we have had time only to become acquainted with each other again, all would have gone well, and Goethe would have allowed me to read my play to him. But unfortunately my departure could not be put off, and we took a cold farewell of each other. It grieved me however to the soul; for there was not a being in the world that I loved and honoured more than Goethe, and now we were parting, perhaps never again to meet in life. The horses had been ordered at 5 o'clock the next morning. It was now half-past eleven at night; I sat melancholy in my room, leaning my head upon my hand; the tears standing in my eye. All at once an irresistible longing came over me to press my old friend once more to my heart; though the pride of mortified feeling contended with it in my heart, and pleaded that I ought not to present myself to him in an attitude of humiliation.

"I ran to Goethe's house, in which there was still light; went to Riemer in his room and said, 'My dear friend, can I not speak to Goethe for a moment. I would willingly bid him farewell once more.' Riemer was surprised, but seeing my agitation, and knowing its source, he answered, 'I will tell him; I will see whether he is still up.' He returned and told me to go in, while he himself took his leave. There stood the creator of Götz of Berlichingen, and Herman and Dorothea, in his night gown, winding up his watch before going to bed. When he saw me he said to me kindly, 'Ah! friend, you come like Nicodemus.' 'Will the privy councillor,' said I, 'permit me to bid a last farewell to the poet Goethe?' 'Now then,' replied he with affection, 'farewell, my child.' 'No more, no more,' said I, deeply moved, and hastily left the room. For twenty years now I have not seen Goethe nor written to him, but I have named my eldest son after him; I have repeatedly read through and lectured upon his noble productions; his picture hangs in my room: I love him, and am convinced, that if fate should once more bring me into his neighbourhood, I should still find in him the old paternal friend. I know also that he has always spoken with kindness of me."

The poet's marriage, so long delayed by his wanderings, immediately followed his return. He read his *Correggio* with much approbation in the Royal Cabinet, and was shortly afterwards named professor extraordinary of *Æsthetics* in the University. Over the remaining part of his life we must pass hastily. He delivered public and private lectures on poetical literature during the winters at Copenhagen, while his leisure was completely filled up by assiduous and varied composition. In 1815 he was made by the king a knight of Dannebrog. In 1817 he made another tour through Germany, reviving old acquaintances, and making new, and in 1827 he was elected ordinary professor and assessor in the Consistory.

Into the controversial discussions into which Oehlenschläger

was plunged by the literary attacks of Baggesen, Grundtvig, and Heiberg, which were carried on with singular asperity, we have no wish to enter. Suffice it to say, that these quarrels of authors were carried on much in the same spirit as that between the two grammarians, one of whom wished that God might confound the other for his theory of impersonal verbs. Baggesen, the greatest of his assailants, is dead, and we need not, as Oehlenschläger himself says with feeling, plant nettles about his grave.

We can afford but a very summary glance at the other numerous compositions of a later date, by which Oehlenschläger has supported, though he has not added to his fame. His lyric poems in general are distinguished by force and simplicity of expression, a simplicity, in fact, which sometimes degenerates into common or prosaic lines; and almost always by a natural and unexaggerated vein of feeling. Of his operas and comic pieces, which form a large proportion of his writings, we cannot say so much; his humour is not striking, nor his dialogue brilliant; nor are his plots arranged with much art or dramatic effect. Some of them, however, undoubtedly contain passages of fine poetry. In his *Ludlam's Høhle*, (*Ludlam's Cave*), a dramatic tale, which looks like a semi-comic parody on Grillparzer's *Ancestress*, portions of great beauty are lavished upon a merely childish and intractable ground-work. The following lines are descriptive of the force and instantaneous effect of outward impressions on the feelings and belief of the strongest minds:—

“ Man is a child, and in the bonds of sense  
Do all his thoughts and feelings fettered lie:  
Sunshine without makes sunshine too within;—  
Walks he by rosy beds and fountains by,  
Falls there a cooling May shower on the leaves,  
Or smiles some young and fair enchantress nigh,—  
He thinks no more of graves and ghostly fears,  
And life like one eternal dawn appears.  
But let the bright and joyous season flee,  
And cold and darkness in his chambers be,  
And he stand lonely in the dreary hall,  
When on the crucifix the moonbeams fall,  
Or the stars glimmer through the wintry skies,  
Then in his heart the ancient terrors rise;—  
The cheerful world of sense at once seems gone,  
The world invisible remains alone;  
Nature, no more in flowery wreaths arrayed,  
Glares on him with the eye-balls of the dead,  
Till even eternity seems wrapt in gloom;  
More dismal than the terrors of the tomb!”

“ *Erich and Adel*” is a tragedy founded on the quarrels of two

royal brothers, the Cain and Abel of Denmark. It is not without force, and some of the situations indeed are remarkably striking, particularly that where Erich trusts himself alone in the castle of his fratricidal brother, and reveals himself to him; but the plot on the whole is inartificial, the character of Lauge, the instrument of evil, is disgusting, and that of Sophia, the heroine, light and uninteresting.

"Hugo von Rheinberg" is perhaps of a still more unpleasing character. It is the portrait of a heartless licentious infidel, of the middle ages, who to further an adulterous passion, basely murders the husband of his mistress, and in attempting to poison his own wife, inflicts death by mistake on the guilty object of his criminal attachment. Some characteristic sketches it contains, such as those of the fierce old warrior, Rupert, a genuine specimen of the gentleman-savage of those days, and his son Maurice, a perfect contrast to his father, who having studied in Provence, has brought back, to his paternal mansion on the Rhine, all the light fopperies of the *gaya ciencia*, and moves to the death which he receives from the iron-hearted Hugo with the same light heart and careless step with which he would have couched his lance in a tournament at Toulouse.

"Stärkoddir" is another of those pictures of the heroic times of Scandinavia, in which Oehlenschläger's genius so much delights to revel; but without the advantage of so interesting a plot as either Hakon Jarl or Axel and Walburg. Charles the Great, which appeared lately in one of the German Annuals, is decidedly inferior to many of his earlier productions.

Of his novels we have nothing to say. Some of them are respectable; some very indifferent, none of any striking excellence. *Non omnia possumus*. And it may be some consolation to Oehlenschläger to recollect, that our own great novelist has hardly been more successful in the drama than Oehlenschläger himself in the department of novel writing. Tragedy is clearly his true field; in that he has already gained for himself a European reputation, and by his good taste and good sense he has given a healthy, original, and, we trust, permanent tone to the literature of his country.

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ART. II.—*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne.* Par M. de Flassan.  
3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

It is in these times a prevalent remark, that the people of this country take but a slight interest in foreign affairs. Even in parliament, and especially in the House of Commons, discussions of our policy in regard to foreign nations are languidly conducted, and left to a few speakers. They cannot, by any eloquence or management, be raised into interesting debates, or produce influential divisions. During the last session, nothing could be made of Portugal or of Greece; although Portugal had recently afforded topics for the oratory of Canning, and the affairs of Greece involved a personal question. The French Revolution, indeed, of last July, did excite universal attention, as a curious and interesting spectacle, and an event likely to influence, by way of example, the domestic politics of England—a fearful topic, upon which we have elsewhere enlarged.

Judging from the debates of former parliaments, and from those slight and ephemeral publications which are said “best to show the bent and genius of the age,” we should say that this indifference to foreign affairs has greatly increased in England almost within our own memory. Let us not be deemed fanciful or paradoxical when we ascribe it, in some measure, to the augmented intelligence of the people, a cause which appears to us to operate in two various ways. In the first place, the improved education of our youth and the extended studies of our grown men have been directed rather to science than to history. Whatever may have been said of the decline of science in the higher branches, what we have has been widely diffused; and treatises on chemistry, geology, mechanics, or political economy, take the place which was occupied by books of history.

But the diffusion of intelligence has also taught the people to look more sharply into their own concerns, and to reason upon politics by the light of their own understandings, and the result of their own observation. They do not always reason correctly; they often neglect remoter causes, or judge too flippantly of apparent effects. But, well or ill, they judge for themselves, and judge therefore according to what they see and feel. No political upholsterer could now be induced by the speech of any parliament man, or a pamphlet authenticated by “a person of honour,” to care whether Silesia were assigned to Austria or to Prussia. He looks to the amount of his taxes, and the prices at which he buys or sells; or to the public expenditure, and the list of pensions; he is as unwilling, as he is unable, to discuss the remote

tendency which any proceeding between two foreign states has to involve this country in a war. This indifference, arising from the distance and indistinctness of the danger, is not confined to the people, but extends to their representatives in the House of Commons. It is less apparent among the peers; whose names are in more instances connected with the history of Europe, and whose leisure is greater for historical researches.

It is not for our present purpose to inquire, whether this disregard of occurrences on the continent is excessive and dangerous. One ill effect it certainly produces; it puts it in the power of any man professing to be a teacher of foreign politics, or wishing to forward an object of party, to inculcate a popular error; and it gives prevalence to misrepresentations, which an attentive consideration of facts would readily detect.

We dedicate this article to an examination of some positions affecting our foreign policy, which have been repeated, again and again, in parliament and out of parliament, if without serious contradiction, so also without justifying evidence.

The work which we have placed at the head of our article, was published at Paris towards the conclusion of the reign of Charles X., by M. de Flassan. This writer had been in the Foreign Office at Paris before the Revolution, and emigrated in 1791, but was subsequently Historiographer of Foreign Affairs under Bonaparte, and was attached to Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna. He has evidently a perfect knowledge of his subject. This work contains the most complete history of the proceedings of the Congress which has appeared either in France or England. Except from the speeches of Lord Castlereagh, we have hitherto known but little of the detailed progress of the complicated discussions, and the workings of the conflicting interests, which occupied the European powers after the downfall of Bonaparte. By M. de Flassan, as it appears to us, they are fairly given. His work is chiefly narrative, with perhaps less of interlocutory remark than is usual with a Frenchman. He is avowedly a Royalist: and has an evident disposition to approve; and it is pleasing to observe the ample justice which this French writer does to the disinterested policy of England.

But as our view is not confined to the Congress of Vienna, we shall give no analysis of M. de Flassan's work; though we shall largely avail ourselves of it, in endeavouring to deliver the Foreign Policy of England from the misrepresentations to which it has been exposed.

It is not unfrequently asserted, without reply, that Mr. Pitt commenced and continued war for the restoration of the Bourbons;—and that during the continuance of that war, England espoused the cause of the despots against their people.

Farther, it is said, that at the peace of 1814, and in the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, the same so called illiberal policy was adopted and extended, with the connivance and participation of England, represented by Lord Castlereagh;—and that England was a party, assisting if not contracting, to a league of sovereigns for the repression of liberal and popular institutions, under the name of the Holy Alliance;—that Mr. Canning, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, disconnected England from this alliance, and gave her powerful support to the cause of liberty in Europe;—that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen returned to the illiberal policy of Lord Castlereagh.

It is added, that, by this change of policy, England has lost the influence which, under Mr. Canning, she possessed upon the continent;—and it has even been asserted, that the late administration professed the principle of interference in the affairs of foreign states,—while the present Cabinet have avowed their intention to pursue the opposite policy, of non-intervention.

If these positions do not follow, easily and smoothly, one from another; if even some of them are with difficulty reconciled to others, the fault is not with us. We must deal with them as we find them.

The statement regarding Mr. Pitt's policy is of no great importance, in reference to any practical question, or to any existing statesman. It was used by the Whigs in their character of followers of Mr. Fox, when contrasting his system with that of his rival. Mr. Pitt was for despotism and the Bourbons; Mr. Fox for freedom and the people. Mr. Pitt would interfere in the form of foreign government; Mr. Fox would leave each nation to choose its own government. Interference, the principle of the Tories; non-interference, the watch-word of the Whigs.

How consistently this representation of the politics of their sect is adduced by those who did or do compose the Whig party, we shall hereafter afford the means of judging. It is enough for us now, that whatever may have been the policy of Mr. Fox, that which they ascribe to his rival was neither avowed nor pursued by Mr. Pitt. On the contrary, it was by that division of the Whigs, which joined him at the commencement of the war of 1793, that he was vehemently, but vainly, urged to make the restoration of the Bourbons an object of the war; to this day, the disciples of Burke and Windham impute to him as a fault the disregard of that advice; and some, we believe, of his most ancient colleagues were at least inclined to its adoption. Mr. Pitt was in the right. If this great statesman has been justly called a minister of expedients, the appellation can only be justified by the variety of means whereby, under varying circum-

stances, he pursued his object. He neither varied his object, nor changed his principle. The deposition of the Bourbons was not the justifying cause, nor could their restoration be the justifiable purpose, of the war. And no consideration of the advantage to be derived from the zealous co-operation of the French Royalists, or their foreign abettors, could induce Mr. Pitt to assert as a principle of England's policy, that which had not truly been his motive, and which was at variance with his political creed.

But a charge less obsolete, and more plausibly bearing upon recent times, is this,—that during the progress of the revolutionary war we espoused the cause of the despots against the people, and supported old and rotten governments, where there was a necessity as well as a desire for renovation. This position, brought as a charge, is equally unjust with the first. It is no doubt true, that, partly owing to the nature of the weapons wielded against us, from the fraternizing decree of 1792, to the attempt to revolutionize Egypt; and again, in the second part of the war, to the usurpations in Spain and Portugal, our measures did sometimes assume the character of a defence of ancient institutions. The revolutionary government of France began by exciting revolts in every country, as it were from the mere abstract love of revolution; they soon made it the means of extending their own power and territory. In the earlier periods of the war, and before this aggrandizement had become more decidedly and assuredly the object of our enemy, the discontented in this country were too well disposed to co-operate with the revolutionists of France. Thus, the foreign war, and the measures necessary for repressing sedition at home, became inseparably connected; and it was a legitimate and strictly English object to prevent the extension of the revolutionary principle. The re-establishment of the ancient dynasty was one obvious method of destroying the hostile and dangerous government; and, for this reason, encouragement was offered to its supporters in France;\* and it was more than once avowed as a desirable, never as an essential, object of our wishes.† Our successive allies in these contests were, naturally, the heads of the great monarchies. *They*, moreover, or some of them, had entered into the war with the avowed purpose of crushing the revolution; but it was enough for us to obtain their co-operation, without examining its origin. To inquire after abuses in their national institutions, or to ask whether these sovereigns administered gently their great authority, would have been equally absurd, and inconsistent with the objects of the alliance.

\* See the King's declaration, 29th October, 1793. Parl. Hist. xxx. 1037.

† Lord Grenville's letter to M. Talleyrand, 4th January, 1800. Parl. Hist. xxxiv. 1198.

During the progress of the contest, its character underwent a great change. France acquired institutions, not boasting of antiquity, but imitating in all other respects those of ancient Europe. The object of her ruler, now become imperial, and in form as well as in truth despotic, was not to overturn thrones, but to depose kings, replacing them everywhere with princes of a new dynasty, taken from his own family, or the staff of his army. Where the new government altered the constitution, the alteration was not always in favour of the people; some appearance of freedom might, perhaps, be assumed, while the power of the government was really more tyrannical. Doubtless, this extension of power was, as in the instance of the military conscription and the anti-commercial decrees, used for the efficient conduct of the war; but one consequence was, especially in regard to commerce, that the interests of the English government and people became connected with those of the *people* of many foreign countries, in opposition to the interests, or at least to the adopted policy, of their *rulers*. In Holland and in Germany this was eminently true.

In one instance, even while Mr. Pitt yet lived, our government found it politic to encourage a revolt. Spain had been forced by France into the war. There appeared in her American colonies a disposition, since completely manifested, to throw off her yoke. It was entirely consistent with Mr. Pitt's English policy to encourage and assist the colonies, in order at once to weaken our enemy, Spain, and to raise up nations in the western world with whom England might have a friendly and commercial intercourse.

Not long after this, Spain herself rose against the king whom France had placed upon the throne of Philip V. England flew to her assistance, and ensured her success. There have been strange misapprehensions of the nature of this contest. England was, no doubt, in the situation of abetting a revolt against an existing government; but the object of the contest was, not to establish more liberal institutions, but to restore an hereditary monarch; not because he was hereditary, but because his rival was the friend of France, and the battle of Spain against France was fought under his banner. Ferdinand was an arbitrary and bigoted prince, and the priests were among his most zealous advocates. Those who fought for him were not in general attached to new or liberal institutions. There was in some Spaniards a disposition of very slow growth to freedom and reform; but these were not the Spaniards who chiefly co-operated with England, still less were they the men who restored Ferdinand to his throne. The circumstances of the war made Ferdinand our ally, despot and bigot as he was; not because he was a despot and a bigot, nay, not even because he was legitimate and hereditary, but be-

cause his alliance furnished the most efficient means of opposing and overcoming the despot of France.

Circumstances partly similar, but greatly strengthened by an old and intimate alliance with the House of Braganza, connected us in Portugal also with ancient and legitimate monarchy.

Of the powers of Europe, of those even which had in the outset been the most vehemently opposed to innovation, some had become connected with the new dynasties, and all had at different periods withdrawn themselves, in some instances only for a time, from the general coalition. England herself, when the revolutionary principle was no longer in action, and when she was no longer under engagements to allies, had made peace with the new government of France. The war when renewed assumed the character of resistance to aggression and aggrandizement, unsupported by the weapons of democracy. By degrees, all the principal and some of the secondary powers became leagued with England against the too powerful sovereign of France. Resistance to France, and finally to her ambitious chief, was the common bond of union; yet England, to the very last, refused to adopt the cause of the Bourbons as her own, nor did she herein differ from the other powers. They continued, on the contrary, to treat with Bonaparte almost to the conclusion of the war. Nevertheless, the ultimate success of the allies was instantly followed by the restoration of the exiled family, and England found, in 1814, the security for peace which she had contemplated in 1800, when Lord Grenville regarded the restoration of the ancient line of princes as the best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence.\*

Thus, in France and in Spain, the restoration of the ancient and legitimate house of Bourbon was consequent upon the efforts and counsels of the other ancient and legitimate monarchs. Hence the principle of legitimacy and hereditary succession derived additional support, and ancient institutions came again into fashion. The spirit of innovation had desolated the fields, destroyed the commerce, thinned the population, and overturned the altars and the thrones of Europe. It was natural that those who had at last mastered this mighty power, and annihilated its creations, should cling fondly and firmly to the institutions which survived; and that those princes, who were to receive back the territories which had been torn from them, should adopt, as the leading principle of their settlement, *restoration* of all that *had been*, unchanged and unreformed.

In some countries, and principally in France, the relative

\* His note to Talleyrand of 4th January, 1800. *Parl. Hist.* vol. xxxiv. p. 1198.

power of the people was much too great to allow this principle to operate; but the very prevalence of the newer doctrines and more liberal institutions in France increased in the view of other powers the dangers of innovation.

But it is here to be remarked, and the observation has a peculiar reference to the policy of England, that in latter times the ancient institutions had been overturned, not by the spirit of freedom, but by the spirit of universal despotism. An attempt was made to unite all Europe under one commanding chief; and it became not only a natural object, but one perfectly justifiable, politic and necessary, to prevent the repetition of an attempt, so dangerous to the independence of nations, which had well nigh been accomplished by Bonaparte.

In the settlement of Europe, under this extraordinary combination of mixed and opposing dangers, England was invited to assist; nor, indeed, could she avoid it without abandoning all the objects for which she had contended. She was not now likely to be affected, at least so it appeared in 1814, by the spread of revolutionary principles. Those principles had lost much of the wildness and folly which in the French revolution almost brought discredit on the name of freedom, and indisposed sober men to changes, however innocent or beneficial; and there did exist among the people of some of the continental states, especially in those of Germany, a rational desire to ameliorate their institutions, upon principles of which England could not disapprove without disavowing her own constitution. This commendation, we believe, is not applicable to all the states in which revolutions were afterwards attempted; but those were states in whose proceedings England's interest was very remote.

The true policy and chief object of England was to prevent the establishment of a government in FRANCE which should, either through the revolutionary or the despotic principle, again endanger the peace of Europe. In minor continental arrangements she had not a very near concern, though it cannot be altogether denied that every hereditary monarchy has an interest in the preservation of hereditary right. A country like England, wherein that right has been set aside with great advantage to the whole nation, cannot, nor can even the sovereign of that country, consistently assert the indefeasibility of the principle of legitimacy; yet not only the monarch himself, but the people, enjoying the benefits of an hereditary government, may fairly disapprove, and lament frequent and inconsiderate interruptions.

A minister of England, therefore, without feeling all the horror at the name of revolution which an Austrian councillor might entertain, might prudently join in the desire to avoid revolutionary

movements. And still further, feeling it to be the duty, as Mr. Canning said, of an English minister to look to the interests of England alone,\* he might justifiably desire that the domestic peace of states should be at all events preserved, knowing how apt internal disorders are to lead to foreign wars.

Thus various and difficult were the considerations for England when she took part with the great powers of the continent in the settlement of Europe.

It is important to observe that her intimate connection with these great powers began, not with the arrangements consequent upon the peace, but with the operations for concluding the war. She had done very much, thanks to the Duke of Wellington, towards the downfall of Bonaparte; but she could not have accomplished this without her allies, nor could the alliance have been successful without a mutual understanding among all the parties of its spirit and purpose, from which understanding no single power was afterwards at liberty to depart.

In the previous operations, as well as in the final settlement, the interests of England were committed to Lord Castlereagh, of whom Lord John Russell tells us, in the "Letter to Lord Holland on Foreign Policy," of which a new edition was recently published, (and to which, as embodying the charges against Lord Castlereagh's system, we shall have frequent occasion to refer, in the subsequent part of this article,) that, "in the opinion of all impartial foreigners, he has done more harm by his negotiations than any diplomatist of the continent."

A foreigner at once impartial and well-informed as to English affairs is not easily to be found.† We, speaking as Englishmen, and with reference to English interests, affirm that Lord Castlereagh, placed in a situation of importance and difficulty such as few English ministers have filled, did, faithfully and prudently, his duty to England. Lord Castlereagh was meritorious, in a degree not sufficiently known, in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. Among the sovereigns and commanders with whom he was associated, some, either not possessing sufficient energy

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\* Speech of Mr. Canning at Plymouth, October, 1823. "The end which I confess I have always had in view, and which appears to me the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of modern philosophy is wisely and diffusely benevolent; it professes the perfection of our species, and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. Gentlemen, I hope that my heart beats as high for the general interest of humanity—I hope that I have as friendly a disposition towards other nations of the earth as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly; but I am contented to confess that in the conduct of political affairs, the grand object of my contemplation is the interest of England."

† See in Mr. Brougham's Speech of 30th April, 1823, a curious illustration of the ignorance of English affairs and Englishmen which prevails even among the most intelligent Frenchmen. *Parl. Deb.* vol. viii. p. 1533.

and decision of character, or feeling too little zeal for the cause, wavered at important moments, when nothing but the judicious management of Lord Castlereagh persuaded them to move. Having the unbounded confidence of his king and of his colleagues in the cabinet, he was enabled to speak for England, in a tone forcible through the character of the country, and influential through his own persuasiveness. We speak advisedly in saying that he did important service to his country and the alliance, of which his own generosity has intercepted and suppressed the praise. He has permitted transactions to be characterized as instances of blundering and heedless diplomacy, which were in truth prudent, skilful, and productive of great results. He could not have illustrated his own merits without betraying the vacillation of others, and he chivalrously bore the blame which their timidity deserved. We believe this to be the history of the "Russian Dutch Loan."

The influence which the character of Lord Castlereagh had upon the public events of his time, induces us to bestow upon it a few more words. He was a singular and remarkable man. He had more, and he wanted more, of the qualifications of a statesman and orator, than any man of equal eminence. He was greatly deficient in knowledge. He had not studied history, and he had not supplied its place by abstract political science. In one sense he had no principles; he had no fixed rules of conduct, drawn from experience, or suggested by theory. It was partly owing to these defects, that he was singularly free from prejudice. He could see with precision and acuteness of observation the object of his present policy, and he would pursue it by all the means likely to be successful. Though referred to no systematic rule, those means were generally successful; as his oratory, though neither classical nor even grammatical, was eminently persuasive. This power of persuasion he owed to the chivalrous bravery and sense of honour which belonged to him, to a noble courtesy of deportment, and conciliating suavity of manner. But these amiable qualities were accompanied by a fixed unity of purpose. In parliamentary debate his sole view was to get the business done. Unless he knew that a reply was requisite for carrying his measure, he would bear any taunt or misrepresentation, the case always excepted of an attack upon his personal honour, of which he was tenderly jealous.

In like manner, when arranging with able and wary diplomatists the complicated affairs of Europe, he kept sight of his English objects, and exerted his influence for those objects alone.

But his demeanor of high society and captivating manners

led to an intimacy with the allied monarchs, which, perhaps, involved him in an apparent participation in schemes not entirely consistent with the policy of England. His urbanity forbade the expression, and, perhaps, his indifference to all but his own purposes forbade even the entertainment, of an objection to proceedings of which he ought not to have approved. This indifference, probably, was increased by the absence of historical recollections and of speculative plans of policy. But we affirm, that it never led him to compliment away the interests of England, while it assuredly kept in good humour the allies, whom it was desirable to conciliate.

We will now examine the proceedings of Lord Castlereagh after the termination of the war, and particularly at the Congress of Vienna. Our object is to show that England did not pursue, either at Vienna or in the subsequent measures of Lord Castlereagh, an *illiberal* policy with respect to the affairs of other nations; that she did not adopt the system described by Mr. Gally Knight as *repressive*; but that throughout all those transactions “the interests of Great Britain were steadily pursued,” and constituted the sole object of British policy.

Now what were the leading points of Lord Castlereagh’s proceedings at Vienna? They were taken, as is truly stated by Lord John Russell,\* with very little variation, from a paper drawn by Mr. Pitt† in 1805, at the formation of the coalition which was dissolved at Austerlitz.

The objects of Mr. Pitt were thus stated:—

1. “To rescue from the dominion of France those countries which it has subjugated since the beginning of the Revolution, and to reduce France within its former limits, as they stood before that time.

2. “To make such an arrangement with respect to the territories recovered from France as may provide for their security and happiness, and may at the same time constitute a more effectual barrier in future against encroachments on the part of France.”

He added,—

“The first view with respect to any of the countries which may be recovered from France, must be, to restore as far as possible their ancient rights, and provide for the internal happiness of their inhabitants; but in looking at this object they must not lose sight of the general security of Europe, on which even that separate object must principally depend. Pursuant to this principle, there can be no question that whenever any of these countries are capable of being restored to their former

\* Letter to Lord Holland, p. 9.

† See the communication made to the Russian ambassador, 19th January, 1805,—*Parl. Hist.* xxii. 78.

independence, and of being placed in a situation in which they can protect it, such an arrangement must be most congenial to the policy and feelings on which this system is founded : but there will be found to be other countries among those now under the dominion of France to which these considerations cannot apply ; where either the ancient relations of the country are so completely destroyed that they cannot be restored, or, where independence would be merely nominal, and alike inconsistent with security for the country itself and for Europe."

Such were the views with which Mr. Pitt prosecuted the war, with a success very ill-proportioned to the zeal and energy displayed on his part; and such were the views which Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh retained, when the union of the European monarchs, and the improved efficiency of the British army, had at last accomplished that which Mr. Pitt had in vain pursued. Their success certainly imposed upon the allies a difficult and an odious task.

It had probably never happened, not even at the period of the treaty of Westphalia, that the destinies of so large a portion of Europe came into question. Countries inhabited by nearly 32,000,000 of persons, (as is stated by M. de Flassan, vol. i. p. 175,) had been conquered from Napoleon or his allies by the powers who had coalesced against him. Had these several countries been conquered by the separate arms of the respective powers, each would have had as complete a right to annex its own peculiar conquest to its own territory, as England had to retain Ceylon or Trinidad. In the present case, the conquests had been made jointly, in a war urged for a common purpose ; and the main business of the Congress consisted in so disposing of them as to accomplish the objects of the war. The universal restoration of every country to the exact state in which it stood before the war was neither easy nor desirable. At what period was the war to be considered as beginning? The conquests had not been made by France in the war which was now concluded, but in a succession of wars conducted at various periods since 1791 ;—not one of the powers, not even England, had been, throughout the whole period, uninterruptedly at war with France. Was the Congress to go back to 1791, returning Europe to the situation in which France, beginning with the smaller states, had been able almost to enslave her? But it is needless to ask this question, since the changes had been so frequent and so complicated, as in some countries not only to eradicate the desire, but to destroy the possibility, of a return to the identical situation in which they had stood in 1791. The Congress, then, attempted no such restoration ; their avowed object was to prevent that over-

whelming ascendancy of one power, from which they had, after unparalleled exertions, just escaped. Assuredly, in the appropriation of the territories which were at their disposal, they did take into consideration the degree in which the several powers had been useful and faithful to the alliance; and in this they were perfectly justified; but it was an object subordinate to that of security, and, in no case, we believe, inconsistent with it.

The separation of Belgium from the government and influence of France was an important object with the English ministers, both in 1805 and 1814. It was also with both a material point to re-establish Prussia as a powerful state. In Mr. Pitt's plan these two objects were united—the Netherlands being a part of the territory to be assigned to Prussia. Lord Castlereagh proposed their assignment to the new kingdom of Holland. The object was the same in both cases, and was truly, though not exclusively, English; being that of providing a barrier against France on the side of Holland, and keeping out of the hands of France a country from which she might greatly annoy either England or the Dutch Provinces. The situation of that country, as well as the ancient alliances between us, have always made Holland an object of interest to us, and her weakness by land a matter of regret. Excepting Portugal, there is no power with whom we had been, and were likely to continue, more uninterruptedly upon good terms. And as Holland had become since 1805 a compact sovereignty, capable of receiving an addition of territory, it was natural that she should appear, rather than Prussia, the power to which the Low Countries might advantageously be assigned.

It would be injustice to Lord John Russell's reputation as an acute observer, not to mention that he saw and stated in 1819, the great difficulty of preserving the union between Belgium and Holland; and he considered the Belgian people ill-used by the Dutch government in its subsequent administration, as well as by the allies who exacted the union.

We admit the general truth of his remarks, and we are upon the whole inclined to think that the assignment of Belgium to Prussia, as suggested by Mr. Pitt, would have more completely and safely answered the desired purposes. Yet the increase of the strength of Holland was a very natural and politic object on our part; it was also a fit object with us to keep Belgium out of the hands of France. But we erred in considering Belgium as an addition of strength to Holland. It certainly was not such an addition of strength as enabled the King of the Netherlands to defend it against France; and we might assuredly have foreseen, that in

case of an encroachment by France, England would have been the first power called upon to assist its ancient ally, and certainly we could have done nothing single-handed. Whether Prussia would have protected the Netherlands for the Dutch must have depended upon various temporary circumstances; whereas, had Belgium been Prussian, the great military strength of that state, and its intimate union with the other continental powers, would have rendered encroachment much less probable. It is, however, to be observed, that the scheme of annexing Belgium to Holland had been settled at Chaumont in 1814, between England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and that France had consented to it.\* Austria declined all connection with the Netherlands, but it does not follow that she would have been pleased, any more than France, with the establishment of Prussia in these important provinces, nor might that establishment have been unobjectionable, with a view to the independence of Holland herself. Nevertheless, it may be admitted, that the arrangement actually made has been unfortunate; and we do not deny that some of the ill-consequences might have been foreseen. In defending Lord Castlereagh from the sweeping charges of Lord John Russell, we do not maintain that he was infallible, but we cannot acquiesce in any degree in the objections made to his conduct in this particular, without observing that it is not very easy to name a settlement of the Netherlands which would have been both practicable and politic.

It is not necessary to discuss here the Belgian question as it is now agitated, but its present state affords an apt illustration of the difficulties attending it, and lightens in no small degree the charge to which Lord Castlereagh is subject, for having suggested an arrangement not entirely successful, It would, perhaps, have been enough for our immediate purpose, that there was no question between "liberality" and "repression;" that in which England took a part was a mere question of external policy, and so far as the proceeding had any reference to internal institutions, our interference was on the side of the people.

The annexation of Genoa to the dominions of the King of Sardinia was specifically one of Mr. Pitt's plans, having the truly British object of strengthening the barrier against France on the south-east. Vain attempts were made to show that English faith had been pledged to set up and maintain, after the conclusion of the war, the old republican government; whereas it was clearly shown—1st. That no promise or permanent guarantee had been given even by the unauthorized English general; and 2d. That

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\* Hist. du Congrès, i. 233, 234.

the Genoese did not, by co-operating with our troops, entitle themselves to a redemption of the promise if it had been made. We do not dispute the correctness of Lord John Russell's statement, of the aversion of the Genoese to their connection with Turin; an aversion, however, not greater than that which is mutual among the inhabitants of many towns and districts under the same ruler, and which renders highly improbable, if not impracticable, the favourite scheme of Italian union. Nevertheless, we admit that some of the changes of territory were to be viewed with regret: but those who impugn them ought to put themselves in the situation of Lord Castlereagh, and tell us what other arrangements they would have made tending to the same great purposes. The remedy was sometimes disagreeable, because the disease had been complicated and severe.

The re-construction of the Prussian monarchy was one of the leading objects of Lord Castlereagh's policy, again following Mr. Pitt; and his exertions mainly contributed to its accomplishment. So long as France is our most probable and formidable enemy, so long will the maintenance of the Prussian power be the policy of England. These, with the independence of Switzerland, were the principal objects of the English Minister.

It appears to have been at one time Lord Castlereagh's object to give more of substantive independence to Poland; he at first contemplated the re-establishment of a Polish kingdom under a separate prince, and with this view would have consented to the transfer of the entire dominions of Saxony to Prussia. (*Flanagan*, pp. 52—56.) The opposition naturally made by the three powers, especially by the Emperor of Russia, to the Polish scheme, and the determination, to which the British Parliament as well as the French government contributed, to moderate the cessions required from Saxony, rendered this plan abortive. And the British minister contented himself with requiring, what was conceded, perhaps, with more readiness than sincerity, that the Polish subjects of the three powers should be treated as *Poles*, and preserved in their own customs and habits. But Lord Castlereagh never affected to urge either of his propositions respecting Poland on the score of national right, or the abstract love of liberty. His real and assigned motives were, a fear, in the first instance, lest Russia should be too powerful, and secondly, lest the discontents of the Poles should disturb the tranquillity of Europe. Lord Castlereagh really had no arguments, whereby he could have urged this point as a *sine qua non* of England, or as one wherein, as in the case of Holland and Prussia, her interests were directly and undeniably concerned. But that Lord Castlereagh sacrificed this, or any other point, to a vague promise of commercial advan-

tages, as has lately been asserted,\* there is neither proof nor probability. None such, we believe, either underwent or required discussion.

It is stated, by the author of the work before us, that it was another object of England to procure for the states of Europe more free constitutions.

“ La Cour de Londres s’annonça au Congrès avec une intention prononcée de prévenir de nouveaux envahissements, par la création de fortes barrières politiques et militaires. Elle dirigea particulièrement son attention sur la conformation du nouveau royaume des Pays-Bas, regardé comme un des meilleurs gages de sa sûreté personnelle, à l’égard de la France. Elle se montra zélée pour l’indépendance Helvétique et pour la sûreté de l’Italie, et *s’occupa des représentations nationales, comme tout ce qui pouvait tendre à garantir les droits des peuples.*”—Vol. I. p. 51.

We admit, without hesitation, that this last, not being a British object, was probably urged without much force. But its very statement as an object shows how strangely Lord Castlereagh is charged with upholding “ illiberal ” principles at the Congress of Vienna. The truth appears to be, that questions of internal government came very little into discussion at the Congress, but not a single case can be named in which England took other than the liberal side.

Probably, whatever might have been her inclination, she could not have done much. Her influence at the Congress is asserted by its French historian to have been very great,† but its operation must naturally have been less effectual when applied to an object, neither requisite for her own interests, nor connected with the purposes of the confederation. It should be recollected that the influence of England was chiefly owing to her national character, and that of her plenipotentiary, and of her general, who was also a plenipotentiary. If she made an unpalatable proposition to any one of the great powers, she had nothing to give by way of consideration. She could only urge her wishes and opinion, and the general principles of the Alliance. Although, therefore, this species of influence was more creditable than any other to England and her minister, it was necessarily less powerful.

The charge of disregarding national feelings and destroying national independence, in the transference of territory from one Sovereign to another, is a totally distinct charge; and one, if it be a charge, to which Lord Castlereagh is unquestionably liable. No treaty of peace, after an extensive war, has been unattended

\* “ Thoughts on the Present State of Foreign Affairs.”

† Vol. I. p. 207.

by these cases of transfer; and although, from our position, we neither witness the addition of territory to our islands, or the transference of any part of them to another power, we have been accustomed, under all governments, not only to sanction similar transfers between other states in Europe, but to be ourselves participators in them in other parts of the globe.

One of the errors into which many politicians fall is to imagine that the Allies, in waging war for the liberties of Europe, professed or pretended to contemplate the absence of domestic tyranny. This would indeed have been *interference* neither necessary nor expedient. The freedom of nations consists in the independence of one nation upon another, and this indeed is the sense in which the word is mostly used by the ancients.\* There is no meaning in Lord John Russell's sentence—"The arms which the people had given were used to defeat the people's wishes." Of what people does he speak? It might with more plausibility be said, that so far as the Allies did contemplate internal affairs, their professions were not, any more than their subsequent practices have been said to be, on the side of the people as against their rulers. The preservation of "social institutions from daily revolutions" was mentioned in one of the declarations among the desired results of the settlement of Europe proposed by the Alliance.† But it would be another mistake to deduce

\* Even Sir James Mackintosh is not altogether free from the charge of something like misrepresentation on this head: In his speech of the 4th of February, 1823, (*Parl. Hist.* VIII. 74,) he quotes from the last speech of King William the expression "liberty of Europe," as if it related to internal freedom. He must have known that freedom from the power of Louis XIV. was the object of King William's contemplation.

† Declaration of Chatillon, March, 1814. The following are extracts from the several Treaties and Declarations of the Allies:—

Convention of Reichenbach, 16th of June, 1813.—"Their Majesties (of England and Russia) animated with the desire of restoring independence, peace and prosperity to nations."

Declaration of Allies at Frankfort, 1st of December, 1813, states their intention that France should be "great, powerful and happy," with "an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew;" and goes on thus, "but the Allied Powers also wish to be free, tranquil, and happy themselves. They desire a state of peace which, by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, may henceforward preserve their people from the numberless calamities which have overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years." . . . . "They will not lay down their arms until the political state of Europe be re-established anew—until immovable principles have resumed their right over vain pretensions—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe."

The Treaties of Chaumont, 1st of March, 1814, between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, speak of the "war undertaken for the salutary purpose of putting an end to the miseries of Europe, of securing its future repose by re-establishing a just balance of power," and to be prosecuted "in order to obtain for themselves and for Europe a general peace, under the protection of which the rights and liberties of all nations may be established and secured."

In the Treaties of Vienna, 25th of March, 1815, after Bonaparte's return from Elba,

from these expressions the conclusion, that either the war or the dictates were directed against the liberties of the people.

We have already said that the anti-revolutionary disposition on the part of the Allied Monarchs might naturally be excessive; we nevertheless avow our conviction, that the purposes of those monarchs at Vienna were, *bonâ fide*, such as they professed, and that these were the natural and necessary results of their successful struggle against France. But all for which we contend with confidence and anxiety is, that England was no participator, either by the formal treaties which her minister signed, or through any understanding or connivance, in schemes subversive of internal freedom; and we will now apply this assertion to the proceedings subsequent to the Congress,—to the treaties which form the special subject of Lord John Russell's Letter, and to the transactions which have occurred under those treaties.

Soon after the Congress had finished its labours, the three great powers of Russia, Austria and Prussia concluded the famous treaty which, from its specific reference to the dictates of their holy religion, has been styled the *Holy Alliance*.

There cannot be a more harmless document than this treaty appears upon a mere perusal of it. If there be a disposition to style it a piece of harmless absurdity, we shall not quarrel with the expression. But we confess ourselves weak enough to believe that the Emperor Alexander, in proposing this singular compact to his brother sovereigns, was actuated by the motives which are expressed in it; and there is reason for believing that it was adopted under the influence of a female favourite, who united some laxity of moral practice with an unusual degree of strictness and even enthusiasm in matters of religion.\* The three monarchs bound themselves to take the Christian religion as the guide of their conduct, to consider themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, and themselves as members of one Christian nation. The only particular stipulation, if stipu-

the Allies resolved "to apply to that circumstance the principles of the treaty of Chaumont;" and, consequently, renew the engagement to preserve against every attack "the order of things so happily established in Europe;" and they then agree to employ all their forces against Bonaparte, and against all those who shall have already joined his faction, or shall hereafter join it. On signing this treaty Lord Castlereagh declared, that "it is not to be understood as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war with a view of imposing upon France any particular government;" this is "in conformity to the principles upon which the British government has invariably regulated its conduct." Russia adhered to this declaration.

\* See in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, Vol. III. p. 689, an anecdote illustrative of the religious origin of the Alliance. Fearon tells us, that in the New York Forum Alexander was deemed "the most virtuous and magnanimous monarch ever known;" and "the holy league a wise, pacific and humane combination."

tation it can be called, is contained in the first article, which runs thus:—

“Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance, and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice.”\*

The King of England declined to enter into this alliance; taking advantage of its inconsistency with the constitutional usages of this country, being signed by the sovereigns themselves, not their ministers. In announcing this refusal to the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh observed, or left it to be inferred, that the government had no other objection to the treaty,† and certainly substantial objection there could be none, though we own that we should have been sorry to see the signature of an English minister at the foot of a treaty which is liable to the imputation of cant, if not of blasphemy. We do not know whether this treaty has at any time been invoked by any of the contracting parties,—probably not.

But in the year 1818 England was a party to treaties more consistent both in form and substance with the usages of Europe; these treaties, concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle between Austria, Russia, Prussia, France and England, are often confounded with the Holy Alliance: from which however they differ, not only in the absence of all affectation of notions not usually avowed in treaties, but in containing more positive and precise stipulations as to the mode of effecting that which was equally the object of both, and indeed of all the treaties from 1813, namely, the preservation of the peace of Europe.

In Lord John Russell's letter, written soon after those treaties were concluded, he speaks of them in these terms.

“The first remark made by every one, upon reading the acts of Aix-la-Chapelle, must be, that they entirely supersede the old balance of power. That balance was constituted by the separation of Europe into two equal, or nearly equal, masses of territorial power. Each of these masses found its interest in maintaining its own respective equality with its opposite. Peace was the result. If occasionally disturbed by the preponderance of one great state, or by the changing sides of any of its members, the principle of a balance continued always at work, and it soon recovered itself.

\* Ann. Reg. 1816, p. 381.

† Par. Deb. xxxii. 350.

“Now whatever may be the advantages of the new system over the old, it has not that which has been last mentioned. It is not one of balance, for there can be no balance where all the powers are on one side. It takes for its bases the union of the chief sovereigns of Europe in a common alliance; if that union be disturbed in one of its parts, it must fail in all. The system has no principle of self-recovery.

“From this view of the subject it would appear that the treaty and declaration of Aix-la-Chapelle amount in fact to nothing. They contain a mutual assurance of good will, but they provide no remedy like the Triple Alliance of 1668, or the Barrier Treaties of later times, if the harmony of Europe should be interrupted. They declare to the world, in pompous terms, that the five powers have no immediate intention of going to war. Such is the first appearance of the Quintuple Alliance.”

Lord John Russell's notion of the nature and operation of “the old balance of power,” is to us quite unintelligible. He speaks of it as something definite, systematic, and universally understood, whereas it really was nothing but a mode of expressing that which is also the principle of the alliance of 1818,—namely, that no one state or confederacy shall be so powerful as to overcome all others. This was a principle not established by any general compact among nations, but arising out of the common interest of all, especially of those states whose weakness or situation forbade their attempting to obtain the mastery. England in particular has been party to several treaties of defensive alliance, (that of Hanover for instance in 1726,) occasioned, not by any actual or apprehended attack upon her territories, but by the formation of confederacies among other powers, which appeared to threaten the safety or the interests of all others. And on such occasions it has been usual to speak of asserting or restoring the balance of power. By such treaties the several powers of Europe were frequently ranged in two great parties, and, unquestionably, each of these parties desired to maintain or increase its own strength. It is not true, as Lord John Russell would appear to assert, that these two parties, or “masses of territory” had, throughout any long period, the same or nearly the same component parts, or that the application of the principle of the balance was uniform in the understanding of the several powers. But the most startling of Lord John's propositions is that “peace was the result.” That the several struggles between the European powers always ended at last in peace is most true; war does not last for ever; but it cannot be said that, under the “old balance of power,” Europe enjoyed peace, in a remarkable proportion to war, as to claim for that system a peculiarly pacific tendency. In truth, it was not a system. What Lord John Russell calls “the principle of a balance” was nothing but the

working and counter-working of the desire of aggrandizement, the principle of self-defence, the jealousies and the rivalries which actuate kings and states. The appearance in any one power of a desire of universal empire, or of a disregard of national independence in the pursuit of its own ambitious objects, naturally united others in opposition to that one power. But of the states which came into this union, avowedly for a common and generous cause, some were usually actuated by the consideration of the separate interests of the nation, or perhaps the personal interests of the sovereign. We are confident that an examination of the histories of our Elizabeth and William will show that these princes, to whom a highminded and generous regard for the independence of nations has been popularly ascribed, never acted otherwise than according to Mr. Canning's maxim, or pursued other interests than those of England alone. But as our noble author has not illustrated his positions by any reference to historical facts, we must wait for an edition in which he shall so support his theory, and at present content ourselves with challenging him to that proof.

The alliance of 1818, he says, cannot have the advantage of a balance, "because all the powers are on one side." Here, no doubt, the author is mechanically correct; and if *the balance* were the thing desired, he would be politically correct also. But he falls into the very common error of confounding the end and the means. The end is the peace of Europe, or rather the security of each individual state, and it matters not by what system that end is obtained. But it is not true that "the balance of power" is neglected in these alliances. On the contrary, their very basis is, that no one state should be too powerful for the rest. This object is effected by a compact among all the great powers, and the objection seems to be that the powers have all co-operated in this arrangement, instead of marshalling themselves in hostile array, some on one side and some on the other. They were all at peace; they had no differences which they could not reconcile; there was no one of them, and there could be no other power, by which the independence of the rest was threatened. Into what stipulation could they have entered, if as much enamoured as Lord John Russell of the balance of power? The truth is, they adjusted the balance with unusual anxiety. They took care that no one at that moment should have overwhelming power. They stipulated for the preservation of the equilibrium, but they knew, as statesmen and as men, that its real security must consist in the same principles of human conduct which had operated in former times. Their system has precisely the same "principle of self-recovery" as the system, if

it be one, of Lord John Russell. The alliances of Aix-la-Chapelle, we are told, provide no remedy like the Triple Alliance of 1668, or the Barrier Treaties of later times, if the harmony of Europe should be interrupted. The League of 1668 between England, Holland, and Sweden, had the definite and peculiarly British object of effecting the security of the Dutch, by preventing the establishment of French authority in the then Spanish Netherlands. With this view the three powers agreed to propose certain terms to France and Spain, and to turn their arms against the party which should refuse to comply. Of this measure it is not for us to consider the wisdom or the success: it is obviously not a case in point, as illustrative of any peculiarity in the old system. It might indeed be cited in favour of more recent exertions for separating the Netherlands from France. But really from an author of a less distinguished reputation, it would appear to be brought forward, in the present instance, for a display of diplomatic lore. The same remark applies to the Barrier Treaties, which had nearly the same object as the alliance of 1668. Nor did either of these conventions propose to "provide a remedy if the harmony of Europe should be disturbed;" their objects and their stipulations were equally limited.

Now what was the character and purport of the Alliance of 1818? Had it the character of nothingness which Lord John Russell at first ascribes to it; or did it, according to his amended view of it, guarantee the restorations of Louis and of the French Charter, and did it "bind us to go to war for the Bourbon cause, and to interfere in the internal concerns of every state in Europe?" Is it true that the alliance therein differs from "the ancient system," of which "internal institutions never entered into the composition?"

Is it true that in reference to the "Balance of Power" the Alliance of 1818 "amounts to nothing," but that it guarantees all the arrangements of Paris and Vienna, and binds England to interfere in any case of infraction?

We maintain, and we have the high authority of Mr. Pitt for the opinion, that by the late settlement of Europe the best possible care was taken of the Balance of Power; and therefore if it be true that we have guaranteed all the details of that settlement, Lord Castlereagh did more for the Balance of Power than Sir William Temple, King William, or any statesman of the old school. But it appears to us that the allies carefully avoided the guarantee of every particular transaction. They declared their intention, generally, of preserving peace, continuing to act in concert, and conferring together as occasion should arise, with a

view to peace and the good understanding between them. Lord John Russell tells Lord Holland that on looking at the declaration of the allies, he will find that they "guarantee the security of those transactions upon which the peace is founded."\* The use of this word in the declaration, and its omission in the stipulation, strongly confirm our view of the intention of the allies, not to bind themselves to a specific guarantee of every one of the numerous and complicated transactions which the Congress had sanctioned; but to assert as the general object of their union "the maintenance of peace, and the guarantee of those transactions on which the peace was founded and consolidated."†

But it is stated by our noble Author, that we have specifically bound ourselves to go to war for the *Bourbon* cause: his Lordship quotes for this no part of the treaties or declaration of 1818, but goes back to the treaty of November, 1815, in which a temporary engagement was taken for the maintenance of good order in France, and of those political circumstances, the interruption whereof had rekindled war in Europe.‡ Even here, there was no guarantee of the Bourbons; the engagement was not for any particular state of the government, but *against* that which experience had shown to be dangerous to Europe. Indeed, the sagacity of Lord John Russell himself only enables him to say that, in a supposed case of an attempt by Charles the Tenth, when he should succeed to the throne, to restore absolute monarchy in France, "it is impossible to say what we may be called upon to do."§—It is to be observed that we are now speaking of the treaties of 1815 and 1818 without any reference to subsequent events; we might otherwise ask Lord John Russell to

\* p. 3. The treaty, or rather protocol of 15th November, 1818, declared—1. The resolution of the five great powers, "never to depart, either in their mutual relations, or in those which bind them to other states, from the principle of intimate union which has hitherto presided over all their common relations and interests." 2. That this union can only have for its object "the maintenance of general peace, founded on a religious respect for the engagements contained in the treaties, and for the whole of the rights resulting therefrom." 3. That France concurred in the maintenance of the system. 4. It provided for occasional meetings of the powers, to treat in common of their own interests.—*Annuaire Historique*, 1818, p. 425.

† *Parliam. Deb.* xxxix. 179.

‡ The treaty of Paris, 20th November 1815, stipulated for the temporary occupation of certain military positions along the frontiers of France by a large force. The allied sovereigns promised "to support the King of France with their arms against all revolutionary convulsions tending to overturn by force the state of things actually established, and which would thus threaten anew the tranquillity of Europe." They confided to the known prudence and direction of the Duke of Wellington, the determination of the time and mode in which it would be proper to employ the troops, of which, with a confidence, highly honourable to England and her General, they gave him the command.

§ p. 5.

consider what the Duke of Wellington, one of the negotiators of Vienna, *has* done in the case which he supposes.

We shall, equally without having recourse to the illustrations suggested by later events, notice the assertion, that by them "we are bound to interfere in the internal concerns of every state in Europe." He *supposes* that if any of the provinces which had changed masters under the treaty of Vienna "attempt to improve the form of their government, or revolt against the abuses of power, there can be no doubt but that the amphictyonic council of sovereigns would take cognizance of the offence." There is nothing to warrant this conclusion, the guarantee of territorial possession being a matter quite separate from a guarantee of an internal constitution. Of the latter there is not a word in the treaty, in the sense ascribed to it by Lord John. It might be more reasonably said, as indeed it elsewhere has been said, that we stipulated for the preservation of the liberties of certain states, than that we undertook to assist in enslaving them. In regard to France, it is not necessary to repeat, that a revolutionary principle had connected itself with a principle of war and conquest; and so long as this connection should continue, self-defence dictated our resistance.

We are the advocates, and we shall presently show that all our recent governments have been the advocates, of a principle of non-interference in the affairs of other states. We make no other exception to this rule, than such as the "old system" allowed. The instances given by Lord John Russell of internal changes with which our government did *not* interfere, prove nothing but the opinion of those governments that those changes did not concern them. But for a justification of interference where the change does threaten danger to others, we are content to refer his lordship to an elaborate essay on his favourite balance of power, avowed by the present Lord Chancellor Brougham;\* we cite this essay with the more confidence, because it contains a systematic answer to the observations of David Hume, who in *his* essay on the same subject, expresses an opinion much in conformity with that which we entertain. To our minds, however, the answer is unsatisfactory, and the historical illustrations appear to us rather to bear out our view of the principles of European, we might say, of human policy.

But the true question is—not whether the alliance of 1818 could fairly bear the construction put upon it by Lord John Russell,

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. i. In his work on Colonial Policy, Lord Brougham avowed himself the author of this article.

nor even whether the other allies did so construe it, either when made or at a subsequent period—but, whether *England* was at any time engaged by it, under Lord Castlereagh's superintendence, in an unjust or impolitic transaction. No such instance has been adduced, and we confidently assert that none can be found. We might safely admit that the members of the "Holy Alliance" did, at an early period after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, evince as well in their acts as in their language, a disposition to repress liberty and liberal opinions; we might join in the censures so largely bestowed upon Prince Metternich, for his unqualified declaration in favour of "what exists;" or in those upon the King of Prussia for his appeal against the freedom of the press. In these matters England had no part; they were German, not European, concerns; and we could not have meddled in them without sinning against the doctrine of non-interference: or, if we had taken any part, it must have been on the side of repression, according to the theory of the Lord Chancellor, and to the opinion of Prussia that "the tranquillity of Europe depends upon Germany and the repose of Germany."\* But Lord Liverpool's cabinet did not answer this appeal; whether they gave any opinion upon these proceedings, or upon those which related to the establishment of free constitutions in the German states, we are necessarily ignorant; all that we do know, all that is necessary to know, is, that not an English shot was fired, or an English shilling expended, in consequence of the Alliance of 1818.

In two prominent cases, the aid of England was more distinctly invoked by her allies; how did Lord Castlereagh answer this appeal?—France, on what motive is not important, probably for the sake of employing her army, was about to invade Spain, with the avowed intention of restoring to the King a more absolute power over his People. The rest of the Allies encouraged and supported France, and acknowledged that the occasion was one in which their alliance called upon them to interfere. England distinctly and peremptorily refused, in terms, which elucidate, beyond all possibility of misunderstanding, the sense in which Lord Castlereagh had concluded the alliance.

"Admitting that the occurrences in Spain had seriously extended the range of political agitation in Europe," he contended that they did not appear "likely to menace other states with that direct and imminent danger, which has always been regarded, at least in this country, as alone constituting the case which would justify external interference." \* \* \*

\* Count Bernstorff's Circular, in *Annuaire Historique*, 1819, p. 550.

“In this alliance,” says Lord Castlereagh, “as in all other human arrangements, nothing is more likely to impair, or even destroy its real utility, than any attempt to push its duties and its obligations beyond the sphere which its original conception and understood principles will warrant. It was an union for the re-conquest and liberation of a great proportion of the continent of Europe from the military dominion of France; and having subdued the conqueror, it took the state of possession, as established by the peace, under the protection of the alliance. It never was, however, intended as an union for the government of the world, or for the superintendence of the internal affairs of other states.

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“We shall be found in our place when actual danger menaces the system of Europe; but this country cannot, and will not, act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution. The alliance which exists had no such purpose in view in its original formation. It was never so explained to parliament; if it had, most assuredly the sanction of parliament would never have been given to it; and it would now be a breach of faith, were the ministers of the crown to acquiesce in a construction being put upon it, or were they to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a course of measures, inconsistent with those principles which they avowed at the time, and which they have since uniformly maintained both at home and abroad.”\*

Comment would only weaken the force of this plain, English, decisive exposition of the views of England, and of Lord Castlereagh.

The case of Naples is equally pregnant.—Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had circulated from Troppau, a memorandum on the affairs of Naples and of Portugal. This paper, after referring to their successful contest against revolution, and their desire for “the unalterable maintenance of the spirit of those treaties to which Europe owes peace and the union between its states,” proceeds thus:—

“The powers exercised an undisputed right when they considered of joint measures of precaution against states in which an overthrow of the government, effected by rebellion, even considered only as an example, must give occasions to a hostile attitude towards all legitimate constitutions and governments. The exercise of the right became the more urgent when those who had come into this situation endeavoured to communicate the misfortunes which they had drawn on themselves to the neighbouring countries, and to spread around them rebellion and confusion. In such an attitude and in such conduct there is an evident breach of the compact which insured to all European governments, besides the inviolability of their territory, the enjoyment of those peaceful relations which exclude every reciprocal encroachment.”

\* Lord Castlereagh's Confidential Minute on the Affairs of Spain, communicated to the Monarchs of Austria, Prussia, France and Russia, in May, 1820.

After stating that the monarchs had invited the King of Naples to a conference at Laybach, the circular informs the world, that "France and England had been invited to participate in this step, and it is to be expected that they will not refuse their concurrence; as the principles on which the invitation is founded, are perfectly conformable to the treaties they have formerly signed."

The Allies vouch in conclusion that—

"they desire nothing but to maintain peace, to free Europe from the scourge of revolution, and to prevent or to lessen, as far as is in their power, the evil which arises from the violation of all principles of order and morality."\*

The mention of England in this paper occasioned the issue of a circular by Lord Castlereagh, to which great importance has justly been attached. Therein he protests, on the part of England, against the principles of the Troppau declaration, as leading to a much more "frequent and extensive interference in the internal transactions of states than can be reconciled either with the general interest, or with the efficient authority and dignity of independent sovereigns. "They do not regard," said Lord Castlereagh, "the alliance, as entitled under existing treaties, to assume in their character as allies any such general powers."

While he admitted that other states, especially Austria and the Italian, might feel themselves differently circumstanced from England, and might find it necessary to interfere, for their own security, he denied that England was called upon by her treaties, to acquiesce in the general measures proposed by the Allies. "They (the British government) have never understood the treaties to impose any such obligations, and they have on various occasions, both in parliament and in their intercourse with the allied governments, distinctly maintained the negative of such a proposition." In proof, he referred to the negotiations at Paris in 1815, at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, "and subsequently to certain discussions which took place in the course of the last year." . . . "No government," it was said, "can be more prepared than the British government is to uphold the right of any state or states to interfere where their own immediate security or essential interests are seriously endangered by the internal transactions of another state;" but it could not be admitted, "that this right should receive a general and indiscriminate application to all revolutionary movements, without reference to their immediate bearing upon some particular state."†

\* Troppau, 8 Dec. 1820, *Annuaire Historique*, p. 735.

† *Parl. Deb.* iv. 283. *Annuaire Historique*, 1820, p. 629. *Idem*, 1821, p. 627.

Can it be pretended for a moment, that the minister who published this document, and the minute respecting Spain already cited, involved England in the schemes of aggrandizement, or of oppression, ascribed to the Continental Powers? or, if England had at any time been caught in the trammels of the Holy Alliance, can it be denied that in January, 1821, she had been completely disengaged from them? Even if she had at any time, (which we do not admit,) given the Allies too much encouragement in their objectionable schemes, it is clear that on the very first occasion in which her co-operation was invoked, she peremptorily and publicly refused it.

She remained strictly neutral, according to that principle of non-intervention of which we have heard so much from the government of which Lord Holland forms a part, and to which Lord John Russell is officially attached. That "the name of the English minister was affixed to every act of injustice and tyranny perpetrated in Europe,"\* is not true. These are mere words in the eloquent peroration, with which Lord John Russell concludes his letter, and they are fit to be placed in company with the charge against England, of "pursuing her course, totally regardless of the cries and supplications of the people of Europe." We have no precise idea, nor, we presume to say, has Lord John Russell himself, of the cries, or of the people, intended in this oratorical flourish. But we say, with Mr. Canning, that it was the duty of an English minister to disregard such cries, unless the wrong which excited them was prejudicial to England's interest.

Lord John Russell concludes by asserting, that the system of 1818, which he miscalls the system of the Holy Alliance, and represents, in equal contradiction to its terms and to the practice of the Allies, as "a general and mutual guarantee of all the governments now subsisting on the Continent,"—"does not afford any security against the preponderance of any one state, inasmuch as any great accession of territory to one of the powers must be agreed to by the Allies, for fear of provoking insurrections and revolutions." The ministers, of whom Lord Holland is one, appear to think otherwise. It would seem that they are prepared to oppose the preponderance of one great power, whose aggrandizement is most dangerous to England; and that with this view they invoke the treaties of Vienna, and the Alliance of Aix-la-Chapelle! They have accordingly been lectured, in the House of Commons, in the very words with which Lord John Russell schooled Lord Castlereagh. We trust that they will find it

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\* Letter to Lord Holland, page 45, 46.

equally easy with their predecessors to reconcile their proceedings with their duty as English ministers.

We had intended to trace the history of our Foreign Policy, through the times of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington. We postpone this intention at present, on account of the space which it would occupy; but we shall speedily return to it. We shall therefore carry our present observations no further than the administration of Lord Castlereagh; simply reminding our readers, that Mr. Canning, soon after his accession to the Foreign Office, took occasion to explain the policy of the government, in respect of foreign affairs. He accompanied his exposition with these memorable and decisive words:—

“ He should, however, act unfairly to that government of which he was so recent a member, if he did not reject any praise which was bestowed upon it, at the expense of those by whom it had been formerly composed. He was compelled in mere justice to say, that upon his entering the office which he had the honour to fill, he found the principles upon which the government were acting, reduced into writing; and this state paper formed what he might be allowed to call the Political Creed of the Ministers. Upon the execution of the principles there laid down, and upon that alone, was founded any claim he might have to credit from the House.”\*

This state paper was Lord Castlereagh's circular of January, 1821; to it, and to that memorandum on the affairs of Spain which we have also cited, we refer for a correct exposition of England's views in the Alliance of 1818, concluded when Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, sat in the cabinet together. These papers contained, not (like Lord John Russell's letter) a speculative or critical explanation of terms, but distinct evidence of policy pursued. Adopted as his political creed by Mr. Canning, they were doubtless followed by Lord Dudley as well as Lord Aberdeen. Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey's ministry, also copies these papers in setting forth his principles, and thus, we trust, tardy justice will be done, by all parties, to the memory of a most efficient and much calumniated minister.

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\* 24th Feb. 1823, Parl. Deb. viii. 241.

- ART. III.—1. *Erste Sammlung Lettischer Sinngedichte*. Ruien, 1807. 12mo.  
 2. *Zweyte Sammlung Lettischer Sinn-oder Stegreifs Gedichte*, 1808. 12mo.  
 3. *Palzmarcschu Dseesmu Krahjums*. (Lettish and Palzmarinian Songs and Epigrams.)

WE are indebted to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott for the use of these interesting volumes. A note of the illustrious possessor says:—"The collector of these very curious popular songs was a Livonian clergyman, who had no more types than would set up one sheet of his work at a time, which he afterwards wrought off with his own hands: They are therefore singularly rare, as the impression could not but be extremely small, and as besides they were never designed for sale. I owe this copy to the friendship of Mr. Robert Jamieson." The name of this zealous and laborious collector was Gustavus von Bergmann. He was the pastor of the small town of Ruien in Livonia. The third volume (which has at the end the date of its completion, 1807, 13 Sept.) is the work of the Rev. Fr. Daniel Wahr, a country clergyman of Palzmarien, also in Livonia. The volumes are thin duodecimos, consisting altogether of less than 200 pages, printed on very coarse paper, and with very indifferent German types; but they contain songs, versified proverbs, and aphorisms, amounting to nearly a thousand, and present a most curious specimen of the popular poetical literature of the Livonian, Esthonian, and Lettish people.

We can hardly do better than translate the unpretending introduction of the indefatigable clergyman, before we proceed to select for the use of our readers some of those productions which he has dragged into such poor publicity as could be given by the uncirculated and almost unknown pages of an untutored and unregarded idiom.

"There are to be found," says he, "among the *Letts*, a simple-mannered and now-existing people, songs and sayings of the ancient time, which they esteem as sacred; and which, as I fancy, have been hitherto overlooked. Some of these poetical remains which have been preserved by being transferred from tongue to tongue, I have gathered together, lest they should finally perish and be forgotten. I do not pretend to compare them with the master-works of Greece and Rome; but they have a simple charm—a philosophical attraction about them, were it only that they are the sole literary possessions of a people to whom the art of writing is unknown. They will present some obvious outlines, some imitations of nature far differing from the stiffness of that bookish wisdom which we are forcing upon mankind. If the short songs of Lithuania merit the praise of Lessing for their heartiness and tenderness, I put in a similar

claim for the songs of Lettland. Their sensibility and originality have been the admiration of all who have studied the ancient language in which they are clad. I call on fellow-labourers to unite with me in rescuing from forgetfulness the poetry, the proverbs, and the mythology of this time-honoured nation."

It was this appeal that called forth the little volume of the Pastor Wahr;—and the devoted labours of Pastor Bergmann, in producing the first collection of 238 compositions, brought other coadjutors forward, and enabled him to produce the second volume, which contains 252 pieces in addition.

Adelung, in his *Mithridates*, (v. ii. p. 696,) calls the Lettish language Germano-Slavonic, and pronounces it to be the result of the union of the Teutonic and Slavic tribes on the borders of the Baltic. He supposes that the Gothic dialects maintained themselves up to the sixth century, when the constantly increasing influx of the Slavonians caused a mingling of blood and of dialects, of which the Lettish tongue and the Lettish people were the proceeds. The Slavonic portion, however, of the language, has by far the preponderancy; and its grammatical construction is so peculiar, that Dobrowski and others have not been willing to receive it as the result of a union of two separate races, but as the representative of a distinct and independent people, while some have asserted that there was yet a third tribe (the Finlanders), whose associations with the inhabitants of Lettland, helped to form the Lettish race and language. There is, however, good reason to believe that the Finnish additions are all of a comparatively modern date. There are few of them in the dialects, such as the old Prussian Lithuanian, which have the closest affinity with the Lettish. The Lettish is the language of Lieland, Courland, and Semgall, and is spoken with the greatest purity in the Mittau district. The best grammar and dictionary are those of Stender, whose authority has been followed in the later editions of the Scriptures.\* In the pronunciation the accent invariably falls on the first syllable.

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\* G. F. Stender's vollständige Lettische Grammatik. Mittau, 1783, 8vo. Lettisches Lexicon, in 2 Theilen.

As a specimen of the modern language, we give the Lord's Prayer with a literal version under every word:—

"*Muhssu Tehws Debbessis, Sswetchts lai tolp taws wahrds; Lai nahk pee mums*  
*Our Father in heaven, Sanctified let be thy name; Let come by us*  
*tawä Waletiba, Taws Prahts lai notcek ka Debbessis tä arridsan wirss Semmes; muhssu*  
*thy kingdom, Thy, 'will let fulfil as in heaven so also over earth; ou*  
*deemschka Maisi dohd mums schodeen; un pcedohd mums muhssu grehkus ka arri*  
*daily bread give us to-day; and forgive us our sins as also*  
*mehs pcedohdam ssaweem parradneekeem; un no rewed muhs eeksch Kahrdrinaschanas;*  
*we forgive our debtors; and not lead us into temptation;*

We will give verbatim translations of the first ten compositions in the first volume line for line, and afterwards select from different parts of it such verses as seem to be best worth preserving. The first is obviously the plaint of an orphan child.

" Ak Deewiñ! Ak Deewin!  
Peezell mannu teh' ar maht?  
Es fuhdsetu raudadama,  
Ko man darra sweſſha maht '  
Duhrehm litte, mattim rahwe,

Kahjahni spehre appakſch benki.

Duhrehm litte guldamees

Mattim rahwe zeldamees. R."

" Dear God! Ah, dear God! (diminutive)  
Wake! father and mother!  
Weeping did I complain  
Of what the strange mother did to me,  
She struck me with her fists, she tore my  
hair,  
She trod me with her feet beneath the  
stool,  
She struck me with her fists ere I went to  
bed,  
And she tore my hair when I rose."

The second is an autumnal song:—

" Arraji  
Lazzetaj'  
Dsunnet garras hiſenes:  
Ihkla bija ſchi walfai,  
Semmi dſced  
Lakstigalla. W."

" Plougher!  
Harrower!  
Bring home long birch branches  
'To the earth,  
Sings the nightingale."

The meaning of which is,—Bring home wood for the winter fires, for the nightingale is singing his farewell.

The third is very charming:—

" Ar pukki laiwiñ' irru  
Pretti sawat Lihgawiñ:  
Lau nahk manna Lihgawin,  
Ka pukkite seededama. K."

" The boat decked with flowers  
Is coming towards my love!  
Let my love come to meet it,  
For she is a flower."

The fourth introduces one of the most important personages of the ancient Lettish mythology—*Lihgo*, the God of Love. His festivals were held on the 24th of January, and it was then usual for the young to pledge themselves in marriage. The bride wore a garland made of ears of wheat and blue corn-flowers, and the bridegroom a hat of martin-skin, with many-coloured ribbands. The introduction of Christianity did not completely put a stop to the festival, though it was transferred to St. John's day. But even to this hour the old usages are observed, and in the songs of the peasantry the names of *Lihgo* and St. John are grotesquely blended. Throughout the whole of Lettland, in the evening of St. John's day, there is a festival of flowers. Maidens go about in procession crowned with wreaths, and carry wreaths of blue corn-flowers to the houses of their acquaintance, singing as they

---

bet atpesti mums no Launa. Io tew peederr ta Waltſtiba, tas Spehks un tas Gohds  
but free us from evil, for to thee belongs the kingdom, the power and the glory  
muschigi muschos."  
everlastingly in eternity.

go, in a monotonous tone, "Lihgo! Iani! Lihgo! Iani!" i. e. Cupid and the Evangelist.

"Ak Jahniht Deewa Delili!  
Ko tu weddi wesumà?  
Lihgo! Lihgo!  
Meitahin weddu selta krohni,  
Paischeem zaunu zeppuri.  
Lihgo! Lihgo!" K.

"Ah! John! Son of God!  
What art thou leading in the cool eve?  
Lihgo! Lihgo!  
I bring the maid with the golden crown,  
The youth with the martin-skin cap.  
Lihgo! Lihgo!"

The fifth runs of itself into verse:—

"Ne weens mannis ne sinuaja  
Kur es gauschi randaju:  
Gan sinnaja peedurknite  
Kur flauziju affaras." K.

"No one! no one knew from me,  
Where I wept so bitterly;  
There was one who knew full well  
When and why those torrents fell."

The sixth was probably sung at the house of the lord and master. If sung when not overheard, it would be evidence that he possessed the good opinion of his vassals.

"Deews dohd muhfú Kundsina,  
Wilnoht rudsus túhrumâ,  
Ar lastehm fadsiht klehtinâ." R.

"God give to our dear lord,  
Clean,—overflowing eye,  
May it pour by lasts (i. e. in abundance)  
into his granaries."

We think the seventh natural, tender and poetical. There is an arch and simple humour in the last line which cannot be easily misunderstood.

"Dwehselite mihla,  
Nahz pee manuim drohtscha:  
Glabba mannu náudas makku,  
Reds ko es tew dohtschu;  
Kad es gulleht eeschu,  
Tad es muttes dohtschu.  
Kad es augscham zelschohs,  
Pateizibu dohtschu:  
Zeppuriti nemschu,  
Ar labbu riht dohtschu.  
Nu ar Deew'  
Mihla Meit'  
Wairak es ne atnahkschu." R.

"Sweet spirit! (soul)  
Come thou to me,  
Thou shalt keep my gold purse,  
See what I will give thee—  
When I go to sleep  
I will give thee a kiss!  
When I rise  
I will give thee my thanks.  
I will take my hat,  
I will say to thee, good morning,  
Beloved maiden!  
And—I will not come back."

Cranes are a very common Slavonian poetical accompaniment, and they are amusingly introduced in the eighth song:—

"Dschrwes kleeds,  
Meitas dseed,  
Duhnuppites mallinâ;  
Dschrwes kleeds ne Iebaujamas,  
Meitas dseed no weddamas." W.

"The cranes croak,  
The maidens sing,  
By the banks of the Duna's stream;  
The cranes croak but cannot be caught,  
The maidens sing and cannot be led  
forth, (i. e. to marriage)."

The ninth tells a sad story; but it is not without bitterness, and its moral will be intelligible to those who know the situation of the unhappy peasantry of Lettland.

"Darbineeki! darbineeki!  
Wilks apehde waggariht'  
Samettani pa grafchami,  
Pirkfim jaunu waggariht." R. K.

"Labourer! labourer!  
The wolf has eaten the overseer.  
We'll make a pile of pennies high,  
And another overseer we'll buy."

The tenth is one of the longest of all these compositions. It is in the style of the narrative Slavonian ballad, and records several superstitious observances, which are current even now among the Lettish people.

" I went two days into the forest,  
And found there nothing good.  
I will go on the third day,  
And will find a black colt.  
I will spring upon his back,  
And will ride up the highest mountain;  
I will ride down the mountain's side,  
Into a beautiful birch-tree wood.  
I will ride out of the birch-tree wood,  
And will gather a handful of twigs;  
The dogs shall stay behind in the village,  
Three chaste maidens come forward,  
Two conduct me,  
And one leads my colt;  
They lead the colt to the stable,  
And me to the chamber;  
To the colt they give a manger of oats,  
To me a table of the linden tree,  
They cover it with a white cloth,  
And when they have spread the table,  
They prepare me a bed of hay,  
And bid me rest.  
In my sleep I marked

What the village maidens did,  
One sewed, another knitted,  
Another spun silken yarn,  
The fourth,  
The youngest,  
Fed the pigs.  
Give me, mother! the maiden  
Who feeds the pigs,  
For if thou give me not the maiden,  
I shall die of grief for her,  
And where will ye bury me?  
Bury me in the garden of roses,  
Under the roots of the rose trees;  
Then shall golden roses grow  
All around my grave.  
Then came two sons of God,\*  
They broke two branches (from the rose  
trees),  
They took them to Mary's church,  
They placed them on Mary's altar;  
And Mary said,  
Young spirit!  
He died of grief for a maiden."

A counterpart to this ballad, with exceedingly little variation, is printed in Stender's grammar as current in Courland. It has somewhat more of polish about it than the version we have given, and is introduced in the conversational form, thus—

" Brother, whither art thou going, and why hast thou apparelled thy feet?"

It represents the hero as being enamoured, not of the young lady who fed the pigs, but of her who spun the silken yarn, and it introduces the mother of the maidens assuring the youth that if he die he shall be buried under the rose trees. It brings the story too to a happy conclusion, for it says—"The maiden of the village adorned herself with flowers and came forth at break of day to the (marriage) festival."

#### NO. 14. A SONG TO A YOUNG WARRIOR.

" Mount thy war-horse, bliss betide thee!  
Far from thy Lettish loved one's side!  
Sleep with thy faithful sword beside thee,  
As with thy faithful Lettish bride."

\* *Atjahj diiri decwa dehli*, meaning *αγγελτοι*, or messengers, persons appointed to a divine mission, or to announce any thing fated to happen.

## 22. THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

"When shall I return—O say!  
 When with green the hedge-stakes sprout—  
 When the hard stones melt like clay—  
 When the granite rocks leap out  
 From the stream, and in its spray  
 Feathers sink. My parents! then  
 Will I seek this land again."

## 47. ANTICIPATION OF A SOLDIER'S FATE.

"The bird is singing, brother sweet!  
 He has been singing loud and long.  
 Go listen, sister! and repeat  
 To me the story of his song.  
 The bird is singing of a lad,  
 That's hastening to the war-field now.  
 'Go, sister! to the garden glad,  
 And wreath a garland for his brow.'  
 The story may begin with song,  
 But it will end in tears and sorrow.  
 Nay, sister! weep not—for ere long  
 We meet on some delightful morrow.  
 Or I will send my steed to thee,  
 When I am far—too far removed,  
 And thou wilt ask him—'Where is he—'  
 The brother I so fondly lov'd?  
 Where is thy rider?'—he will tell  
 Of lands where war is wasting wide,  
 Where human blood-streams rivers swell,  
 And mortal corpses bridge the tide.  
 I saw my brother in the fight,  
 I saw him battling with his lord,  
 With five bright bands his hat was dight.  
 A sixth was waving from his sword!  
 The field was strew'd with men at rest,  
 Hewn down like oaks. I saw the spear,  
 The murderous spear in many a breast;—  
 And all was horrid silence there."

138. "Merry squirrel—on the tree,  
 Lend thy furry cloak to me;  
 I am fighting for my lord,  
 And my bed's the hard, hard board."

139. "Young man! of what art thou thinking, bending thus on thy sword. Ah! there is much cause for thought—so young— and bidden to the wars."

230. "Sleep is coming—gentle sleep—  
 Strange it is that joy and grief  
 Each in turn from slumber keep—  
 Yet resistance is but brief."

Characteristic of manners are the following :—

52 and 53. "The dogs are barking—guests are coming—hasten maiden to thy chamber—comb thy long hair—rub thy soft cheeks—put a garland round thy head."

61. "My father and mother slept at night by the banks of the Duna—they rose early and found a linden tree—they broke off a branch and flung it in the Duna—it floated on the stream, and played with the winds that ruffled the water—it reached the sea, and a fisherman took it into his boat—he brought it to Mary's Church, and laid it on the altar of God."

71. "Ah! Ah! Truly these are joyous times—the maidens are tipsy—their bosoms are bare. I am an excellent cup-bearer, and I enjoy the task. Where shall we go to tell our tales? Let us go to the hay-loft, for the hay is green and sweet-smelling—it is soft to the feet—and nobody hears. Ah! Ah! Deewin! when we come out are we not Gods?"

101. "Let's part—the hopes of love were vain  
No joys from union spring;  
Let's tear the golden cloth in twain  
And break the wedding ring."

123. "My mother while she rocked me in the cradle invoked the raven and the crow. Let him be a great man—let him be a great brewer of beer."

125. AN IMPRECATION.

"Linden leaves shalt thou devour,  
Fenny swamps thy drink shall be;  
None will give the sweet hay-flower,  
None the fountain stream to thee!"

There are many sharp attacks on the dishonesty of the merchants and shopkeepers, as thus:—

136. "The money is lost in the drinking pot—  
Was it lost in the drinking pot, all?  
No! the portion the Riga merchant got  
Was, to tell you the truth, not small."

163. "Storm, storm, thou God of thunder! break down the bridges of the Duna. Let no Polc, let no Littavian, come into this land of Mary," i.e. Liefland.

147. "I'll not go to Limbaskó  
Even to find a husband—No!  
The Limbaskiaus all are proud,  
Old and cold, and furrow-brow'd."

177. "Two boats with golden coins lie at the bottom of the sea—they lie at the bottom of the sea, with all their crews. Had I the golden coins which are lying in the bottom of the sea, I would buy the castle of Riga, and all the soldiers that are in it."

181. "The house is smoking—the house is smoking—our brother is

brewing beer, Saddle the best horse in the stable—and away to enjoy our brother's beer."

188. "Let us, brother! drink five cans of old barley beer. Let us begin the day by drinking—and drink till the last of the evening."

202. Does the sun ever shine brighter than through our chamber window? Are there as many good men in the world as we *five*?\*  
Thou, brother, I brother, thy wife and my wife."

211. Those were happy times when I was a goatherd. I ate milk—I drank milk—with milk I washed my face. The wolf came down upon the flocks in the forest—I was in the thicket with my love."

214. "Mother! cover my bosom with a kerchief—lest the lads of the village should lay their hands upon it."

237. "I'll go to Riga, mother!  
And thence to Germany go—  
For here in Liefland, mother,  
There's nothing more to know."

Of amatory poems the following are not unpleasing specimens:—

28. "Let's go! my maiden! when it is summer walk on foot—when autumn comes I will buy thee a goat, and thou shalt ride at thy pleasure."

76. "I blushed like a barberry as I entered thy door. I saw my heart sitting at the end of the table—I wished to approach, but she was gliding away. Tell me where thou didst sleep last night—with thy mother—or another mother's daughter. I slept beneath a pine tree, and had no covering but the pine-branches. Maiden! wert thou mad? Why didst thou not tell me? I would have sent thee a pair of linen cloths, a pair of white woollen blankets, a pair of sheets, and a pair of linen caps."

94. "Be honest, maid! don't treat me so—  
But answer frankly—Yes! or, No!  
If yes! O fail not love to bring  
Thy golden, plighting, nuptial ring.  
If no! give back that ring of mine—  
I only gave it thee for thine."

135. "Maiden! of the smile so sweet,  
I am hungry—give me bread.  
Take I dare not—when I said  
To thy mother—let me eat—  
No! she said—and shook her head."

152. "Sister! Sister! come and peep  
On my dwelling. Come and see  
Where I sorrow, where I sleep,  
All is drench'd in tears for thee."

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\* Which means—there are not *five* good people in the world.

165. "Fresh, fresh is the morning breeze -  
 Red, red is the rising sun—  
 Like these is the burning kiss  
 From the lips of the lovely one."

210. "Chaste and pale I long have grown  
 By the streamlet's side—  
 Make some loving youth mine own,  
 Near the Duna's tide."

226. "I heard the apple-tree, while it pray'd,  
 'When autumn comes let the lovely maid  
 Gather the fruit from my branches high,  
 And hang her yarn on my boughs to dry.'"

The volumes are filled with sad evidence of the oppressions exercised by the feudal lords upon their vassals,\* as for example:—

24. "The Lord has taken my brother to be judged. O let justice bring justice to my brother—let God make the truth appear!"

27. "It is the great man's pride to be  
 A trampler on the poor man's head;  
 Fling God of Love! an alder tree  
 Across the path where great ones' tread."

100. "Germans! laugh not at my subjection. My Lords force me, and I must go; but I go shedding the bitterest tears."

186. "Let the Lords flog old men with branches of the apple-tree. If they would take young maidens to punish them, how the land would wonder."

Some of the Poems are rather racy Epigrams than anything else. Some are full of humour, and others of them have a proverbial pithiness which makes them well worth perusing:—

77. "With horse that's white, and wife that's fair,  
 I'll not torment my life;  
 To wash my horse I could not bear,  
 Nor yet to watch my wife."

85. "We have three brothers—each went to melt us a spoon. Our father's brother brought us one of iron; our mother's brother one of silver; but our *own* brother said, 'here is a service of gold.'"

121. "I went behind the hill to sow oats. I went behind the hill that Appenits might not see me; but Appenits is a clever fellow, and Appenits had got up into a tree."

\* So sad is their situation, that a writer uses the following language: "I shall say no more of the belief of a people who have been ruined by German oppression, and with unnatural harshness kept for more than six centuries in an enslaved, wretched, and half-barbarous state. Under the tyranny of feudal lords they have nearly lost their all, and a nation whose numbers are constantly reduced by their wretchedness is now passing slowly away."—*Mone*, § 17, p. 66.

A wolf's soliloquy is this :—

139. "Zummum! I go wearily over the fields the long, long day. The peasant has hid himself amidst the branches of the tree. 'The devil must have possessed him, or a witch must have forced him there.'"

140. "O tale of mirth! O tale of woe!

The pig has crush'd the sleeping maid—

'Twas all her fault, it must be said,

Why did she to the pig-sty go!"

184. "Many a man is not a lord who rides in lordly stile. Many a man had a thief for his father, and for his mother a cast-away."

207. "I should like to know some secrets. We have clever lads, who without a shilling shine in dollars."

\*219. "The girl is as proud as proud can be,

She sings not—she talks not—but looks so big;

And yet with her pride and haughtiness, she

Has nothing to do but to feed the pig."

Some of the superstitions of the Lettish people are recorded here :—

144. "When the thunderbolt and thunder

Smite both son and mother under;

Making music with her keys,

I some future day will please."

217. "Witch, bewitch me! Envious ones, envy me. You cannot hurt me.

My colt has on his shoulders a blanket which bears a star."

We may mention here that Pastor Gustavus, who wrote a book in 1644, on the river Wohliendo, states, that he had heard from "the mouth of ancient peasants" the following prayer, which the people were accustomed to accompany with the sacrifice of an ox, whose flesh they distributed and devoured :—

"Dear Thunderer! We offer thee an ox with two horns and four legs; we pray thee for our ploughing and sowing, that our corn may become gold-yellow. Scatter all the black clouds elsewhere over great morasses, tall forests, and wide wastes. To our ploughers and sowers give fruitful seasons and gentle rains. Holy Thunderer! watch over our fields; may they have good straw beneath, good ears above, and good corn within."

Henry the Lett, who wrote in the 13th century, says,

"A certain Lieflander came by night out of the thicket to Daniel of Sydegund, and said, 'I saw the God of the Lieflanders, he who prophecies unto us of coming things.' It was an image which from the breast upwards grew out of a tree, and he said to me, 'The army of the Lithuanians will advance to-morrow.' We dare not obey thy invitation."

We cannot afford the same space to the collection of Pastor Wahr. As the first ten poems are only quatrains, they will give

a very fair idea of the whole, and we will extract a few of the more remarkable from the after part of the volume.

" Bahliiõs fehrstedama  
Leepu lappalm zellu klahju,  
Kâ irbite notezzejn  
Sautajalum kahjinahm.  
Irbe swelpc eglaina'  
Es arr swelpu ezedams,  
Es gaid' irbes istekkohit,  
Istekk zeema seltenit.

Leepu lappu zellâ kaifu  
Bahlelihnu gaididam'  
Wehjsch nopushte leepu lappu  
Bahlelihns ne atnahze.

Dscedadama zetlu galju  
Kâ zeelawa rakstidama  
Decws dohd man nu fatiktees,  
Tik wehligu tehwa dehlu.

Wissi landis man apsmehje  
Ka man masa lauduwlhn,  
Tu man aude audeklihnus  
Kâ tohs leddns gabbalihn.

Nawa ohgas, nawa reekstru,  
Mannâ zella mallinâ,  
Ko neffischu fehrstedama  
Masajam Bahliinam.

Kupla leepa leiijnâ  
Pilna baltu fidrabin  
Tai waijag prettineeka  
Dischan' daila ohsolin.

Sauzin sauze ais uhdenu  
Woi sauz manni mahmulin  
Leeli wehji balfu nefla  
Raudadama ne dsirdej'.

Ne behda tu tauteet,  
Ka es tahda masa bij,  
Man i' selta gredseni,  
Taws waigs trihzinahs.

Pilli pirsti abbâs rohkâs  
Brahla pirkti gredsenin  
Pa weenam notezzej'  
Pee ta tautu netiklihsch."

" Going to visit my brethren,  
I covered the path with linden leaves,  
And I ran like a partridge  
With dry feet.

The partridge chuckled in the pine  
wood,

I chuckled by the harrow—  
I waited for the partridge to come forth,  
And there came forth the gold of the  
village.\*

I scattered the leaves of the linden tree  
On the path where my brother should  
go—

The wind blew the linden leaves—woe  
is me!

And my brother he came not—no.

I went singing on my way,  
Writing like a wagtail;†  
I wish that I had for my guide  
A son of his father worthy of my wish.

They laugh'd—they laugh'd aloud to see  
The lad with his lass so nice;  
But what care I since she wove for me  
A garment as white as ice.

Not berries, not nuts,  
Do I bring from the way-side,  
But I will bring me to visit you  
My beloved young brother.

I saw a beautiful linden tree,  
With its leaves of silvery sheen;  
I wonder if she has an enemy  
Some oak tree proud and green.

There was a voice from the other side  
of the stream,

Was it my mother's voice?  
A high wind carried the sounds away,  
I could not hear for weeping.

O trouble thee not that I'm so small,  
O grieve not that I'm so weak,  
Sweet love! the light of my rings shall  
fall,

And glisten upon thy cheek.

I had the fingers of both hands  
Covered with rings which my brother  
gave me,

And I have given them away one after  
another

To the beautiful unworthy youth."

\* i. e. The maiden.

† A Lettish proverb, taken from the fact that the wagtail leaves the marks of his feet on the sand. Hence *Bahlelihnu gaididam*.

There is much fancifulness and novelty in this—

16. "Thou art capricious little bee!  
And not a flow'ret bends to thee—  
But as I wandered with my maid,  
To us the hedge-snake bowed his head."

Song to a false maiden:—

17. "Thou of the ruddy countenance—  
Thou first of all the maids in dance—  
Thou once wert mine—now treacherous one!  
Thou seek'st another father's son."

A girl's soliloquy:—

18. "Knitting I knitted a pair of gloves,  
Shall I give them to my young brother?  
No; I will give them to the mist-eyed\* youth,  
For my mother spoke of him kindly."

This is a happy and well-imagined contrast, with a very obvious moral:—

21. "With my feet have I trodden down  
A young, decayed oak tree;  
With my hand have I defended  
A poor old man."

The lover disappointed:—

45. "The flower—the flower—the bride—the bride—  
Is to another bosom gone;  
O fool! to let the time and tide,  
Which might have made her mine, pass on."

The next shows that the ardour of the honey-moon is passed:—

- "Sleep! my bride,  
Sleep on my arm—  
But if thou weary it,  
I shall wake thee to turn the mill."

This is exquisitely ironical:—

50. "The sun is looking out upon the hill,  
He promises a long, long day—  
Because a fair youth is mounting the bill,  
And he will find a chaste maiden before the evening."

We give the next for the purpose of showing how easily the transfer of an unadorned thought sometimes takes place from the simple poetry of one language to that of another, without the addition or the subtraction of a single word:—

56. "Gahiu, gahiu fcho zeltinu!  
Stahwedama, dolunadam';  
Woi arr buhschu, woi ne buhschu,  
Ta zelta gahiein.

- "Shall I go—yes or no!  
Silently I thought;  
On this way—aye or nay—  
Shall I go or not?"

---

\* *i. e.* Blue-eyed.

With a piece of sound philosophical morality we conclude the extracts from these singular volumes.

73. "Youths and maidens ! hear my strain,  
Live with honour ever ;  
Wealth when lost you may regain,  
But lost honour never."

HERDER, in his *Völklieder*, has given six *fragments*, as he calls them, of Lettish songs. Fragments they are not, being as complete as the popular poetry of the Letts ordinarily is. The first and last of his selection are good.

"Lovely sun ! O why dost linger—  
Why so late thy rising ?  
On yon mountain-side I tarried,  
Warming orphan children.  
Tinkling was my horse's bridle,  
And my harp strings too were tinkling,  
When I rode to foreign countries,  
Sounding,  
Bounding :  
Many a lovely maid I looked on,  
Fair as flowers and fresh as roses—  
Luckless youth ! if thou art single,  
Thine are grief and sorrow ;  
To thy bosom take a maiden,  
All life's joys come with her."

Herder also introduces a Lettish Song to Spring, (*Frühlingslied*) ; but the accessibleness of his works to our readers makes it less incumbent on us to transfer their contents to our pages. Yet, in passing, we cannot excuse ourselves from paying a tribute to the industry which sought and the exquisite poetical tact which transferred to his own rich language so many beautiful compositions from so many and such remote sources. No man was ever more completely identified with the subjects which occupied his thoughts—no man had a purer taste, or a richer expression ;—all his soul was poetical, and trained to draw forth all the harmonies

"Von grossen vollen Herz  
Der tönenden Natur."

Of Lettish popular poetry Herder says—

"The poetry and music of the Letts are both remarkable, and stamped with the character of nature, which is and was their instructor. Their poetry has rhymes, but only single rhymes. Rhymes may be made by repetition of the same sounds. Besides the poems used on public occasions, they have a great deal of impromptu verse, which is full of that satirical and sometimes wicked wit which is found in the English street

ballads. Their amatory songs have that sensibility which is so intimately associated with melancholy—they so happily avail themselves of every interesting incident,—they touch so effectively all the sources of tenderness as to produce a wonderful effect on the feelings. The want of double rhymes does not grow out of any inaptitude of the language, since they often occur in their religious hymns. Their music is coarse and unpolished. They select one or two young maidens, who sing the text, which the listeners join, in a sort of monotonous accompaniment, somewhat resembling the bass notes of the bagpipe. The singers seldom raise their voices above a *third*, preserving the same tone to the end of the text, when the bass singers take the octave from the keynote, and so continue to the end. *Miklahs*, or riddles, are a favourite sort of poetical composition, and was even more so in former times. We know how all antique people have indulged in this amusement, and how many ancient writers have preserved specimens of it. Readers who know what attention is required to discover in one thing the hidden resemblance to another, not to overstep the exactitude of the *tertium comparationis*, and what precaution is needed for the choice of appropriate terms—so that the listener may, on discovering of the riddle, instantly recognize their aptitude, will be surprized to find in a rude and uninstructed nation a wit and cleverness which would do honour to civilization itself. Some of their riddles are perfect in every particular, and are of high antiquity—this is an example, ‘the Poppy.’—

- (1.) I sowed—and as I sowed, I grew,
- (2.) And as I grew I became a maid ;
- (3.) And as I became a maid, I became a young woman ;
- (4.) And as I became a young woman, I became an old wife ;
- (5.) And as I became an old wife I got my eyes,
- (6.) And through my eyes I walked about.

“ This riddle represents the different ages of the flower: (1) the seed; (2) the blowing when the flower is used for maidens’ garlands; (3) the drooping of the petals, when the appearance of the poppy resembles the coif of womanhood; (4) the falling of the leaves; (5) the seeds in the poppy-pod; and (6) the falling out of the seed from the seed vessels. There is among the Letts an irresistible poetical tendency, and my mother did not deny that half the language was poetry. It sounded, she said, like a table bell, while the poetry of the Germans was like a churchbell. She owned that the meanest Letts, when in an agreeable mood, prophesied or composed verses. Some have said that the Letts still preserved fragments of ancient romantic (hero) ballads, but this my father denies. The genius of the language, the genius of the people is pastoral. If they have a garland, it is a garland of hay, or at most of corn-flowers. I believe that the heroes of the north are domestic heroes, having enough to fight against at home in fighting against the climate; they may be well fitted for heroes, but where is the evidence of it. They would be well off by remaining what they are if they found among themselves a resting place in freedom and fame. But in Courland both liberty and slavery have their home.” “ My father,” continues Herder, “ was no great Lettish scholar; but he who understands a language in its breadth and depth, has a right to speak about it. He declared that he

had found no traces of hero songs, but yet that there was evidence that their remotest ancestors had sung them, and where is the people, he asked, that have not sung them? He had collected a sheaf, as he called it, of simpler songs, of which I possess his translations \* \* In these songs there is a simple peasant-like nature and something eminently characteristic."—vol. i. p. 87—92.

Of Littavian poetry, not unfrequently confounded with Lettish, Herder's volumes contain several remarkable specimens. The Littavian language has so close an affinity with the Lettish that it would scarcely be right to pass over the literature of Lithuania in complete silence, or to lose the opportunity of enabling our readers to compare their ballads with the simpler songs which have occupied the earlier part of this article. Two will suffice for this purpose.

THE MAIDEN IN HER GARDEN.

Sing cheerily, sweet maid!  
Why dost thou answer not!  
Hang not on thine arm thy head—  
To stone 'twill stiffen so.  
How should the maiden sing?  
Song is the child of peace—  
My garden is a waste,  
A very wilderness.

Roses are swept away.—  
The banks in ruins lie;  
White lilies trod in clay,—  
And all the dews are dry.  
Weary, O weary then,  
Bearing a faded wreath,  
Sadly I turn'd again,  
And sank beneath.—vol. i. 111, 112.

In this there is obviously more of refinement in the sentiment and of polish in the expression than in the Lettish compositions. The next is more in the popular strain.

THE LOST BRIDAL RING.

"I rode to the fisher,  
I sought out the fisher,  
I wish I were his stepson!  
And then by the shore I  
The wet nets extended,  
And wash'd my hand in the water.  
Alas! from my finger,  
There fell in the water,  
My bridal ring fell in the water.  
O supplicate, lov'd one,  
The wind, the north-wind,  
O supplicate weeks, twice counted.  
Perchance it has driven  
The ring from the bottom  
To thy belov'd one's meadow.  
Then comes the maiden  
Across the meadow,

She comes to the rue-tree garden.  
O tarry, thou lov'd one,  
Fling down thy sickle,  
O fling it among the corn-heaps.  
And fling thy whetstone  
Among the corn-heaps,  
And tarry awhile thou lov'd one.  
I thank thee, maiden!  
I thank thy coming!  
I thank thy pity,  
And thy soft language.  
Good day! good even!  
O kind, kind mother!  
Canst thou a bed provide me?  
I'll not refuse thee  
A bed, but never  
Again will I show thee kindness.

Among the theories which have been agitated as to the origin of the Letts, Mr. Parrot in his *Versuch einer Entwicklung der Sprache, Abstammung, Geschichte, Mythologie und bürgerliche Verhältnisse der Liwen, Lätten, Eesten, &c.*, has put forward the fancy that the Lettish is one of the branches of the great Celtic family. As respects Mr. Parrot and many other writers on the

early history of nations, the old adage *Ex nihilo nil fit* may be safely translated "Out of any thing any thing," and assuredly all other absurdities shrink into diminutives when compared with the absurdities broached by some authors on the affinities of languages and the deductions they draw from them. They have the art of confounding every thing, of distorting every thing, of understanding every thing. They can show that words the most unlike have in fact the closest resemblance, and can prove to demonstration from his name alone that Mr. Arkwright is a lineal descendant of Noah, or that Eusebius was a pair of spectacles. We knew a learned man and a minister of state in Spain, who wrote a book, a quarto volume, to explain that *Gott erbarme ich dein armes Würmchen*, was a Cantabrian inscription, at least 2000 years old, and that it celebrated the religious rites performed in a Biscayan temple in that remote period. The simple fact was that a drinking vessel had dropped into a well in Biscay, perhaps a century ago, where it was discovered within our remembrance. It had some rude heads for ornaments and the German prayer as above. Our antiquarian and etymologist at once decided that the heads represented heathen priestesses, and the inscription recorded their religious observances; so with a little torturing and twisting, after some years hard study, he gave his version of it to the astonished world, avowing that the meaning was "The priestesses of the temple pour libations to the god of the sun." In the same ingenious way Mr. Parrot makes out his Celtic etymologies as to the Caucasus. *Cauc*, says he, Celtic for mountain, *as*, Celtic for origin, *us* Celtic for men, what can be clearer *Cauc-as-us*, to the very letter, mountain of the origin of men; or if that does not please, is there not, quoth he, the Esthonian *Käu* to go, *Kaas* company, *usse*, out, clearly meaning the place whence the company of mankind first went forth? By such guesses any one word in any language may be traced to any other language.

Such volumes become wearisome, and almost indispose one to listen even to the sensible suggestions which sometimes fall from these valorous etymology hunters; and, but for this sort of deformities, Mr. Parrot's book is crowded with very interesting matter. When he gets hold of a word, his faculties are wonderfully bewildered, but he has notwithstanding managed to write very sensibly and eruditely about divers instructive things. Of all perils none are so perilous as those of the man who is chasing derivations, and the course he generally allows himself is unbounded. Authorities are not wanting for shifting every letter in the alphabet, and by this approved and received hocus-pocus any one word may be changed into any other. When Mr. Parrot as-

sumes the Biscayan and the Celtic to be kindred tongues—when he confounds the Erse and the Finnish—when, in a word, he is in the *lucus a non lucendo* humour—it is mere waste of time to be tracking his painful footsteps ; but when laboriously turning over the fragments of traditional or recorded history, he brings forth vivid images of the past—when out of the ruins of obscure bygone times he gathers up materials for future record, and presents a vivid outline, if not a perfect picture, of an obscure and oppressed people—it is impossible not to sympathise with his affections, and to honour his labours. We do not mean that the early part of Mr. Parrot's inquiry, which respects the language of the Lettish people, is wholly without merit. He gives there some curious facts amidst many ludicrous and extravagant guesses. When a man has formed a very decided theory, especially on a subject not susceptible of the most satisfactory evidence, facts get a sort of *caoutchouc* character, and are very comfortably stretched to meet the projected purpose. But we cannot, at all events here, enter into the remote history and idiom of the Lettish people.

Of the ancient mythology, and religious observances of the Lettish people, Parrot has collected many curious particulars. He says they worshipped a species of Trinity, long before the introduction of Christianity. Their religious services were performed in groves in the open air. Their principal god was named Thorapilla or Thorawivita, who has been sometimes identified with the Thor of the Goths. "He was the thunderer," says Mone, "dwelling in woods, where he had his own sacred tree. He is invisible and has the wings of a bird. He is the first producer, and is imaged by the sun. They fancied that he had quitted their country to withdraw to the island of Oesel, when Christianity introduced to them a new divinity. They worshipped fire as the representative of the deity, which they kept continually burning on the tops of the highest mountains. In thunder-storms the priests held assemblies to ascertain the will of the divinity, which they proclaimed to their followers." The habit of sacrificing animals to their divinities continued even as late as the end of the seventeenth century, when it was visited with very severe penalties by Frederick the Second of Prussia. Meletius has preserved the prayer addressed to Pergubri, the third person of the Trinity, on the day of his festival. "O Pergubri ! thou it is that sendest the winter away, and bringest back the beautiful spring. It is thou who coverest the hedges and the meadows with green, and claddest the hedges and the forest with leaves."

The hospitality of the Lettish people was early celebrated. Duisburg says of them in his Chronicle—"They treat their

guests with all possible hospitality, and have neither food nor drink in their dwellings which they do not bring forward."\* They punished robbery with death, though we find in the thirteenth century that the murderer was released on the payment of a fine. Polygamy was practised among them. Death in combat was deemed highly honourable. They burnt their dead, and says the *Chronicle* — "*Exequias cum lamentationibus et potationibus multis more suo celebrabant.*"—cap. v. pars ii. Their personal property, their arms, their hunting instruments, and sometimes even their wives, were burnt at their funeral pile. Their ashes were gathered into urns, and *tumuli* raised over those of their most distinguished men. Their dress was simple, their sports hunting and fishing. They were unacquainted with alphabetic writing, and recorded events on pieces of wood in characters universally understood among themselves. Of these ancient proverbs a few have come down even to our days, and with some of these, the concentrated wisdom of a people, we must conclude these *disjecta membra*.

A true child weeps before the fire-place—a bastard behind the door.  
(i. c. Nobody cares about illegitimate children.)

You cannot make a soup out of a handsome face.

It is not every cock that is perched.

Wet land wants no water.

Boast not of the day till the day is come to an end.

Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past.—(i. c. Death is come.)

To taste the sweet you must eat the bitter.

Sing a good song twice.

Where is the wolf's nest in winter?

Death can take nothing from an empty room.

Youth sows, age reaps.

Women have long hair, but short thoughts.

ART. IV. — 1. *Römische Geschichte.* Von B. G. Niebuhr. Zweiter Theil. Zweite völlig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. (Roman History. By B. G. Niebuhr. Second Volume. Second completely re-modelled Edition.) Berlin. 1830. 8vo.

2. *Ueber die Entstehung, Entwicklung und Ausbildung des Bürgerrechts im alten Rom.* (On the Origin, Development and Improvement of Civic Rights in Ancient Rome.) Von Dr. W. Eisendecker. Hamburg. 1829. 8vo.

THREE years have now elapsed since it was our grateful task to communicate to the British public the earliest account of the first

\* "*Hospitibus suis omnem humanitatem quam possunt, ostendent, nec sunt in domo suo esculenta vel potulenta quæ non communicent eis illa vice.*"

volume of the re-modelled edition of Niebuhr's Roman History. With joyful anticipation we then looked forward to the speedy appearance of the second volume, which the author intimated stood in need of but little alteration, and to that of the succeeding volumes at reasonable intervals. Time flowed on without our hopes being realized; we heard with dismay, a feeling doubtless shared by every scholar, of the conflagration of Niebuhr's dwelling,—were cheered by his public assurance that, though a part of the perfected manuscript had been lost, the collected materials for the history, down at least to the first Punic War, had been saved, that his spirit was unbroken, and his zeal undiminished. At length the second volume made its appearance in a totally re-modelled form, but scarcely had we had time to peruse and to admire it, when tidings of the death of its illustrious author overwhelmed us with regret, and, we feel no shame to say it, made the very sight of his work disagreeable to us for a season.

Niebuhr is dead, and has not left his fellow behind him. His immortal work remains a monument of the vanity of human designs and expectations. Twenty years ago, in the vigour of life and full of confidence in his mighty powers and resources, he announced his intention of tracing the history of Rome “from the night of remote antiquity, in which all that the most anxious inquiry could aspire to, was to discern the chief masses of society in ancient Italy, down to the period when a second night buried in almost equal darkness all that had been seen to arise, grow old and decay.” After some years of reflection he saw that this plan, considering *his* mode of treating his subjects, was too extensive, and he fixed his goal where the Roman “people had incorporated millions with itself, and had imparted to them its language and its laws; where it ruled from the rising unto the setting sun, and the last of the kingdoms that proceeded from Alexander's conquests was become one of its provinces.” Such was his language in 1827, and such the goal which he reasonably set to his labours; but *Dís aliter visum*, he has reached no farther goal than a little beyond the capture of the city by the Gauls. The “Roman History” remains a magnificent and highly finished portion of a grand design; it is no *Torso*, no ruin of whose restoration we might despair, but entire and complete as far as it goes; the architect has left his plan and a perfect specimen of his mode of execution; he who planned and commenced the erection of St. Peter's, we should recollect, was not the same with him who brought the edifice to its termination. Though we do not believe that there is any man at present in Europe adequate to continuing the Roman History in a manner corresponding to what has been done by Niebuhr himself, yet we are convinced that such a man will arise;

the example of Niebuhr will stimulate many to exertion, and the history of the Eternal City will, we make no doubt, be at length fully and clearly displayed. For the present, we would conjure his friends to give to the light, with as little delay as possible, such pieces and fragments as they can find, provided they are so far complete as to do no injury to his fame. We, of course, only mean such as relate to literature; for we abhor the vile practice which disgraces our own country, of giving to the world the familiar letters, the careless or confidential effusions, of men of eminence, the very moment they have breathed their last.

What distinguishes Niebuhr above all the scholars of his age, is the union of the most extensive knowledge with the most acute critical spirit and the deepest political sagacity. The history of the whole world, not merely in its outlines, but even in its minutest details, is continually present to his mind; he feels and knows that man is everywhere the same; and hence in his works, not alone do the political institutions of republican Italy and free Greece cast a light on those of ancient Rome, the proceedings of a British parliament explain those of a Roman senate, and the cantons of Switzerland, and the almost unknown Ditmarsh—the author's native province—lend their aid in explaining the principles and maxims of parties, and the political regulations, in a different region, and among a different stem of the human race. In this mode of treating history, we say that Niebuhr is without a rival; all others, when writing the history of any people, content themselves with tracing it independently and distinct from those of all other nations and races. The great political feature of Niebuhr's mind is the abhorrence of oligarchy—a very different feeling from the love of democracy; and surely this is a token of his true political sagacity, for never yet was oligarchy any thing but baneful to the country in which it had fixed its seat; it checks all development, impedes all improvement, mocks all economy of the public revenues, and regards the people as its enemies, and their possessions as its prey. No where are its blighting effects more powerfully traced than in the pages of Niebuhr, and every one must feel his public virtue invigorated by the perusal of them. This alone, did his deserts not go beyond it, would entitle Niebuhr to fame; but when we contemplate the number of points of Roman history, and of history and antiquity in general, which his researches have placed in the light of truth, the probable solutions which he has given of several apparent historic enigmas, and the new line of inquiry and discussion which he has marked out and pursued to a great extent, we cannot stop at that point in our praises; and we must acknowledge that it is probably reserved for posterity to discover adequately the extent of his merits, and his influence on historical and political science.

Doubtless many a one who has long received the tale of the early days of Rome as Livy and Dionysius have narrated it; and who, though he may not perfectly believe that Romulus and Remus were the sons of Mars, makes little doubt of the truth of their exposure by their uncle, and of the first inhabitants of Rome having been about as respectable as those of Sydney Cove, who believes in the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, in the Grecian origin of Tarquinius, and the servile origin of Servius—such a one, we say, will be apt to join the chorus of spirits in Faust, and cry

“ Weh! Weh!  
Du hast sie zerstört,  
Die schöne Welt,  
Mit mächtiger Faust,  
Sie stürzt, sie zerfällt!  
Ein Halbgott hat sie zerschlagen!  
Wir tragen

Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber,  
Und klagen  
Ueber die verlorne Schöne.  
Mächtiger  
Der Erdensöhne,  
Prächtiger  
Baue sie wieder.”

and the desire is complied with; for though the poetic illusions which had gathered around the early days of Rome are dispelled, the real dignity and splendour of Roman story are not thereby impaired; on the contrary, while the theory (and it can be but a theory) advanced by our historian gives the adequate solution of many difficulties which are inexplicable on the principles of Livy and Dionysius, it shows to a demonstration the extent of power and consequence to which Rome had attained under her kings, and the misery into which she sank when under the sway of an oligarchy. What is very remarkable is, that while the early history of Rome, as it is usually related, is shown to be devoid of historic truth, the pleasure which we find in perusing it is thereby enhanced rather than diminished. There is in fact a high degree of enjoyment in the contemplation of fictions which have long imposed upon mankind and have become venerable by time, and in comparing them with the truth or with probability. We learn to view them in their pure poetic character, as distinct from history as are the feuds of the Zegries and Abencerrages, or the romantic details of what are called historic novels, and pass with a sort of internal triumph from their brilliant and deceptive details to the simple narrative or probable conjecture. It was doubtless this consciousness, this internal pride as we may term it, which made Malcolm Laing (as we are informed by Sir James Macintosh) enjoy the perusal of Ossian even after he had demonstrated the forgery; and every one who has experienced this pleasure will assent to this assertion of Niebuhr when rejecting on valid grounds the narrative of the bold and constitutional opposition made by Horatius and Valerius to the tyranny of the Decemvirs. “So long,” says he, “as ancient literature finds susceptible minds, it will be

read in Livy, and that with still greater inclination when an accurate idea of the ancient relations has become common property."

Niebuhr was not actuated by the love of paradox, as has been insinuated by a late critic, who compares him with Hardouin, and mocks at his attempts at breaking the tranquillity of our slumber as we reposed in undoubting confidence on the bosoms of Dionysius and Livy. Neither were his organs of destructiveness so strongly developed as to make him pull down for the love of pure mischief. He does not say in a tone of shallow arrogance, like a certain *pert* if not *dull scoffer*, "I have gone through this history as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie, and the votaries, if they can, may replace them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never grow." He only says, or may be supposed to say, to this effect in a calm sedate tone—

"The narratives which have been transmitted to us as the early history of Rome are improbable in themselves, and at variance with what we know to have been the state of society and of the constitution; they are in character the same with those of other ancient nations, which we know to be fabulous; they have all the hue of poetry. Am I not, therefore, justified in rejecting them, and endeavouring, from the materials used by the Roman historians, much of which they misunderstood, and from such other fragmentary information as has been preserved, and guided by the analogy of the Greeks, and of other nations somewhat similarly situated with the ancient Romans, to advance a theory more in harmony with the institutions of early Rome than are the narratives of Livy and Dionysius? I express strongly my conviction of the soundness of my views, because they are the result of long and anxious attention devoted to the subject, and many matters which are dim and obscure to others appear in a strong and harmonious light to my more accustomed eyes. Yet I seek not to force my conviction on others. I know that *magna est vis veritatis et prevalebit*, and that if my theory is correct it must be generally adopted; and surely I may claim credit for being able to discern, and for being perfectly convinced, that no man who has any conception of, and passion for, true fame, will ever attempt to gain a reputation by advancing paradoxes—that is, theories of whose truth he is not satisfied himself. I at the same time must say, that it argues but little modesty in any one, who, it is evident, is but superficially acquainted with the history of Rome, and utterly ignorant of the distinction which has been so justly and fully established between the mythic, the mytho-historic and the historic, to set me down as a mere vendor of paradoxes who secretly laughs at the credulity of his readers."

Such might be the language of Niebuhr, and it cannot be replied to him as was so eloquently done to the person alluded to above, " You have gone through the wood, with the best intentions in the world to cut it down; but you have lost your way on the Mountains of Lebanon, the goodly cedars whereof, lamenting the madness and pitying the blindness of your rage against them, have turned the blunt edge and the base temper of your axe, and laughed unhurt at the feebleness of your stroke." He has been guided by the love of truth, his object has been to kindle a steady beacon for the guidance of future inquirers, not to raise a flame with straw and brambles, which crackles and dazzles for a few minutes, and then goes out, leaving us in greater darkness than ever; and such powers and such attainments as his could not fail of their object. The regal portion of the Roman annals is, as will appear more and more every day, removed for ever out of the domain of real history, and the truth is only to be replaced by conjecture. Niebuhr has given what appears to him to be the most probable account of Rome's origin and early days; this account may be carped at, be rejected, and others substituted in its stead, but assuredly no future historian of Rome who values his fame will relate the tale as told by Livy and Dionysius for real history. Yet it must be told, and always will be read with pleasure, but with a perfect understanding of its real nature, just as we may read the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, or that of the Cid, though well knowing that the one does not contain the real history of Charles the Great, or the other the veritable exploits of the renowned Ruy Dias de Vibar; for there is always something highly agreeable in tracing the vestiges of truth which lurk in fiction, or have given origin to it, to say nothing of the charms inherent in its very nature.

We are told, that the feebleness of the attacks made on them by the German professor only proves the truth of the narratives of Dionysius and Livy. It is time for us to give over sneering at the Germans, to whom we are in general as confessedly inferior in the higher branches of knowledge and in solid learning, as we are superior in the lighter walks of literature. Whom have we to set in competition with Niebuhr? National partiality to be sure has attempted to place Mitford by his side—a dwarf by a giant, a mere political bigot by a philosopher—Mitford, whose work the Germans would not condescend to translate beyond the third volume, we believe, though they *did* make that of Gillies a part of their literature. No! we have not as yet the equal, in the department of ancient history, of men far inferior to Niebuhr. But if we are implicitly to follow the guidance of Livy and Dionysius, we should be glad to know which, for they

do not always agree; and Cicero, who was as good a judge as they, followed different annalists; the judicious Dio Cassius is also frequently at variance with them. What is of more importance, their narratives are frequently clearly and visibly at variance with possibility. We give an example from Niebuhr's second volume, which will serve to show at once the fidelity of Livy to the old romantic tradition, the attempt of Dionysius to get rid of improbabilities, and the judgment and sagacity of Niebuhr in detecting and exposing the slight foundation on which the whole narrative rests.

In the year 296, the Æquians, in violation of a truce, ravaged the lands of Lavici and Tusculum. Ambassadors were sent from Rome to remonstrate against this breach of faith, but Gracchus Clælius, the Æquian general, treated them with the greatest *hauteur*, telling them to make their complaint to the oak which shaded his tribunal, that he meanwhile would attend to something else. The ambassadors, taking the oak and the gods to witness of the violated truce, returned to Rome. A consular army, under L. Minucius, was sent to the Algidus against the Æquians, but the unskilfulness or inactivity of the consul was such, that he suffered the Æquian general to close him in amidst the hills. Five horsemen, who broke through and escaped before the Æquians had completed their works, carried the tidings to Rome, and the whole city was thrown into dismay and despair.

As was usual in times of imminent danger, the senate resolved to create a dictator. The hopes of the state lay in L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, who dwelt beyond the Tiber, where he cultivated with his own hands a farm of four *jugera*, on the spot afterwards called the Quinctian Meadows. When the messengers of the senate arrived, he was engaged, with nothing on him but an apron round his waist, either in ploughing or in making a ditch. He inquired how things were in the city, they begged that he would put on his *toga* to receive the message of the senate, he desired his wife Racilia to fetch it out of the cottage to him. When he was dressed, they saluted him as dictator, and informed him of the state of affairs. Getting into the boat in which they had come, he crossed over to the city, his three sons, his friends, and relations, and the greater part of the patricians came to meet him, and conducted him to his house.

Next morning, by break of day, the dictator appeared in the Forum; he nominated as commander of the cavalry L. Tarquinius, a man of noble birth and distinguished valour, but poor, like himself, and who had in consequence of his poverty always been obliged to serve on foot. He then ordered the shops to be shut, and all business to cease. Those who were of the military age

were directed to supply themselves with provisions for five days, to cut each man twelve stakes, and to appear in arms at sunset on the field before the city. Others were meantime to employ themselves in preparing the food of those who were to march. All was done as required, and the dictator and his army set forth. On the way he reminded them that their brethren had now been three days shut in by the enemy, and exhorted them to quicken their pace. The standard bearers moved on rapidly, the soldiers followed cheerfully, and by midnight they reached the *Algidus*. When they came close to the camp of the enemies, the dictator ordered his men to halt, and having ridden forward and reconnoitred it, he directed the soldiers to pile their baggage, and forming a line withoutside of that of the *Æquians*, to begin to dig a ditch and cast up a rampart. The soldiers commenced their work, raising at the same time the Roman war-cry, which pealing through the night-air unheard by the *Æquians*, reached to the camp of the consul, and filled the besieged Romans with joy. Minucius, judging that the dictator's army must be actually attacking the enemies, exhorted his men to aid in their own deliverance, in consequence of which they sallied forth and fell on the *Æquians*, and the combat lasted through the remainder of the night. In the morning the works of the Romans were completed, and the *Æquians* saw themselves completely enclosed. The dictator was preparing to attack them, when they sent to sue for mercy, which was granted on condition of their surrendering in chains *Gracchus Clœlius* and his principal officers. The *Æquian* army passed under the yoke; the camp and all that it contained, except the tunic which each man wore, became the prey of the victors. No share was given to the troops of Minucius, and he was himself obliged to lay down his dignity. There were no murmurs,—the liberated soldiers saluted the dictator as their patron, and presented him with a crown of gold of a pound weight. He entered Rome in triumph. *Quinctius* would have laid down his dignity immediately, but for the approaching trial of *M. Volscius*, on which his authority was deemed requisite for intimidating the tribunes. He, however, laid it down on the sixteenth day after he had received it, though he might have legally retained it for six months.

“This tale,” says Mr. Niebuhr, “will as little stand the measure of historic possibility as one belonging to the regal period; but that measure should be applied just as little here as there. The poet, whether he sang or told it, needed not to consider that when five piling-stakes were a heavy burden for the hardy-soldier, the people of a common levy must have sunk completely under the weight of twelve—that so great a number could only be employed, in case of the circle being so large that

when the soldiers were all placed in a line a fathom of ground came to each; in which case, to say nothing of the length of time requisite for each to complete his piece of the ditch and rampart, a sally of the Æquians, who were much superior in strength to Minucius, in any one quarter, would have burst the whole—that no courier could have got over the distance from Rome to the Algidus, (more than 20 miles,) between sunset and midnight,\* and here the question is of a column of heavy-armed and heavy-laden men. But he counts neither the steps nor the hours; still more may he smile at the objection, that the Æquians must have been struck with deafness and blindness when the Romans could go round about them, cast a snare round them undisturbed, and not be impeded by them in their task of entrenchment. For doubtless this did not proceed according to the ordinary course of human affairs; God had smitten them so that they neither saw nor heard; they did not perceive the war-cry which pealed in the ears of those whom they held enclosed; he paralyzed them: this was the result of the arrogance which had emboldened the afflicted to apply to Him for aid. He had augmented the natural strength of the Romans, so that they completed the entrenchment between midnight and the first break of day, after that night-march of upwards of twenty miles succeeding the toils of the preceding day, and they were still fresh enough to make an irresistible attack on the enemy in his entrenchments, in which he had stayed quietly till the sally of the besieged."

Here are improbabilities enough to startle any one, yet they never seem to have struck Livy, and they are related by Hooke and his French predecessors without a shade of suspicion. We suppose that we are now to set at nought the criticism of the German professor, and humbly acquiesce in the certainty of the miraculous narrative. But then it may be said, there is the account given by Dionysius, which is not at all at variance with probability, why not adopt that? Simply because it is not at variance with probability. It is a plain specimen of what the Germans call *pragmatismus*, that is, the attempt at reducing fiction to truth, a practice of which the futility will be acknowledged by all who have well considered the nature of mythic history, the narratives of which are only to be regarded as poetic superstructures, raised on a slender basis of truth. Who could with reason seek any more truth in the tales of the celebrated Theban wars than this?—namely, that a Peloponnesian army, from what cause we know not, though possibly from the cause which is assigned, once marched against Thebes, where it was defeated, and that some years afterwards the attempt was resumed and proved successful. All the details must be regarded as mere fiction. So in the present case, all that belongs to history in it is, that the

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\* It was about the beginning of September, so the space of time could not have been more than five hours. Few could go from London to Windsor in that time.

consul Minucius was defeated on the Algidus and shut up in his camp, and was relieved from his perilous situation by an army which was sent from Rome to his aid. As the loss had been sustained and the danger incurred through his fault, he was obliged to abdicate, and L. Fabius took the command of the army in his place. That the relief was led by Cincinnatus, as dictator, *may* be true, yet it is not unlikely that it was conducted by Fabius, who took the command of the liberated army, and that it was ascribed to Cincinnatus, in order to conceal the odious circumstance of his having been created dictator solely against the *Plebs*, to control their eagerness for constitutional reform, and to procure the banishment of the accuser of his son, the turbulent and domineering Cæso. The *Fasti Triumphales*, no doubt, mention his triumph, and give the date of it; but they do the same for those of Tarquinius Priscus and Servius Tullus. Much weight cannot therefore be reposed on their testimony.

This tale gives us an opportunity of pointing out a remarkable feature in the early Roman history, as it has been transmitted to us, and which Niebuhr was the first to observe, namely, that owing to poverty of invention in the Roman annalists and storytellers, the same circumstances are frequently related of different persons and different times; very generally it is a piece of real history thrown back to the unhistoric times, and robbed of its harmony and accordance with probability. It was thus that many of the events of the real Veientian war of the year 277 were transplanted back to the mythic one of Porsenna. In the present instance, the circumstance of Cincinnatus being engaged in rustic toils when the envoys of the senate came to him, and the lamentation which Dionysius puts in his mouth, of the poverty which he and his family were likely to undergo, in consequence of his being taken from the cultivation of his little farm, had been already related by that historian on the occasion of his consulship, to which it manifestly belongs, if true; and the whole tale of the hemming in of an army by the Roman general, and the surrender of its commander, the Æquian Clælius, is told again by Livy, when twenty years afterwards it occurs in a much more historical form, the town of Ardea being the scene. It could not well be the same Clælius who twice met the same misfortune, for he who was led in a Roman triumph of the olden time rarely escaped the executioner's axe.

We have gone into this subject thus minutely, in order to show what the real nature is of those narratives of Livy and Dionysius, to which we are required to yield implicit credit, and to give a specimen of the manner in which they are sifted and treated by the only critical narrator of the Roman history. He does not

relegate them from his pages,—for they are a component part of the history as it has been delivered to us,—neither does he, by employing the wretched system of *pragmatism*, deprive them of their poetic beauty, to give them an appearance of probability; he relates them as poetic legends, showing, at the same time, what may with safety be regarded as the historic foundation on which they rest. And we are convinced, that by this judicious mode of procedure they are not robbed of a single particle of their charms in the eyes of readers of taste; on the contrary, they will be perused with additional pleasure when their real nature is understood, and we cease to look in them for the features of historic truth, our gratification will be undisturbed by the shock of improbability, and we shall read them as we read the *Ilias* or the *Lay* of the *Nibelungs*, merely as pictures of life and manners. For another remarkable and well-established instance of poetry taking the place of history, we refer the reader to the story of *Camillus*, as narrated and explained by our author.

“It was,” says Mr. Niebuhr, “one of the most important problems of the First Part to demonstrate that the history of the regal period is completely unhistoric. I have explained the tales which pass for such, and collected what had been shivered from them and scattered about, in order to restore the manifold forms which they once presented; not as if this brought us any nearer to historic knowledge—for the monuments which it left behind it testify for the magnificence of the kingdom of which the seven hills were the seat; the memory of its history has been purposely annihilated, and to fill up the vacuum, events of a narrow sphere, as it was present to the Pontifices after the Gallic times, set in the place of the perished deeds of an incomparably greater period. Even *Fabius*, beyond all doubt, knew nothing more than the tale which has come down to us, and he could hardly have found anywhere but in the writings of foreign nations genuine accounts; which, however, could not be made to harmonize with that narrative, and were therefore useless to him. On the other hand, his age was in possession of a real history, though grown fabulous in many parts, from the time of the insurrection of the commonalty; and though this has come down to us only in a very imperfect, distorted, and arbitrarily wrought form, it is from henceforward my joyful task to undertake the restoration of a genuine, consistent, and, in all essential points, complete narrative.”

We thus see that, as we have above asserted, Niebuhr is not actuated by the pure love of mischief and desire of rooting up all established opinions. In this point he differs from *Beaufort* and his followers, who, because they found some of the narrations of the period antecedent to the capture of the city by the Gauls at variance with probability, at once rejected the whole as fabulous. This, however, was a very hasty and unphilosophic mode of proceeding; the notices for the century preceding that event are too

numerous, too brief, (for, as Niebuhr justly observes, "tales are invented, not single notices, in great number,") and even in some cases bearing too many apparent marks of incredibility to be the produce of fiction. Our author regards them as furnishing the materials of real history; it remains to consider what they are, and how they were preserved.

Livy, when commencing the second half of the first decade of his history, observes that what he had previously related was obscure by reason of antiquity, and resembled objects seen at a great distance. This obscurity he attributes to two circumstances; one, that writing was rare in those times—the other, that the little which was preserved in the *commentaries* of the Pontifices, and the other public and private monuments, had *mostly* perished in the conflagration of the city by the Gauls. Where then, we may ask, did the writers whom Livy followed get the detailed accounts of the expulsion of the Tarquins, the secession of the Plebs, the exploits of Coriolanus, and the tale just related of the dictatorship of Cincinnatus? manifestly from the tales or ballads handed down by tradition: but this by the way. Livy was, as Niebuhr thinks, led to express himself thus decidedly by the circumstance of the *annals* of the Pontifices having commenced at that calamitous event, which had also probably induced Claudius Quadrigarius, one of the annalists whom he followed, to begin his work at that point, regarding all previous to it as little better than fiction. But this only testified his want of critical discrimination; for there was surely no external evidence to justify him in rejecting the genealogical tables of the Manlii and Quinctii, and the other patrician families whose dwellings were on the Capitol, however sound criticism might lead to a rejection of some of the events and details which they contained. He might also easily have seen that the best writers on the Roman public law had derived notices of events from the books of the Pontifices, of whose genuineness there could no more be a question than of that of the Twelve Tables, or of the laws and treaties belonging to those times, on which no doubt has ever been thrown.

We are in fact to recollect, first, that several patrician families—that is, those to whom all the high offices of the state were almost exclusively confined, who had the priesthoods and commanded the armies, and who were consequently most interested in preserving the memory of public events—dwelt on the Capitol, and therefore suffered no loss of any of the records which they may have possessed; and, secondly, that the Gauls did not march to Rome immediately after their victory at the Allia. Abundance of time was thus given to the Romans who dwelt in the lower parts of the city to save the portable part of their property, and

it is hardly credible that the proud patricians should have been so utterly dejected, or so careless of the glories of their name, as not to carry the records of them to their refuge on the Capitol, or to the towns of Latium or Etruria.

What then were the written monuments possessed by the patrician families? They were; in the first place, the *census-rolls*. These were kept by every family any of whose members had discharged the office of censor, and, as the results of several census taken before the capture of the city have been preserved, and they are such as, though now explicable, must have sounded quite incredible in the ears of the later Romans, their genuineness is exposed to no suspicion—forgery always aiming at credibility. In the next place, there can hardly be a doubt of those families who had had consuls among them having kept consular *Fasti*, in which remarkable events, especially those of the year or years which were of importance to *them*, were noted down. These were completely distinct from the pontifical annals—yet they were also annals, but formed by various persons, partly contemporary, partly, especially in the earlier portion, drawn from domestic sources, or from those of other families: hence there was frequently a confusion in their chronology. It cannot be said positively whether any contemporary *fasti* of this kind, for the time of the secession, had been preserved; but it is quite manifest that none such went back to the first year of the republic and institution of the consulate. As an aid to the memory these *fasti* connected the events which they recorded with the Capitoline æra and the consuls of the year. Some of these brief notices have been preserved; such as the following (Livy, ii. 19): "*His consulibus Fidenæ obsessæ, Crustumenia capta, Praeneste ab Latinis ad Romanos descivit*. Besides the *Fasti*, there were the well-known Funeral Discourses, an institution apparently peculiar to Rome, and probably of the most remote antiquity, in use evidently long before the capture of the city, a little before or after which the honour of having such pronounced over them was communicated to the women. In these the actions of the deceased were naturally related at greater length than they could be in the dry *Fasti*; the battles which he fought were detailed, the sieges which he conducted described at length, the part which he enacted in the civil commotions fully displayed. These were kept in the *Atrium*, along with the genealogy. Livy and Cicero, it is well known, speak disparagingly of these documents as sources of history; but their censures apply chiefly to those which went through and related the deeds of the family up to the most remote times, and here of course fiction was at liberty to play her pranks, but such was evidently not the character of

those composed in the early times, when the history from the expulsion of the kings was almost fresh in the public memory. It is manifest that several of the narratives of the century before the capture of the city have been derived from these family records of the Valerii, Claudii, Fabii, Quinctii, and Servilii. Of these, those relating to this last family are entitled to implicit credit; those of the Fabii, which are much more detailed, rest on a foundation of genuineness, but it is curious that the tales of the truly noble Valerii are the least deserving of credit. Their genealogy was equally corrupted; both were lost and restored in the same manner. "But the living traditions, by means of which the times of their forefathers were common property, were preserved among those who escaped the sword of the Gauls, and if Livy meant these, he was certainly justified in saying that the preservation of events was committed to the memory."

Such then were the sources remaining for a history of Rome for the first century of the Republic, and the portion of his work which Livy devotes to that period answers precisely to the character of a work constructed mediately or immediately from such materials. We here have the scanty notice, such as that given above, from the dry *Fasti*, beside the full but incredible narrative, the production of family vanity or of popular fiction, joined with accounts of censorial enumerations of the people, evidently unintelligible to the historian and his contemporaries.

The progress of the Roman annals was in this manner. While a country is without a literature, many a one is urged by that love for preserving the memory of the past, which is inherent in our nature, to write down a brief account of the events of his own time. Gradually these private chroniclers seek to outdo their predecessors; they take in a greater number of events, and relate them with greater details, and as each chronicle should begin at the beginning, they look for materials in older annals, of which they relieve the meagreness, by incorporating traditional tales. This is exactly the course of the Florentine annals, which, commencing with the dry scanty notices, mingled with tales and fables of those published by Lami, were extended and made more detailed in the chronicle of Malispini and its continuations, which were completely obscured and cast into oblivion by the new form given to the materials which they contained by Villani. Though the progress cannot be thus traced in ancient Rome, it was questionless the same; and the annals in which Coruncanus and the Marcii of the fifth and sixth centuries read the deeds of their fathers corresponded to the Malispini, in which Dante read all that is of importance in the corresponding portion of Villani.

In the time of the second Punic, or as it is more justly called, the Hannibalian war, a higher class of writers appeared. The Fabian family was distinguished above all others by its taste for art, and its cultivation of the Greek language and literature. There can hardly be a doubt of the Fabii having kept a chronicle of the kind which we have described, and Niebuhr regards the account of the campaign of Q. Fabius Rullus, in the year 451 (454?) as being evidently derived from contemporary sources. Fabius Pictor, the historian, was one of this family, and he, as well as his contemporaries Cincius and Atilius, wrote in Greek, not, as may well be supposed, for the edification of their fellow citizens, but with the laudable desire of elevating the Roman name and nation in the eyes of the supercilious and vain-glorious Greeks. As the power of Rome and the use of the Latin language were by this time extended over all Italy, Latin historians were required, and we accordingly find that by the end of the century in which Fabius and Cincius wrote, they were become numerous. The variations among these writers prove the multiplicity of the chronicles whence they derived their materials: the same is evinced by the circumstance of each of them having written the entire ancient history, for unquestionably it was not their object to display their peculiar views or the graces of their style; each found some materials which had not been used, and which enabled him to make what he deemed important additions to the history. These writers reach down to even the times after Sulla. One of them was the notorious Valerius Antias, so dishonourably distinguished by his falsifications and fictions.

The censor, L. Piso Frugi, attempted in the beginning of the seventh century to be the Ephorus of Rome, and by the pragmatizing process to reduce the old tales and traditions to the form of real history. He was however unsuccessful; the spirit of the age was still too poetical to tolerate a frigid lifeless narrative, he left annals, as Cicero says of him, *exiliter scriptos*, and the old annals were still worked up as before. The series of these annalists closes with C. Licinius Macer, the contemporary of Cicero, whose influence on the history which has come down to us was extremely great. It may thus be shown. The speeches of Livy and Dionysius are evidently to be regarded as rhetorical expansions of those which they found in others, but we often meet in these harangues allusion to circumstances which do not occur in their histories. As Livy in particular never admitted a circumstance into his narrative which he had not found in some preceding annalist, we may be sure that such were not mere fictions or fancies; it is also probable that the old annalists had not art enough to introduce set speeches, whereas Macer, as

Cicero tells us, delighted in them. Macer was like Piso, a statesman, and therefore naturally took pleasure in tracing the progress and alterations of the constitution; books on the constitution like those of Cincius were among the earliest written at Rome, and C. Junius, named Gracchanus, from his friendship with the younger Gracchus, had written a history of the constitution and the magistracies, which went as far back as the regal period. Now there are many things in Livy and Dionysius which could only have been derived from the work of Gracchanus, but which they could not have taken immediately from it, or else they would hardly have passed over other matters of equal importance which it contained. Supposing them, however, to have obtained these particulars through the medium of Macer, who had carefully used the work of Gracchanus, and whom they treated like the other annalists, taking some circumstances from him and passing over others, the phenomenon is easily explicable, and the speeches alluded to are merely *rifacciamenti* of those which they found in Macer. Dionysius, we may observe, says nothing whatever of Gracchanus in his list of the authors whom he read preparatory to writing his history, and if he neglected him, we may be very certain that Livy treated him with equal disregard. As for the anonymous annals, they were no longer to be had, they had vanished as soon as a classical literature had been formed. Fabius and the later annalists were the only sources from which the two contemporary historians, whose works have come down to us, derived the materials, which they worked up into a uniform and regular narrative. The annalists of the seventh century were as completely thrown into the shade by the splendour of Livy as Poggius and Leonardus were by that of Macchiavelli, or Echard and Baker by Hume, and the Roman history was henceforth read and believed as it was related by him and Dionysius. Dio Cassius alone broke loose from this state of dependence, and returned to the ancient tradition in the work of Fabius; he also made considerable use of that of Gracchanus, which was well known and studied by the lawyers in his time, "as the history of the constitution was his constant object."

We now let Mr. Niebuhr speak in his own person:—

"It (*the history of the constitution*) is also mine; and the highest aim of my criticism is to come near the conception which Fabius and Gracchanus had of the constitution and its alterations; beyond doubt their view was perfectly correct. But we may venture to think that our age separates fable from reality in a more satisfactory manner than theirs did. It is, therefore, no presumptuous undertaking to endeavour to discern, in the narratives of the historians, what is the result of their mistakes, prejudices, or arbitrary mode of relating; what is original;

what portion of the matter which they found in the annalists is to be referred to each of the sources just mentioned; and for the time before the destruction of the city, whether from borrowed or fabricated writings. Yet even if the books of the seventh century, from which no circumspection had as yet removed the most flagrant contradictions, were still in existence, this separation could not be made so perfect as that an absolutely complete history in the simplicity of a chronicle should thence arise. For often, indeed, what really happened has been preserved in the annals along with the legend; and this last, which has been inserted, easily and perfectly detaches itself: but it has still more frequently, and that very early, completely taken the place of the annalistic truth, and so completely driven it away that not a vestige of it is remaining, and no ingenuity could accomplish its *palingenesis*. It is easy to prove that the taking of Veii by means of a mine is altogether a fable, but the real manner in which it was done is not to be conjectured; whereas on other occasions this is neither difficult nor uncertain.

"The place of many a step which is wanting may be discerned with the greatest certainty in the history of the constitution; what precedes and follows, mark it out like the *data* for a problem. On the other hand, peculiar difficulty comes here in the way, owing to the circumstance that not a few of the most important notices, derived, too, from the very best authorities, seem devoid of sense, because those who have preserved them did not understand their meaning. Dionysius worked out for himself representations which were utterly false, and expressed the very reverse of what they should imply, because he never suspected that he had not the fundamental idea of the constitution, and did not resolve to give up the solution of the enigma; Lydus stutters out words without ideas. But if the deceptive medium is known which had distorted the objects to the eyes of the judicious inquirer, and it is conjectured what it was that the simple narrator must have heard, then such enigmas are converted into consistent testimonies, which afford a foundation for farther conclusions.

"We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that these inquiries into the changes of the constitution, still more those into other particular events, will hardly convince the generality of readers in the same manner as the examination of its original forms. These last exhibit themselves for centuries in their expressions, and even by their alterations; and what is not mentioned in the history of one people, analogy exhibits in kindred nations; the former are a single event depending on caprice and casualties, at least on resolves, and doubtless the true is not always the probable. But the inquirer, before whose eyes bent on it for years with ever renewed, unaverted gaze, the history of misunderstood, disfigured, perished events, has gained existence and form out of night and mist, as the scarce visible airy form of the nymph in the Slavonian tale is converted to that of an earthly maiden by the earnest, longing gaze of love—before whose unwearied, conscientious examination it has gained a more and more perfect consistency, and that immediate revelation of the reality which emanates from actual existence—he may demand that another person who only casts a transient glance on the region where he lives

and dwells, should not dogmatically deny the justness of his views because he does not see them. The learned naturalist who has never quitted the town will not recognise the course of the game which guides the woodman, and whoever, at the time when Benvenuto's eyes had after months accustomed themselves to see, had entered his dungeon and maintained that the captive could no more distinguish objects in the dark than he could—had certainly made a very erroneous estimate.

“The history which will occupy the present volume was given up and despised after the abundance of impossibilities and contradictions which the prevalent narrative contains had been exposed. Indeed no man of sense could hesitate which course to adopt, if there was no other choice than that of maintaining it, such as it was, or of renouncing it altogether. The best of things degenerates in the course of time, frequently of a short time, and objectionable matter attaches itself to it; the silly zealot, who will then compel us to do it homage, as we did before it was falsified and had degenerated, alienates from it that reason which might restore its real nature, and thus recall the former love, that reason which can do without but cannot tolerate any thing absurd. The historic criticism which only separates the bad, which replaces the legend on its proper ground, ensures a recognition of its nobility, and thus secures it from mockery and derision, gains for the Roman history, from the period of the conclusion of the league with Latium, as much matter and authority as belong to many of those of much later periods, which like it are unilluminated by contemporary accounts.”

We have given this extract that the reader may plainly see what Niebuhr's real conception of the Roman history is, and how far removed he was from blind scepticism and from the love of paradox. We should not have deemed it necessary to take so much pains to vindicate him on this head, were it not for our knowledge of how much the opinions of readers in general are swayed by the decisions and assertions of popular journals. It is good to endeavour to obviate the prejudices which may thence arise, though we feel confident that the progress of knowledge will not be impeded. The true character of Roman story is now made known; the fables which adorn its early portion will and must ever continue to be read, but the time will hardly ever arrive when they will again claim belief.

The history in this second volume commences with the bond of alliance entered into between the Romans and Latins, in which the perfect equality of the terms in which the two nations stand, proves convincingly the absolute independence of Latium at this time, and, consequently, the decline of the Roman power since the suppression of the regal dignity. The account of the alliance is preceded by an inquiry into the constitution of the Latin confederacy, which throws considerable light on those of the Italian states in general, for the states of the peninsula had a strong resemblance to each other in their social institutions, which, though

in a great measure resembling those of Greece, were still essentially distinct from them. All the institutions of Rome were Italian; they were not Roman inventions: they had either been in use from the foundation of the state, or they had been adopted from some people who had retained them when Rome had lost them. We must recollect that the Romans were the only people of the peninsula, except the foreign Tuscans, who had adopted the regal form of government. The establishment of the republic was in fact a sort of reversion to original forms.

The consideration of the power exercised by numerical relations in the states of antiquity leads M. Niebuhr to the just solution of many a historical enigma. So it is in the present case. The Latium which now entered into alliance with Rome was but a part of that Latium which was included in the treaty with Carthage, and which, consequently, had acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman monarchs, and though the sites of some of the towns mentioned as belonging to it are unknown, enough remains to show that its boundary line was as follows:—It began at the sea to the west of Laurentum, ran along then parallel to the Tiber and crossed the Anio, then reached the northwest of Nomentum, included the district of this town and of Corniculum, Tibur and Præneste, ran over the hills which separate the waters of the Anio and the Liris, including the Algidus and Velitræ, and following their southern branch in an easterly direction reached the sea to the east of Circeii. Now in this Latium we find the names of thirty towns enumerated, and yet of the thirty towns of the original Latium, seven, which were conquered by the Roman kings, do not appear in it. How is this to be explained? Simply by attending to the numerical principle. The ancients did not regard a state as composed by the union of separate parts, they held that its internal constitution was to be regulated by the nature of the whole, and the hereditary rule of each people. The Dorians' number was three; Homer mentions them as thus divided in Rhodes and in Crete: and the same number meets us every where that we find them. The Ionian primary number was four, each of whose units being divided into three gave a sum of twelve, which number was to be found in Achæa, their original country, in their colonies in Asia, and in the Attic Trittyes. We have two lists of the Achæan towns, one given by Herodotus (i. 145), the other by Polybius (ii. 41), in which, though the sum total is the same, namely twelve, the names of the individual towns do not correspond. This is easily explained, by recollecting that Egæ and Rhypes, which appear in the list given by the former historian, had sunk into insignificance, while Leontium and Kerynea, which Polybius names in their stead, had grown into

importance, and, therefore, justly and naturally taken their place; the political wisdom of the Greeks being as it would appear of a different kind from that of our own sapient legislators, who could never be brought to see the equity of transferring the political rights of Gattion and Old Sarum to Leeds and Birmingham. In Asia, though Smyrna early became Ionian and left the original twelve towns far behind in wealth and reputation, it could never get a place in the union (no vacancy having occurred) until the ancient prejudice gave way, and it was admitted as a thirteenth town. In like manner thirty was the Latin number; we meet it in the Roman tribes, in the Alban towns, and in every re-modification of the Latin state, though the names of the towns are not always identical, and thus the enigma is easily and simply solved.

The numerical principle conducts Mr. Niebuhr to some curious discoveries respecting the Hernicans, a people who were, seven years after the Latins, joined in alliance with them and the Romans, and on the same terms. The Hernicans were of Sabellian race, and that *four* was the Sabellian number is thus shown: the cohorts of both the Hernicans and the Samnites contained each 400 men; their regular army of 16,000 was composed of four legions each of 4000 men; the army which the Samnites sent to the defence of Palæopolis consisted, as we are told by the historian, who was ignorant of their military regulations, of 4,000 men; that was plainly a legion. The Marsian confederacy was composed of four peoples, and that just so many went to the formation of that of the Samnites is nearly proved by the number of their legions. Thence our author confidently asserts that every free Sabellian people must have been divided four-wise, and, consequently, the Hernicans, which he considers to be proved by the notice of the 1000 colonists sent to Antium, the joint conquest of the three combined nations; for there 400 Hernicans represented the four Sabine stocks just as the 300 Romans did the three tribes of the houses, and the 300 Latins the three *decuriæ* of the Latin towns, each Hernican receiving of course but three-fourths of the lot of a Roman or a Latin. He even ventures to conjecture that the number *twelve*, which so frequently occurs in Roman affairs, may have owed its origin to the union in Rome between the Latins and Sabines, and the combination of their fundamental numbers three and four, and that hence the introduction of the year of twelve months was ascribed to Numa. Four then being the Sabellian number, the towns of the Hernicans must have been either 4, 16, or 40; they were, we know, more than the first, and the notice that 47 towns took part in the celebration of the Latin *Ferix*, is decisive for the second; the only question being whether they were the 30 Latin towns, the 16 Hernican

and Rome, or whether the Hernican capital, *Dives Anagnia*, bore the same relation to the 16 inferior towns, as Alba to the 30 Latin ones. We thus see what has been gained for history by this attention to numbers, namely, an additional proof of the Sabelian origin of the Hernicans, and a satisfactory account of their number and power, which entitled them to an alliance on equal terms with Rome and Latium.

The nature of the political constitution of Latium is a question of no slight importance, for all the nations which Rome encountered in Italy were confederations, and the uniformity which runs through the fundamental forms of the Italian peoples, justifies us in assuming, that if the constitution of the Latins is ascertained, we have a key to those of all the others. We are, then, to inquire, did the Latins form, like the Achæans, one single and undivided state? or was their union similar to that of the Seven United Provinces, or the United States of North America? so that when the deputies of the towns met to consult, they were not furnished with full powers, as the final determination remained with the senates of the different towns which had sent them? The manner in which the number of the towns is given might lead to this last view, but its untenability appears at once from a consideration of the manner in which the Roman and Latin soldiers were united in the *manipuli* or companies. Each manipulus consisted of 60 men and 2 captains, that is, of 2 centuries, each of 30 men, commanded by its centurion. As Tarquin the Proud had, in order to form a close union between the two states, directed that each manipulus of the combined army should be composed of a century of each nation, it is evident that the Latin century, like the Roman, consisted of 30 men, and as the Roman century was formed by each of the 30 tribes sending a man to it, so the Latin century consisted of a man from each of the 30 towns of the union; hence, then, it follows that the Latins were distributed into classes like the Romans, and that each class sent the same number of centuries into the field, and consequently, though the bond of union between the Latin towns was not by any means so close as that among the Roman tribes, it was such as to constitute Latium a single state.

In a confederation like Latium, the national diets form a prominent subject of consideration; and the discussion of this point also serves to throw light on the general political forms of Italy. It appears, then, that, as in the original Rome, in the colonies, and in the *municipia*, the senate of each Latin town consisted of 100 members divided into 10 *decuriæ*, each of which sent its head, or decurion, to the general diet of the nation, which was held at the well and grove of Ferentina, in the valley under the present Ma-

rino. Each city, therefore, sending 10 deputies, the national congress consisted, like the senate of Rome when the three original towns were united, of 300 members. Like the Roman *curiæ* and the plebeian tribes, the Latin towns were divided into classes, originally of different rank and importance; and hence we hear so often of the *decem principes*, who were sent on embassies and employed on other important affairs;—these were evidently deputies of a class corresponding to the *Ramnes* at Rome. The 300 deputies alone did not compose the national assembly; we read of the concourse of the people to the diets of the Latins, the Hernicans and the Volscians. These were not drawn thither by mere curiosity, or by the attractions of the fairs which were always held on these occasions: they went to exercise their sovereign rights,—for the decrees of the national council were of no more effect without the presence of the people and its confirmation of them, than those of the Roman senate upon laws, or war, or peace, till adopted by the centuries. The *ecclesia* of the Greek confederations was of a similar nature; the people from the different towns attended it in great numbers, and every person, who was privileged to speak in the assembly in his own town, was at liberty to get up and deliver his sentiments there; but as in their own towns the votes were taken by phylæ or tribes, and not by single voices, so at the national assembly they were taken by towns, otherwise the inhabitants of the place (if a large one) where the diet was held would have had an overwhelming majority; the same was the case at Rome, where such members of a tribe, whose *region* lay at a distance from the city, as were present, had their full weight in the assembly, the voting being by tribes; both in Greece and Rome the assemblies were, properly speaking, representative. Such, also, were the diets of the Latins, the Volscians, Hernicans, and Samnites.

Each town of the Latin confederacy had its chief magistrate, called a *Dictator*, and as the national senate was formed from those of the several towns, so analogy leads to the inference that one of these was invested with that dignity for the entire state, just as one of the petty kings of the twelve Tuscan towns was regarded as the head of the nation. This is all that may be collected with any certainty on this point; it is quite fruitless to inquire whether all the towns, or only some, and which, were entitled to this honour, and whether the office was conferred by election or taken by rotation. When the Latins reformed their state, after the capture of Rome by the Gauls, they appointed, probably in imitation of the Roman consuls, two prætors to command their armies, but in all the preceding period the dictator was the civil and military head of the nation. He alone could offer the sacrifice on the

Alban Mount, and preside over the *Feria Latinae*; and it was the Latin dictator who concluded the alliance with Rome in the consulate of Sp. Cassius, which last, we may observe, alone swore to the treaty at Rome, evidently because his colleague was gone to do the same among the Latins—a convincing proof, if such were wanted, of the perfect equality and independence of the two nations at the time—though Livy tells us that the cause of his absence was an expedition against the Volscians.

The treaty of alliance with Latium, which existed on the original brass plate in the days of Cicero and Macer, and a considerable portion of whose contents is given by Dionysius, affords our author an occasion of discussing the important subjects of the colonies, the Isopolity, the municipia, and the *jus Latinum*, or Latin rights.

Colonization is the result of over-populousness or of internal feuds in a state, or it results from views of commerce or of territorial acquisition. Most of the Grecian colonies owe their origin to the first three of these causes, those of the Romans were occasioned by the last, which, with the preceding one, has been the cause of the sending forth of colonies from modern Europe. A Grecian colony was essentially distinct from a Roman one. When any of the assigned causes made a portion of the population of a Greek town quit their country, they always fixed on some distant situation, where they either built an entirely new town for themselves, or, exterminating the former inhabitants, seized on their dwellings, reducing such of them as remained in the open country to a state of serfship. In all cases, whether the colony was formed by a decree of the state, and led by an *Oikist* appointed by the government, or retiring before a superior faction, bade a final adieu to the natal soil, it was free and independent, though in the former case it usually retained a dutiful regard and respect for the mother-town, exhibited by marks of deference to such of its inhabitants as were present at its public assemblies and sacrifices, and by inviting an *Oikist* from it when about to send out a colony.\* In this way, for instance, Corcyra was perfectly autonomous and independent of Corinth, and Epidamnus of Corcyra. The Roman colony was of a totally different character; its definition is, “A society led at one time and together to some certain place in which there are houses, there to live under certain civil relations; they may be either citizens or aliens, sent out by a decree of their own state, or of the people to which they belong, in order to have a common existence; but not such as have departed on account of internal feuds.” This definition evidently

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\* Thuc. i. 24, 25.

excluded all gradual settlements, and also such as those afterwards formed in Cisalpine Gaul, and in more remote countries in which there were no walled towns of which to take possession, and only applied to the original Roman, or, properly speaking, Italian colony.

A Roman colony was, as Dionysius frequently calls it, a *garrison*. When a town, such as Fidenæ or Antium, was conquered, and the Romans wished to keep it in obedience, and at the same time provide for a portion of their own citizens, they passed a decree for leading thither a colony. A third part of their lands was taken from the old inhabitants and given to the colonists, who were to form the *populus* of the place, and who had therefore a third, or more probably, the whole of the public land. The government was altogether in the hands of the colonists; they formed the senate, and exercised all public offices; they were to the original inhabitants what the patricians were to the plebeians at Rome. Those who had been deprived of their property and civil rights by the settlement of a colony among them, cannot be supposed to have always acquiesced with cheerfulness in the new order of things; hence we read so frequently in the early history of what are absurdly called revolts of the colonies; for it could hardly ever have been the colonists who cast off their allegiance. They were insurrections of the old inhabitants, who either expelled or massacred the colonists settled among them. There could have been scarcely any kind feeling between the two parties, for, from the nature of the Roman law and customs at that time, there was at most a *commercium*, certainly no *connubium*, between them.

The colonists were not merely sent to keep conquered towns in obedience, they were occasionally placed in such towns as were depopulated, or from being near the frontiers, or at a distance from Rome, were too weak to defend themselves. This took place frequently at the request of the former colonists, who did not find themselves sufficiently strong to keep down the old inhabitants, or to oppose the invading enemies; though they thereby lost a portion of the land of which they enjoyed the possession, as assignments had to be made to the new comers.

We are informed by Gellius, that the colonies (that is the ancient ones) were Rome in miniature. Now in the original Rome, each curia had its distinct portion of land, consisting of 200 *jugera*; for the tradition was that each curia of the days of Romulus contained 100 able-bodied men, each of whom received two *jugera*, on which he raised corn and fruit for his family; his cattle fed on the public land. Just so in the colonies, each man's lot was two *jugera*, and as the legal number of colonists to be sent to any place was 300, the lots of 100, or a third of them, made

a century. They were the *populus*, the old inhabitants being the commonalty, and the senate, probably consisting of but thirty members, was formed out of them. The instance most parallel to an ancient Roman colony, which modern times presents, was the Venetian colony in Candia, which was precisely Venice in miniature, even to the doge; the colonies formed in Syria by the crusaders also presented a somewhat similar appearance, for the kingdom of Jerusalem was modelled entirely on the feudal regulations of Europe; and the circumstance of the several distinct settlements within the walls of Acre, leads Mr. Niebuhr to a conjecture that the colonists sent to Antium by the three allied nations, may not have united and dwelt intermingled, but have formed three distinct tribes, with each its region or separate land. He also suspects, that of the three towns which he conceives to have been the origin of Rome, Roma and Quirium may have been colonies of the allied Albans and Sabines, and the Luceres, a conquered people, or one allied with them on terms of inequality. It is, finally, to be observed, that the English colonies in America present no resemblance to those of Rome, whereas those of the Spaniards have some similarity with them.

This treaty with the Latins, for an acquaintance with which we are almost solely indebted to the copiousness of Dionysius, Livy giving but a single line to it, taken, perhaps, from the dry notice of some annalist, informs us also that the Latins were admitted to an *Isopolity* with the Romans. To understand what Dionysius meant to express by this term, we must have recourse to the Cretan inscriptions, which still exist, and have been published by Reinesius. As these treaties bear date not very long before the time when he wrote, they may be regarded as giving the exact sense of the term in his age, and this writer was, we know, extremely careful in his choice of words. According to these monuments, *Isopolity* was a relation established between two independent towns, which secured to the citizen of the one rights in the other, which the *Metæcus*, or sojourner, could either not exercise at all, or only through a patron; these were *Epigamy*, or the right of intermarriage, the right of acquiring landed property and of entering into contracts of every kind, of appearing personally either as plaintiff or defendant in courts of justice, the same exemption from tolls as was enjoyed by the native citizen, finally, participation in the sacrifices and festivals. He was not, however, allowed any share in the popular assembly, and was of course ineligible to any of the offices of the state. The *Cosmus*, or chief magistrate, of one Cretan town was permitted to enter the senate-house of an allied one in order to transact there the affairs of his own town with the government; he had a

seat in the popular assembly near the magistrates, and a seat, without a vote, in the senate. We thus see that the Isopolity, which it was necessary to secure by treaty, among the small independent states of antiquity, was what in modern times is enjoyed as a matter of course by any person who chooses to leave his own country and go to reside in another. The locomotive powers of man are in this respect greatly enlarged beyond doubt.

The citizen of a state not in alliance with another state might obtain all the advantages of Isopolity by entering into the relation called *Proxeny*, or Public Hospitality. They were also enjoyed by the citizens of such states as by *Sympolity* had become the subjects of a more powerful one—Eleutheræ and Oropus, for example, of Athens. The general name which included all these distinct relations was *Isotely*, so named from the payment of taxes, and sustaining of public burdens equally with the original citizens. Some of the greatest ornaments of the state were only *Isoteles*. Such, for example, was the orator Lysias, whose genuine patriotism stands in such brilliant contrast to the positive disloyalty of Xenophon, and the lukewarmness (to say no worse of it) of Plato, who was born, and died, and discharged all the duties of a citizen at Athens, yet the malignant Timæus could taunt him with not being an Athenian, because his family had come from Syracuse. The word *Isotely*, we must observe, though it included Isopolity, Sympolity, and Proxeny, was not synonymous with any of them; a metæcus could obtain Isotely, and thus free himself from the necessity of being represented by a patron, be entitled to acquire landed property, &c. and yet he stood after those in the former three classes, in point of rank.

The words in the Latin language which answered to *Isoteles* and *Isotely* were *Municeps* and *Municipium*, words derived from *Munus* by the luxuriant terminations of the Latin language, and not by any composition with *capio*, *capessere*, or *caput*. The word *Munus* signified a tax or public contribution; *Municeps* was the person paying it; *Municipium* was the *right* of a municeps, and not the *place*, as it came afterwards to signify; for as *Municipium* was transferred from the right to the object, so *municipium* gradually passed from the right to the totality of those possessing it. The word *municeps* experienced a contrary fate from *Isoteles*, for while the use of this last was extended at Athens, the former was restricted at Rome and confined to the Isopolites, Sympolites, and Proxeni, the real *Isoteles* being classed with the *Atimi* and placed among the *Ærarians*.

We find three different definitions of *municipium* corresponding to the different stages of meaning through which the word passed. The first and most ancient is, “a *municipium* is that

sort of people who, when they came to Rome, without being Roman citizens, became partakers of all rights and burdens, except those of voting and of bearing office." Such, it is added, were the Fundani, the Formiani, the Lanuvini, Tusculani, &c. Another definition, preserved by the same compiler (*Pestus*), giving the Campanian towns as examples, says, that the country of such *municipes* should be essentially distinct from the Roman people. This relation, it is plain, fully answered to the *Isopolity* of the Greeks: that *proxeny* was not unknown to the Romans of the fourth century is proved by the case of *Timasitheus*, with whom the state entered into this relation. Mr. Niebuhr, though he does not of course lay much stress on it, remarks the circumstance in the legend of *Coriolanus* of his being admitted to the councils of all the Volscian towns, which so strongly resembles the right of the Cretan *Cosmi* above-mentioned, that it is probably a trait of ancient tradition, and no arbitrary fiction. There were, moreover, two places by the *Comitium* at Rome, namely, the *Stationes Municipiorum* and the *Græcostasis*, and as *municipium* signified the totality of the *municipes*, the former may have been the same as the places assigned to the *Cosmi* of the allied towns of Crete.

The second definition of *municipium* says, that it is those whose entire state had been united to that of Rome: such were the Aricinians, the Carites, and the Anagninians. The third definition terms *municipes* those who belonged to towns or colonies which had become part of the Roman state, as *municipia*; such were the Tiburtines, Nolans, Prænestines, Pisans, &c. These two last definitions are obscure in consequence of their being merely extracts, but the examples which are subjoined give the explanation of them. In the former we may observe the Carites and the Anagninians, the former the model of *municipes* without a right to the civic honours; the latter were, by way of punishment, reduced to the rank of subjects, and given the name of Roman citizens. The towns which are mentioned in the last definition were partly Latin colonies, partly Italian towns, which by the Julian and subsequent laws were made *municipia* in that sense of the word which became the prevalent one. The towns in the former class were in a state of dependent *sympolity*, but all the rights of *isotely* in Rome were secured to their inhabitants; those in the latter were in a state of equal *sympolity*, though with a complete sacrifice of their independence; and the more correct definition, Mr. Niebuhr thinks would be, "towns and Latin colonies, whose citizens were so united with those of Rome that they possessed the most valuable rights, were received into the Roman rural tribes, were entitled to vote and to be chosen to office." It is plain that the word *Municeps*, in its original sense,

was no longer applicable, but the Romans loved, as the instances *Quirites*, *Populus*, *Plébs*, *Latinus*, show, to retain old words with altered significations.

In Greece, the isopolite who settled in any town was never counted among the citizens, for he belonged to no tribe or phratría; in Italy the municeps had his assigned place among the citizens; the class to which he belonged at Rome was the *Ærarians*. The citizen of one state might thus become a citizen of an allied one without any formal act of adoption, and merely by taking up his residence in it, or expressing his intention so to do. This is proved by and explains the practice of *exile*, which is too generally taken to mean what it does not, that is, banishment, a thing unknown to the Roman law. Exile was a right enjoyed by the citizens of towns which stood in the municipal relation to each other: it signified a renunciation of civic rights at home by using that of the municipium. Thus the Roman could exile himself to Tusculum, and the Tusculan to Rome. A principal use which was made of this right at Rome was by those who had given bail to stand their trial before the tribunal of the people, and who feared a condemnation. Such a person might, before the sentence was fully passed, that is, before the last tribe had voted, withdraw himself from the judgment 'by *exile*, that is, by using his right of municipium, and thereby becoming a citizen of another state, and of course no longer amenable to Roman law. All that was requisite was, that he should select some place which stood in an isopolitic relation to Rome; perfect equality was not necessary; the anecdote told of Papirius Cursor (Livy, ix. 16,) shows how completely subject Præneste was to Rome, Neapolis was tributary to her, and yet a Roman might exile himself to either of these places.

A Roman citizen, who exercised his right of municipium and settled in another town, did not thereby lose his right of returning to Rome whenever he pleased; it is by no means unlikely that he was allowed to resume his place in his tribe by *postliminio*, at all events he could become, like any other municeps, an *Ærarius*. Might not then the Roman who had withdrawn himself from a judicial sentence by using his right of *exilium*, come back a Tiburtine or a Prænestine, and mock at the government? Doubtless he might, if no further provision had been made against it; but an effectual bar was set to such a consequence by the *interdictio aquâ et igni*; he might stay at Rome if he liked, or come to Rome, but he was, as it were, excommunicated, and an outlaw there. It was this ban, and not a sentence of banishment, which was removed when an exile was recalled.

The Latin language, rich in legal terms, could hardly have wanted a word to express the condition of a person in the place which he had selected as his *exilium*. We accordingly find that he was called *inquilinus*—a word Mr. Niebuhr thinks evidently derived from an Oscan term, *inquit*. Hence the Catiline of Sallust styles Cicero an *inquilinus civis*, as if Arpinum was still a municipium distinct from the republic.

The principle of isopolity or municipium affords the means of solving, perhaps, the greatest enigma which occurs in the whole compass of ancient history, namely, the extraordinary rise and fall of the numbers given as those of the *Census*, taken in the first century of the republic; and whose genuineness is put beyond question by the very circumstance of their apparent absurdity and improbability. \* The average of these numbers is about 130,000, either grown males, or those capable of bearing arms; adding an equal number for strangers and slaves, the entire population must have been 650,000, a number which it is utterly impossible could ever have procured subsistence on the scanty Roman territory, which only extended from Crustumenia to Ostia. The average which we have given was the number of the last census before the year 280; yet these 130,000 men of military age, besides the strangers and slaves, were near being shut up within the walls and starved by the Veientians, who had been so hard pressed a little before by the single Fabian gens; again, the census taken a short time previous to the battle at the Allia, gave 152,500 *capita*; and yet, including the Proletarians and *Ætarians*, and all the old men under sixty years of age, there were but 28,000 Romans in that battle, and after the dispersion of that army, there did not remain any one to defend the walls; and, stranger still, in 289, the census gave but 104,000 *capita*; in 291, a dreadful pestilence raged, which swept away a third of the population; then came several years of most unsuccessful warfare, in which the Romans were slain or made slaves by thousands, and yet the census of 294 gives 117,000 *capita*!

The account of the great Cisalpine war gives the key which uncloses all these mysterious contradictions; here, where the number of those capable of bearing arms exactly corresponds with the census of that time, we find the Campanians, that is, the people of Capua and their *Peruuci*, named with the Romans; so that they are to be understood in like manner in all the enumerations preserved by Livy from the time of the Samnite war, and probably not they alone, but all those states which enjoyed isopolity with Rome. Velleius says, that at this time citizenship without suffrage was given to the Campanians, and to a portion of the Samnites. The numbers 130,000 and 250,000, given as

the census for the time of Alexander the Great may be easily explained, by supposing the former to have been the last taken before the commencement of his reign—the latter, that of the year 418, when those peoples entered into isopolity with the Romans. Applying this principle to the third century, we see that the rise and fall of the census-numbers does not indicate the increase or diminution of the Roman people, but the state of its external relations. We certainly cannot from them make an accurate estimate of the strength of Rome, and of the number of allies on whom she might count, for the isopolitic relation was frequently entered into with states which were at too great a distance to aid in war; the second Q. Fabius, for example, was married to the daughter of a man of rank at Maluentum (*Beneventum*), with which town there must consequently have been isopolity, and the Massiliotes were included in the census of the year 362. Still a knowledge of this practice clears up many difficulties in the external relations of Rome, and serves to augment our confidence in the contents of the annals.

The political condition of the Swiss cantons, and of the free German cities of the middle ages, furnishes Mr. Niebuhr, who is a thorough German, with terms by which to express the external relations of the states of antiquity, such as are unattainable in any modern language but that which he employs, unless the Italian forms in some cases an exception. Thus he finds that the isopolite who continued to reside in his own country was exactly what the Swiss called an *Ausbürger* (*out-burgher*) of the town with which his own had isopolity; but when he exercised his right and wish to reside in that town, he became a *Pfahlbürger* (*pale-burgher*) of it. The acquisition of these terms saves him from the necessity of circumlocution, and gives another instance of the advantage to be derived by the historian from a survey of similar states of society. In effect, the history of ancient Greece and Rome cannot be written by any one who is not intimately acquainted with those of Switzerland, the Italian republics, and the free towns of Germany. No writer, as far as we can recollect, has ever so fully shown the necessity of this external knowledge, or the great advantages which may be derived from it, as Niebuhr, and this is one of his greatest merits.

Two of the most important rights which one state of antiquity could confer on the citizens of another, were the *connubium* and the *communium*, or the right of intermarriage and of acquiring landed property. The former was considered the higher and more honourable distinction, and yet it could be exercised by the *out-burgher*; whereas to enjoy the last, he must become a *pale-burgher* at Rome. Thus Pacuvius Calacius, of Capua, was

married to a Claudia, and had one of his own daughters married at Rome, without leaving his own country, but he could not acquire a single *jugerum* of land at Rome by purchase, inheritance, or otherwise, without going to live there. The reason was simple,—the tribute was levied according to persons, and not objects; consequently, if any landowner was an absentee, there was so much lost to the republic.

It was the custom of the ancients to represent rights as events: hence the tale may be false, the practice which it illustrates true. The Horatii and Curiatii were first cousins; previous to the battle at the Regillus, permission was given to the women who had married into the opposite nation to quit their husbands and return to their families; the daughter of the last Tarquin was married to the Latin dictator Mamilius; and in the lately recovered fragments of Diodorus Siculus we find that on one occasion the soldiers of the Roman and Latin armies turned their weapons against each other with mournful hearts, as so many of them were allied on account of the *connubium* which existed between the two nations. The two last instances are historic, the two former, though not such, are good evidence for the existence of a custom; altogether they completely overturn the opinion of there having existed no *connubium* between the Romans and the proper Latins. The early Latins had undoubtedly the fullest rights of isopolity with Rome. It is not, however, to them that the *Jus Latii* of Roman jurisprudence belonged, but to a new Latium which was formed beyond the Po. The Transpadane country was filled with a mixed population, speaking the Latin language; their towns were faithful to Rome, but they advanced a claim to some privileges; they were accordingly raised to the rank of Latin colonies, without any colonists being sent to them. The great advantage of this to them was, that all who filled public offices in them became *ipso facto* Roman citizens; but this honour was confined to them. This lesser Latium had no *connubium* with Rome, and when we read of the *Jus Latii* being communicated to freedmen, this is always the Latium which is meant.

Such is a sketch of some of the important inquiries and results to which the account of the alliance with Latium concluded by the consul Sp. Cassius, preserved by Dionysius, has given birth. A still more remarkable act of this consul, and one to which we are, in fact, indebted for the Roman History under consideration, is the Agrarian law introduced by him, which cost him his life. As the true nature of the Roman Agrarian laws is but little understood, and as we find here a striking instance of the manner in which the institutions of countries even the most remote will cast

light upon each other, we shall explain the process by which Niebuhr, who is the *first* modern who has really and fully known the nature of the Domain and the laws respecting it at Rome, arrived at his knowledge, and show what his conceptions of them are.

The sense in which Agrarian law has long been universally understood, is that of a disposition over the landed property of the citizens of a state, setting a limit to it, and giving to those who have none what others have beyond it. Such was the regulation of Cleomenes at Sparta,—such was the division of land which was clamoured for by the anarchists at the time of the French revolution,—such is what mob-reformers have in view in every country.

“ But when this word might be used in its proper sense—in the case of the unfeeling exercise of the most rigorous right of property against precarious possessors, who cultivate pieces of land handed down to them from their forefathers, then no one thinks of it; and the avaricious landlord who depopulates a village, because he views in the land a property of which he may dispose as seems most for his interest, will, if the name of the Gracchi should be known to him, condemn their Agrarian law as an abomination.”

Not a single one of those who have written on the history and institutions of Rome since the restoration of letters, has had any other idea than that what the tribunes proposed was to limit landed property to 500 jugera, and to distribute the surplus among the poor. Both Macchiavelli and Montesquieu, the one the native of an ever-changing republic, the other the subject of a lethargic inanimate monarchy, had this idea of an Agrarian law, and viewed with complacency the convulsions requisite for bringing it into operation. The great convulsion at length arrived in France, and the Gracchi and the Agrarian law were babbled about in all quarters. Heyne (a man rather underrated at present) wrote in 1793 a *Programma*, showing that it was only the public land which the tribunes had in view when they brought in their laws, and different writers, following him, in narratives of the Gracchian commotions, acquitted the two brothers of the charge of having any design against property. Niebuhr in early youth was convinced by this essay of Heyne, but, as he tells us, was thrown by it into a most painful state of mind; he saw clearly that the old hypothesis was utterly untenable, but there was a difficulty in the new one which he could not get over. It was this. Appian, who derived his materials from Posidonius, a most accurate and well-informed writer, asserts, that a fixed portion of the crop was paid off the domain-lands, whereas Plutarch says, that they were let to the highest bidder, and that the rich by out-bidding got all the lots to themselves. But then, thought Mr. Niebuhr, a rich

man can néver pay so much rent for a small piece of land as the peasant who cultivates it with his own hands, (our political economists, we believe, think differently,) and how could the enormous domains be let out in small parcels? Again: had leasing been the practice, nothing would be easier than to bring things back to their original state the instant an honest censor examined the register. But, farther, the lease was only for a *lustrum*, whereas, when the public land is in question, we hear of *possession* by purchase or inheritance for centuries. Now possession and hiring are contradictory terms.

In this state of perplexity he continued for years; at length—

“ Via prima salutis,  
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe,”—

he saw in the institutions of India the living images of the Roman *possessio*, *vectigal*, and the mode of leasing. In India the prince is the sole owner of the soil: he can, when he pleases, resume the lands which are cultivated by the ryot, who nevertheless inherits them and disposes of them. He pays as rent a greater or a smaller portion of the produce in kind, and this is sold or leased out by the state to the zemindar, except in such districts where it has been bestowed on temples and pious foundations, or settled for life on clients and servants. This institution is not by any means peculiar to India; it once extended to all Asia; it prevailed in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs; the tetrarchs of Syria were zemindars who usurped the rank of princes like those of Bengal, since what Mr. Niebuhr regards, with the greatest justice, as a most disastrous measure, but which was done with the best intentions by the Marquis Cornwallis. In like manner the Agrarian law was not peculiar to Rome: it was the law of the whole Italian peninsula, and even in some respects extended beyond it.

The *Ager Publicus* at Rome was a part of the *publicum* or property of the *populus*. This last consisted of a great variety of objects both productive and unproductive, and of incomes, such as tolls, taxes, tributes, &c. The unproductive property consisted of buildings of all kinds, sacred and profane, of squares, roads, streets: hence *prodire in publicum*, to leave one's house (which was private property) and go into the street. Of the productive property there was a part such as mines, quarries, and salt-works, of which the state kept the entire produce to itself, except the portion which was of necessity left to the farmer; another part was given to the citizens for their individual advantage, with a reservation of a certain portion by way of rent. The cultivable land came under this last head. The rent required by the Roman government was a tenth of the produce of corn-land, a fifth of

that of vineyards and orchards, as they required much less outlay and labour, and for the same reason a fifth of the young, the cheese, and the wool of the cattle which fed on the public pastures. The profit which the state thus derived from its *ager* was called *fructus*, from *fruo*; the advantage enjoyed by the individual on paying that rent was termed *usus*, the object of it was called *possessio*. The state did not directly collect these rents, for it was the custom at Rome to farm out all the public incomes, except the tribute and the fines. These rents in kind were accordingly let, or rather sold by auction, for the term of a *lustrum*, usually for money, but for so much a year, and not for a sum paid down, and thus the expression of Plutarch noticed above becomes easily intelligible: it was the public rents, not the land, that the rich got by their high bidding. The money-rent thus paid was termed *vectigal*.

Portions of the public land held under these conditions were termed *possessions*: the person holding them a *possessor*. His tenure was precarious, the state might resume at will; his was the *usus*, the republic had the *fructus*, and the right of property. Yet as there was no reason for dispossessing him who delivered the *fructus* regularly, such pieces of land were as much the subjects of sale and inheritance as were the objects of actual property. Possessions in the public lands were acquired originally by *occupation*: the corresponding term on the part of the state was *concession*. But we are not to suppose that any one who pleased was at liberty to go and *squat* on the public land: this would have produced endless confusion and violence. We learn from Appian that the citizens were formally invited by the government to take possession of such tracks as were waste; he does not state the precise mode, but no doubt it took place with regularity and order. The land thus conceded became, as we have said, capable of sale and inheritance; but it never could become property by *usucapio*. This, as numerous instances show, was not available against the state, which might otherwise, through the neglect of its officers, have lost the greater part of its property. As these possessions in the public land had not the same security against fraud and encroachment which *limitation*, or the regular marking out of boundaries, gave to the land which was assigned by the state as property, and landmarks might be removed while the possessor was absent in war or elsewhere, the state took them under its protection, and the prætor, by the interdict *uti possidetis*, gave satisfaction to any one whose possessions had been diminished by fraud or violence.

Fully to comprehend the nature of the public land and the mode of acquiring it, we must recollect our author's view of the

origin of Rome, which was formed out of the three adjacent towns Roma, Quirium, and Lucerum, each of which had its lots of two jugera for each family, and its common pasture, for the enjoyment of which an annual rent was paid to the public treasury. As the three first kings of Rome represent three different conditions—Romulus, that when Roma was alone—Numa, when it was joined with Quirium—Tullus, when Lucerum formed an integral portion of the state—and as assignments of lands are among the first acts of these kings' reigns, Mr. Niebuhr sees in them a representation of the law which made all Quiritarian property to proceed from the state, and in accordance with which, communities which became a part of the Roman state, surrendered their lands and received them back at the hands of the republic. The original *populus* of Rome, that is, the three patrician tribes, had therefore, contrary to what Livy says, *bonâ fide* landed property: and not merely this, but all that had been acquired previously to the formation of the Plebs, was exempt from the operation of any subsequent Agrarian law.

We are now then to see what was that *Ager Publicus*, which was the subject of dispute in the period of which we treat.

The people of the combined Rome early began to make conquests in the adjacent country, and it was the national law of Italy, that a conquered people should make a full and unconditional surrender of themselves and their property, both public and private, to the victor. Often, also, to obtain a peace, a town surrendered a part, usually a third, of its public land. Hence, then, in the time of her early kings, Rome had acquired a good deal of land. A part of this land was frequently given back to the former occupants at a rent, or bestowed on colonists; but another portion, especially where there were vineyards and oliveyards, which could not be divided, and to the enjoyment of which no Roman citizens could show any exclusive claim, must have been sold for the advantage of the state. What remained we might expect to have been divided as property among the citizens; but as this did not take place, we are to suppose that it was in consequence of a principle which required that it should be equally divided among the *curiæ*, and these having become in course of time of unequal magnitude, it would not have been fair that the member of a small *curia* should have a larger share than he who belonged to a populous one. Hence, then, may have arisen the practice of granting *possessions* in the domains to such individuals as required them, and thus the man of wealth and power, if his clients were numerous, had the means of providing for them, by taking a portion of the public land, which he divided in small lots among them; but as his own possession was

precarious against the state, so was that of his clients against himself; all were mere tenants at will. As we have already seen, the rent paid to the state was a tythe or tenth of the produce, and with this tythe and the proceeds of the sale of lands, it seems probable the great public works of the kings were carried into execution.

When the Plebs was formed at Rome, and as the infantry of the army had a share in the victories by which land was won, it was but just that they should have a share in what was gained. The practice of *assignation*, or of giving lots of 7 jugera a-piece to the plebeians was then adopted. These lots were absolute fee-simple property, subject to no rent whatever; liable, however, to the taxes laid on according to the census, from which possessions in the domain, as they were supposed to pay a rent, were exempt. The plebeians had, moreover, a right of grazing on the public pastures, but they had no claim to possession, as the patricians had none to assignation.

The landed property of the Roman state was therefore thus divided at the commencement of the republic. The patricians had their original property in and about the city; they had all the public lands at a rent of a tenth of the produce, subject to no other imposition; the plebeians had their lots of 7 jugera in property, but subject to taxes. Had the patricians acted with justice, this state of things might have continued without perhaps any great detriment; but though, on the expulsion of the tyrant, they divided the crown lands among the plebeians, in order to cut them off from a reconciliation with him, they refused a portion of what had been gained since the time of Servius for assignation, though it was never more wanted, as the ten regions beyond the Tiber had been lost, and, consequently, a great part of the people were destitute of land. But they did not stop even here; they refused, now they had the government in their own hands, to pay any tythes, and thus threw all the expenses of the state on the plebeians. To remedy these evils, to make the due proportion of the public land be assigned as plebeian property, and a just rent be paid by the holders of the remainder, was the object of what are called the Agrarian laws of ancient Rome, which were surely any thing but unjust, and the nature of which Mr. Niebuhr has the merit of having been the first to show clearly and satisfactorily.

Our readers will, we trust, be able from what precedes, to form some conception of the nature of the valuable matter contained in this volume of the Roman History. We regret that our limits compel us to stop at this point, when we would gladly relate the result of his inquiries on the legislation of the Decemvirs and other important subjects. Small as our remaining space is, we

cannot refrain from displaying the nobleness of Niebuhr's sentiments, his love of truth and justice, by extracting a passage from his *Kleine Schriften*, in which he vindicates the character of the Athenians under the democracy. Like Mr. Niebuhr, we are decidedly hostile to that form of government, but we have never been able to divest ourselves of an admiration for the Athenian people, and with all their faults (and they were many) we would rather have passed our lives among them than with the Dorians, so lauded for their *mummy state* of non-improvement by K. O. Müller. Hallam well asks, who would not rather have been a citizen of Florence than a subject of the Visconti at Milan? and who worthy of the name of man would not? We are farther induced to quote the following passage, because an influential journal has been for years representing the democracy of Athens as a perfect Pandemonium, and has even contrasted with it the tranquillity and happiness enjoyed by the slaves of the Persian monarchy, and all this on the authority of the traitor Xenophon, the *incivic* Plato, and the comic poet Aristophanes, whose very element was exaggeration!

"I will not (for they know not what they do) hold accountable for their injustice those who declaim against the Athenians as an incurably light-minded people, and represent their republic as lost beyond hope in the time of Plato. But hence we see how insufficient acquaintance leads to injustice and slander, and why then does not every one ask his conscience, whether he is able to decide upon what is before his eyes? Here too the dæmon of Socrates will not desert the honest man. People may exclaim or express their contempt, but I pray to God to grant to myself, if days of trial should await my old age, and to my children, who assuredly will see such times, but as much self-control, conquest over inclinations, courage in danger, calm perseverance in the consciousness of a noble resolve of which the event was unfortunate, as was exhibited by the Athenian people taken as one man, for with the morality of individuals I have nothing now to do, and he who as an individual is such, and then sins no more in proportion than the Athenians, may look forward to his last hour with composure."

Having then shown the character of the ancient rhetoricians, and vindicated the Athenians from the charge of ingratitude in the case of Paches, Mr. Niebuhr proceeds—

"The fathers and brothers of the thousand who had died like free men at Chæroneæ, who joyfully testified in the sepulchral inscription that they did not repent of their decree—the gods disposed the event, the resolve be the fame of man; who decreed a golden crown to the orator by whose advice they had so unsuccessfully tried the fate of arms and the objects of their love had fallen, without once asking whether the victor might not be thereby offended; the people, who when Alexander from the ruins of Thebes sent to demand the surrender of the patriots,

refused compliance, and preferred to await him before their walls; who while the flatterers and the timid warned them day after day not to provoke him, condemned to death citizens who had purchased slaves who had fallen into the hands of the Macedonians by the conquest of Grecian towns which had been hostile to Athens; the people whose needy members, though the majority in the assembly, renounced the distribution which alone procured them on festival days the luxury of butcher's meat, while they lived all the year round on nothing but olives, herbs and onions, with dry bread and salt fish; who made this sacrifice that that fund might be devoted to sustaining the honour of their country;—that people has my entire heart and my deepest veneration. And when a great man turned away from this noble and docile people, who to be sure did not appear every day in their holiday cloaths, and were not free from sins and infirmities, he met with the justest punishment by falling into the error of attempting to wash a blackamoor white, to convert an incurable *mauvais sujet*, and to set, by means of him, philosophy on the throne in the sink of Syracusan vice and luxury, and into the scarcely inferior folly of seeing a hero and an *ideal* in a madcap so deeply infected by tyranny as Dion. He who thought success possible in this case, and despaired of such a people as the Athenians, was surely far gone in straining at gnats and swallowing camels."

Of a truth the Grecian history also is yet to be written, and Mitford must share the fate of all who worship a lie, and avert their eyes from the fane of truth. "Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving to the spirits of just men," to turn from his cold tyrant-lauding pages, or from the polished imbecility of the Aristophanic journalist above mentioned, to these noble passages of the noble-minded Niebuhr. But it is not merely the vindication of the memory of the illustrious dead, the rectification of our views of ancient history, that we derive from this discussion. All history, like all Scripture, "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction;" and from this picture of the patriotic self-devotion of the Athenians we may derive grounds of consolation and confidence in the present aspect of public affairs in our own country. For if, in a state of heathenism and under a democratic form of government, the lowest and poorest citizens of Athens were capable, at the voice of their great orator, of sacrificing all, of daring the utmost vengeance of the conqueror, in the cause of virtue and justice, why should we for an instant despair of the people of England? why apprehend, in a country where the pure precepts of Christianity are continually inculcated—where the wise and the good have such abundant means of diffusing their knowledge and delivering their warnings and exhortations—where all orders have been from their infancy habituated to an obedience to the laws and a regard for the rights of property—where industry and peacefulness have ever been the

characteristics of the lower orders—where intelligence is spreading more and more every day—why, we say, in such a country apprehend dangers to property or religion from placing the source of legislative power with that portion of the society which contains the far largest portion of the wealth, the virtue, and the intelligence of the nation, that is, with the middle ranks? for let sophistry and declamation say what they will, this is what must be the result of the measure now in contemplation. People, if they please, may call it *revolution*, but it is in reality only what Niebuhr would style the natural development of the constitution, and “it cannot and it will not come to *bad*.” We have confidence in Providence, we have confidence in the good-sense of the people of England, and we hearken to the voice of history, which assures us that evil and destructive measures have never emanated from the people, and that whenever they have acted wrong, they have been deceived by their superiors. Let those who are high in rank and wealth endeavour to maintain a corresponding elevation in virtue and intelligence, and they will find that they have nothing to fear. We would venture any wager, that not ten of the opponents of reform have read and understood the work now under consideration.

But a truce with modern politics! We take a reluctant leave of the immortal work of Niebuhr, almost despairing ever to meet its like, but hoping that the publication of his literary remains will afford us an opportunity of again displaying, however feebly, his transcendent merits and noble qualities.

With the work of Niebuhr we have joined that of Mr. Eisendecker, not so much on account of its excellence, though it contains some good matter, as to give the reader knowledge of its existence and the nature of its contents. It is founded on a work of the Abate Duni, entitled, *Origine e Progressi del Cittadino e del Governo Civile di Roma*, in two volumes, published at Rome in 1763-4. The object of both writers is to show that citizenship was founded on the auspices, both in public and private relations; that the plebeians were not citizens, because they had no auspices; that all their struggles were for a participation in them, the *connubium*, for instance, of which they were so desirous, not being the right of intermarriage with the patricians, but the right of marrying among themselves with auspices. These views are, it is very plain, totally different from those of Niebuhr, and most readers, we should think, will find them much less probable. Every inquirer into the early Roman history should, however, possess the work of Mr. Eisendecker.

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ART. V.—*Dimitrii Zamozvanetz, Istoritcheskii Roman; sotchenenie Thaddeya Bulgarina. Izdanie vtoroe.* (The False Demetrius, an Historical Romance. By Thaddeus Bulgarin. Second Edition.) St. Petersburg. 1830.

WHEN the philosopher of Salisbury first published, among his other philological writings, his historical account of the literature of Russia, the subject seemed sufficiently profound and recondite to be worthy the pen of a professed scholar; for certainly neither Mr. Harris, nor any of his readers, imagined that within far less than a century afterwards the same literature would begin to attract the notice of other countries, and that, too, by works calculated not only to interest the student, but to engage the attention of the literary idler. Many revolutions and changes have taken place since then, both in literature and other matters; nor is it, perhaps, the least singular circumstance that an English foreign reviewer should have to speak of an “historical romance” written in the Russian language. Therefore, although the one we are about to notice is not actually a phenomenon, nor the very first production of its class, in point of date, which has appeared in that country, our readers, it is presumed, will not be displeased with us for entering into some details relative to the author, as well as to this new production of his fertile pen.

With the single exception, perhaps, of Pushkin, M. Bulgarin is at present the most popular of all the living writers of Russia, —popular, not only as regards the favour in which he stands with the public, but also in his style, in the choice of his subjects, and his mode of treating them; and it is, undoubtedly, to the tact he has thus evinced that his success is in a great measure to be ascribed. Hardly can he be said to display any great power or originality; but he possesses talent, cleverness, and industry; while his subjects are of a class calculated to interest a very wide circle of readers, and furnish that species of light-reading which Russia has hitherto imported from other countries. If this home-manufacture is not very remarkable in itself for any peculiar excellence, it deserves at least to be encouraged; and there is, at present every reason to suppose that M. Bulgarin’s example, and the success with which his efforts have been attended, will instigate others to similar literary activity and enterprise. Even by the mere circumstance of exciting public attention so strongly as he has done, this writer has already effected a positive good, having whetted the literary appetite of his countrymen, and thereby created a demand that will doubtless be met by a supply.

Russian literature has hitherto produced very few works indeed, and those few of no great importance in themselves, in the depart-

ment of belles-lettres; the consequence of which is, that for want of due cultivation its prose style does not yet possess that elasticity and manageableness which varied originality alone can bestow upon it. Had Batiushkov continued to employ his pen he would most probably have enriched his native language with some standard work, for his prose essays delight by the elegance of their style; but then they are too much of mere essays and detached pieces to constitute an important contribution to that department in which the literature of his country is so visibly deficient. The same remark applies to the productions of Prince Viazemsky, Glinka, &c., who, whatever intrinsic merit they may possess, have written too little, and too scantily, to advance the interest of letters, or to supply the deficiency we regret. Almost all, in fact, that has hitherto been produced in this department of prose, amounts to no more than contributions to journals, and other minor subjects executed at one or two sittings, whose brevity precludes the degree of interest requisite to make any impression on the public by the display of sustained power. Such things are so dwarfish and stunted, as to give no very favourable idea of the soil where we hardly meet with aught else than plants of this miniature growth. Poetical works, too, have latterly greatly dwindled down in point of bulk from the standard of former years, so as to become mere scraps and sketches; which ominous system of retrenchment has been perversely indulged in by Pushkin, (in some degree the originator of it,) who instead of concentrating his talents in some undertaking of at least tolerable magnitude, has preferred exhibiting his versatility and—his indolence.

In such a state of literary inactivity, we cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance that Bulgarin should have applied himself to a species of composition affording sufficient extent of canvas to enable us to judge of the original objects, and to take in a satisfactory view of more than one or two detached figures. After being fed so long by only mouthfuls at a time, as to feel cloyed by mere tasting, at the same time that we experience the sufferings of inanition, it becomes a luxury to sit down to a substantial meal, even if not to a banquet.

The preceding remarks will not, we hope, be deemed either irrelevant or superfluous, as we ourselves consider them necessary in order to point out the peculiar circumstances from which the labours of this writer derive an extrinsic value arising from the influence they are likely to produce. Concerning M. Bulgarin himself we shall now give a few particulars from an autograph memoir in our possession; which may be the more acceptable, both on that account, and as no biographical memoranda relative to him have appeared in any other publication, either English or

foreign. Although he may now be regarded as belonging entirely to Russia, Thaddeus Bulgarin is by birth a Pole, and was born in Lithuania in the year 1789. His parentage was respectable; and his father and many of his relatives took an active part in that unavailing struggle in which Kosciuszko endeavoured to regain his country's independence. His father's affairs having suffered greatly in consequence, his mother was obliged to go to St. Petersburg, where she was advised by General Ferven, who had known the family in Poland, to get her son into the Military College of Cadets, of which the general was then governor. The boy accordingly entered that seminary in 1798; but his father, who was then dangerously ill, was so afflicted at this separation from his child, that he did not long survive it. Here Thaddeus soon entirely forgot his mother-tongue, and became completely naturalized into a Russian. At a very early period his attachment to literature began to discover itself; and by the juvenile efforts of his pen, consisting of fables, satirical pieces of poetry, and various compositions in prose, he soon attracted the attention of the two head-teachers, who thenceforth evinced an almost paternal regard for him, bestowing more than usual pains in instructing him, and teaching him several foreign languages. On quitting this seminary in 1805, he was taken by the Grand-Duke Constantine into his Ulan Regiment; and during the two following years saw some active service, in the campaigns of the Prussians against the French. For the manner in which he distinguished himself at the battle of Friedland, he was rewarded by the order of St. Anne, of the third class; which was the more flattering, as such honours were at that time far less liberally dispensed than they have been since. Very shortly afterwards, the peace of Tilsit put a stop to hostilities, and Bulgarin returned to St. Petersburg. His stay there was, however, of no long duration, for on the war breaking out between Russia and Sweden, he proceeded to Finland with the military force destined against the Swedes; and being one of the vanguard under Count Kamensky, penetrated as far as Tornéo. On his second return to the capital he quitted the Russian service altogether, in consequence of either some pique or unpleasant circumstances, and repaired to Warsaw, where some of his relations still resided. From that he proceeded to France, entered Napoleon's service, and in 1810 joined the army in Spain. Of the events to which he was there an eye-witness, and in which he personally shared, he has given an interesting narrative, first published separately, in 1823, (under the title of *Vospominaniya, &c.*, Recollections of Spain,) and afterwards incorporated with his miscellaneous works, of which it forms the seventh volume. Having so far

shared in the Peninsular war, he was next destined to bear a part in the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814; when about the beginning of the latter year, he was taken prisoner by the Prussians; but after suffering many severities and hardships, was released, and repaired to Napoleon's head-quarters, where he obtained the command of a company of volunteers. With the fall of the master under whose banners he had enlisted, Bulgarin's military career terminated, and his hitherto chequered and rambling life was exchanged for one more peaceable, yet, as it has happily proved, likewise far more abundant with renown. He first fixed himself at Warsaw, where he began to exercise his pen in various humorous and poetical pieces in Polish, to the study of which language he had applied himself when with the army in Spain. Being despatched by his relations to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of adjusting there some legal matters, he again met with some of his earlier friends and fellow-students; and this renewal of his former connections determined him to remain in Russia. With the view, therefore, of qualifying himself for setting up as an author, and turning his literary talents to some account, he set about recovering his Russian, in which task, as well as in the prosecution of his literary plans, he was aided by the advice of his friend Gretch,\* in whose journal, *Sin Otechstva*, appeared his first literary efforts in that language.

The following year (1823) he brought out a periodical of his own, under the title of *Severnii Arkhiv*, (Northern Archives,) which was at first exclusively dedicated to subjects of history, geography, and statistics. He soon, however, extended the plan, and added a kind of appendix, consisting of lighter articles, chiefly from his own pen. Here he had ample opportunity for indulging in his favourite vein of humour and satire, and these lively sketches proved so agreeable to the public taste that he forthwith became one of the most favourite writers of the day. In 1825 he began to edit the "*Northern Bee*," and one or two other literary periodicals, in conjunction with Gretch. It was also in the same year that he published his "*Ruskaya Tuliya*," the first dramatic annual in the language; of this work no other volume appeared; it has since, however, had several successors, such as Ivanov's "*Dramatic Almanac*," the "*Bouquet*," &c. The collection of

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\* This writer, who is the author of an *Historical Sketch of Russian Literature*, an excellent *Russian Grammar*, &c. has just published a novel in two volumes, entitled "*The Trip into Germany*," which he has dedicated to Bulgarin. It is his first attempt of the kind, and a remarkably successful one; since, although there is nothing particularly striking or original in the plot, and no extraordinary invention or imagination displayed in it, it is delightfully written, and shows the author to be an acute observer, and to possess great talent in the delineation of character.

miscellaneous pieces to which we have above alluded, and of which the first volume bears the date of 1827, contains the best of those articles that had previously been scattered through various periodicals and annuals. They consist of both historical and fictitious narratives, and anecdotes of military adventure, but principally of satirical sketches of manners, which if occasionally rather more forced than forcible, and if sometimes rather curious than interesting, must be allowed to possess upon the whole considerable value, both as affording an insight into a state of society constituted so differently from our own, and as exhibiting the tone of writing allowed on such topics. It cannot, indeed, be concealed that Bulgarin's form of satire is occasionally somewhat *passé*, and smacks somewhat more than could be desired of the now antiquated character of that of Swift and Holberg, for the shape in which he has at times attired it reminds us of Gulliver and Niels Klim. Frequently, however, his sketches are from the life; yet, although certainly not over-finished, they are overwrought, the outline appears too much exaggerated, the colouring more glaring than powerful. It strikes us, moreover, that there is a certain mannered air in the portraits he gives us, which renders them flat and insipid. There is energy enough in their attitudes; what they want is greater pliability of expression, greater individuality in their features. Still whatever may be his deficiencies, Bulgarin is entitled to our thanks for what he has performed, since his productions of this class are almost the only, and certainly the best, specimens of the kind to be met with in Russian literature. We must not, therefore, scrutinize them too severely, nor unfairly compare them with standards in other languages, in which the same species of writing has been long cultivated, and where every degree of talent has been employed upon it. We should be unjust too were we not to observe, that his satire is never misdirected, that he never attempts to raise a laugh at the expense of propriety and good feeling; nor is he one of those reckless writers who depict frivolity and folly so much *con amore* as rather to palliate them, than to hold them up as ridiculous or contemptible. Some of the best of these minor pieces are *Marina Mnishch*; the Milliner's Shop; a Philosophical Tour in a Drawing-room; a Scene of Private Life in the Year 2028; My Acquaintance with Karamzin; a Sentimental Journey through an Antechamber, &c.

Here the first period of his career as an author may be said to terminate, as his subsequent works are of far greater *calibre*. Although their aggregate amount is by no means inconsiderable, his previous subjects were upon too confined a scale to admit of that interest arising from a greater development of character and

manners, displayed in various situations and under different points of view. To effect this, he felt that it was necessary not only to excite, but to detain the attention of his readers; most probably too, he felt that he might signalize himself by attempting a species of composition, which, although it is the most popular form that poetical invention has assumed in other countries, had never been cultivated in Russia; and that if it were naturalized by applying it to the portraiture of national manners, it might, by extending its sphere, give a new impulse to the literature of that country. Were such really his views, the results of his own example have already proved them to be correct, for since the appearance of his first novel several other writers have employed their pens in a similar way, and one at least with equal success.

Bulgarin's *Ivan Vuizhigin*, or *the Russian Gil Blas*, was published in the spring of 1829, and sold with such rapidity that a very large impression was disposed of in the course of a month, when a second edition was immediately called for—a circumstance altogether unprecedented in the history of authorship in Russia—the only instance at all approaching it being that of Karamzin's *History*. It has erroneously been asserted, that this was the very first original production of the kind in the language; yet, whether the term “original” be taken in contradistinction to a translation or copy, or as indicating a story descriptive of national manners, there had been more than one previous attempt at rendering fiction subservient to such a purpose. Among these may be mentioned Naræzhny's “*Bursak*,” published at Moscow in 1824, and his “*Two Ivans*,” which were certainly sufficient to point out what might be achieved in this style of composition, without depending entirely upon exotic fabrications. The first-mentioned of these productions, the scene of which is laid in Little Russia, is by no means deficient in interest, although the style is rather homely, and in some places the narrative drags rather heavily along. There is no lack of incidents, many of which are well contrived, and the plot is upon the whole rather ingeniously constructed. It derives its chief value, however, more from the unusual character of the scenes to which it introduces us, than from any particular merit as a work of imagination. Neon, the hero of this romance, may be regarded as a Russian *Gil Blas*, rising from obscurity and passing through a variety of adventures, and through various grades of fortune. His school life as a *bursak*,\* and the account of the Hetman Nikodim's military court, are two of the most curious and striking pictures

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\* In the dialect of Little Russia *Bursa* means a particular kind of seminary for boys, and the pupils of such schools are termed *Bursaki* or *Bursaks*.

in the whole novel. The work itself appears to have been rather coldly received, and to have hardly excited the attention it deserves; nor in fact did any of Naræzhny's novels gain for him so much repute as his "Slavonian Evenings," which are a series of legendary scenes exhibiting several of the most renowned characters of ancient Russian history. With considerable ability and skill, Naræzhny was by no means a talented writer; accordingly his works did not, as Bulgarin's may, perhaps, be said to have done, form an epoch in the prose literature of his country.

Even the historical novel had been attempted some three or four years before the appearance of Zagoskin's "*Miloslavsky*," and Bulgarin's "*Demetrius*;" for we may fairly admit Fedorov's "*Kniaz Kurbsky*," to be a specimen—and as far as it goes, a successful specimen of that species of romance which the masterly compositions of the Author of *Waverley* have brought into vogue in almost every region of the civilized world. This fragment, for it consists of only seven chapters, forming the commencement of an unfinished story, is a professed imitation of that model, and while it is strictly faithful with regard to the costume of the period, namely, that of Russia in the sixteenth century, is spiritedly touched; the dialogue is full of animation, the characters well discriminated, the descriptions and local delineations clear and graphic. The History of Kurbsky certainly presents some excellent materials for a romance, so varied were the fortunes of that distinguished man, who, after having enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of Ivan "the Terrible," fell into disgrace with that tyrant, when in order to avoid his persecution he fled to Poland, and burning to revenge his own wrongs and those of his friends, fought under foreign standards against his native country. But unhappy in the midst of honours and success, and tormented by self-accusations for the perfidy of which he had been guilty, he at length suddenly disappeared, and is supposed to have terminated his life in the solitude of an anchoret's cell.\* "An impenetrable cloud," says Karamzin, "hangs over the last days and over the grave of one, who, by his prowess in arms, by his superior understanding, and his eloquence, covered himself with glory; and by his treachery to his country, with indelible disgrace." Availing himself of the obscurity of history, and of the general tradition, Bulgarin has introduced him in a scene where Demetrius visits an aged hermit, who is reported to possess the gift of prophecy, for the purpose of ascertaining the event of his enterprize; and discovers in him the once illustrious warrior.

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\* See the Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. iii. p. 168, in the review of Karamzin's History of Russia.

So long a time has elapsed since the above-mentioned production of Fedorov appeared, when it was inserted in a literary periodical, that there is now no probability of the author's completing it, although if finished in as masterly a manner as it was commenced, it would place him very high among the novelists of Russia.

No apology, we trust, is called for on our part for having somewhat detained the reader by the above notices of other writers, since they serve to show that although he is the first who has attracted the attention of foreigners, Bulgarin is not the very first who has attempted novel-writing in Russia. At the same time, that circumstance in no wise detracts from his merit, nor has it been mentioned with the view of robbing him of any portion of the credit to which he is entitled, for having considerably advanced and perfected what others had before essayed, yet with less ability or with less perseverance.

We shall not enter into any details relative to his *Vuizhigin*, because an English translation of it has recently made its appearance. Instead, therefore, of giving any outline of the plot or sketch of the characters—which, in truth, it would not be very easy to do within a moderate compass, we shall content ourselves with offering here a few general comments on that performance. Of the sensation its first appearance excited we have already spoken, but it may be ascribed in some degree to one of those reactions that are frequently observed to take place in human affairs. The writer's reputation was already so firmly established, that whatever proceeded from his pen was sure to command notice; he had conquered both indifference and prejudice, and these once overcome, it was only natural that a degree of enthusiasm should succeed. It was no longer *mauvais ton* to admire works of imagination composed in the vernacular tongue, and accordingly, as if eager to atone for their former injustice towards their native authors, the public of all classes, instead of coldly holding back as before, met the novelist more than half-way, welcoming him with a warmth that bespoke their prepossession, and already pledged them to bestow their admiration. Curiosity, moreover, had been previously stimulated by several extracts that had long before appeared in some of the literary journals,\* for while they

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\* This custom of exhibiting beforehand samples of literary wares is symptomatic of the state of authorship in Russia; and it is doubtless owing to the caution considered necessary in their speculations that writers adopt this method of canvassing for favour and of reconnoitring public opinion. Yet upon the whole it seems to be prejudicial, since the specimens will either be too brief to excite interest, or so copious as to take off the edge of expectation, and satisfy the reader's appetite. The time too which generally elapses between the making such literary promises and their fulfilment is so

were sufficient to convey a favourable idea of the author's graphic skill, they were in themselves such detached scenes, that it was impossible to derive from them any conjectures as to the general plan and scope of the story.

The favour which Bulgarin's "Vuizhigin" found with the public, did not, however, shield it entirely from the attacks of criticism, some of his reviewers having spoken of it rather severely, and denying it to be what it professed, namely, a portraiture of "Life in Russia," which is the title the English translator has adopted. For our own part, we must confess ourselves to be of a somewhat similar opinion; and that however amusing as a series of pictures, it is not to be received as a picture of actual society without some mistrust, or without considerable qualification. Allowances are to be made for exaggeration, for the heightening of effect, for the strength of the drawing, and the depth of the shadows. The individual details may be correct, the separate features may be not wanting in truth, nevertheless, the aggregate impression may be very inaccurate, not to say decidedly false, when, as is here done, the absurdities and vices that lie scattered apart over a wide extent in the actual world, are concentrated into a focus till they become preposterously intense. As we sometimes meet with portraits which perplex us by the likeness and the unlikeness they at the same time bear to the individuals they represent, so do we still more frequently—we might perhaps say almost invariably—find in novels those pictures of life, which, while we cannot but admit their resemblance, we also feel to be in many respects very gross caricatures. If "all the world's a stage," the men and women in it are not exactly puppets, neither is life altogether a mere farce.

On this occasion Bulgarin's pencil has displayed more expertness and force than delicacy, and has assuredly not been particularly flattering to any class of society; on the contrary, he has surprised us by the freedom with which he more than once speaks out, and by the boldness of some of his remarks. There are several passages in his novel which, in our opinion, show that the censorship of the press in Russia is either not very

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great, that in most cases whatever interest has been raised, has again subsided. About two years ago Pushkin published, in the same way, some chapters of a novel, the scene of which is laid in the time of Peter the Great, whom he introduces to his readers; whether he will ever complete it seems to be now very doubtful. Fedorov probably laid aside his "Kurbsky," either because what he had executed was produced before he had sufficiently matured his plan, and he was, therefore, unable to complete the story to his own satisfaction; or because it was not altogether received by the public as he expected; whereas had it appeared in an entire and distinct form, it would have made a greater impression, and its merits been more extensively recognised, merely from its coming before the public in a more substantial and commanding shape.

vigilant, or else not a little liberal; otherwise they would hardly have received its *petchatat pozvolyaetsya* or imprimatur; they being any thing but complimentary to the national character. The author, it is true, had on a former occasion deprecated the supposition that any of his characters were the likenesses of individuals, utterly disclaiming for them that personality which in England is almost sure to make the fortune of a book, and to stamp even its publisher with an enviable celebrity. As far as his countrymen in general are concerned, we are inclined to doubt whether M. Bulgarin's disclaimer does not rather aggravate than mend the matter: he tells us that he paints *classes*, not *individuals*; consequently his satire, by being so general, becomes so much the more offensive—for although he singles out no one to aim at in particular, he scatters it indiscriminately over every one: thus, lest some few culprits should escape, branding and stigmatizing the entire body to which they belong. We cannot help feeling, also, that this method of generalization is attended with no little disadvantage, inasmuch as it induces the writer to accumulate in a single character, whether good or bad, those various traits which, in nature, are divided among many, and infinitely modified by the interposition of other qualities. It has, we are aware, been laid down as a rule by more than one critic of high authority, that individual character ought not to be copied in works of fiction; one reason assigned for which is, that the lesson is not to be limited to one specific case, but to be so comprehensive as to be applicable upon the widest scale. Yet even admitting this as a broad principle, it must still be interpreted *cum grano salis*, and it will be found more adapted to the infancy than to the advanced stages of literature. By adhering too literally to it, we shall only have abstractions of character, instead of character itself; and while we colour the leading features too highly, we shall suppress all those delicate tints and hues which disappear when we contemplate our object from such a point of view. The evil effects of such a system are but too evident in the French and Italian school of drama, where, instead of living faces with their shifting expressions, we see only cold, rigid, motionless masks; every hero, and every lover is cast in the same mould, put into the same uniform; so that were it not for the difference of name, we should never distinguish the *fortisque Gyas* from the *fortisque Cloanthus*.

Somewhat too much of this wholesale manufacture of character, of this want of power in discriminating the different personages by nicer touches, is perceptible in "Vuizhigin." We ought, however, to ascribe it perhaps rather to a mistaken notion, than to real inability; because, when he quits his contemporaries, and

carries us back to the times of Demetrius, the author draws his characters more naturally; they are in better keeping, and are for the most part free from that offensive mannerism. In his first novel, the actors create but a subordinate interest; the hero himself has, in fact, little character at all—little principle; he is the mere sport of accident and fortune. The variety of his adventures and the constant shifting of the scene engage our attention and amuse us, but beyond this, and some of the episodical scenes and incidents, there is nothing that forcibly impresses itself upon us, nothing of vital interest, and but little originality. Although in itself a trifling circumstance, we were annoyed by the puerile fashion he adopted of labelling many of the characters by descriptive names, as was done by John Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress*; it is undoubtedly a very convenient kind of moral stenography, but is a sad breach of costume, and in some respects implies not only want of skill on the part of the writer who adopts such a clumsy expedient, but likewise something like obtuseness on that of the reader.

Whether, after all, the history of an adventurer be the best form for a portraiture of society, admits of some question. Such a hero, indeed, comes in contact with all classes; in every sphere of life he is in his element, for he can soar as well as crawl; but then it is chiefly with the least favourable varieties of each that he can be associated, be the plot ever so dexterously managed. We find, accordingly, that our acquaintance with "Vuizhigin" familiarizes us rather with Jews, sharpers, gamblers, kept-mistresses, intriguers, and other scum of that description—which we take to be pretty nearly the same in all countries,—than with those who ought to be considered as the fair representatives of a whole nation. If we seem to have dwelt rather too much on this particular point, it has been because great stress has been laid upon the value of this production for the accurate information it conveys relative to the character of the people of Russia, and the actual state of society in that country. Yet we would as soon pin our faith upon one of our own novels of 'fashionable life,' and pourtray the present race of Englishmen from such an authority. At best we perceive but a single phase of social manners in such a representation, while all the rest are excluded from view. Even admitting that the pictures he has drawn may be tolerably correct in themselves, they do not extend sufficiently, for it is only here and there that we catch a glimpse of *Russia as it is*, seen in its proper hues, and not viewed through the optical lenses and coloured glasses of ingenious but falsifying satire.

This work was almost immediately translated into German, and afterwards into French; neither of which translations, how-

ever, we have seen, and therefore cannot speak as to their execution, nor say whether any parts of the original have been omitted. After perusing it we entertained very great doubts whether it would at all succeed in an English dress, at least with the ordinary class of novel readers; because, considered as a mere narrative, it belongs to that form of the novel which we have now cast off as antiquated, while much of the satire will seem equally obsolete, and is not of the kind likely to prove very interesting to English readers.

A third novel has just been published, by Bulgariu, forming a continuation to the preceding one, it being the *History of Peter Ivanovitch Vuizhigin*; for which reason we shall speak of it before *Demetrius*, preferring the classification pointed out by similarity of subject, to the observance of strict chronological order. The title-page informs us that this is a "moral-(i. e. manners-painting) historical novel of the nineteenth century," which latter part of its compound epithet it derives from that portion of the narrative relating to the events of the year 1812. These, however, are rather episodical to the main story, although not unskillfully connected with it, and by no means the least interesting specimens of the work. As to the pictures of manners, they are executed in a kind of moral chiaroscuro, too much akin to that which distinguishes the *infantine* literature of our country.

Unlike his sire, Peter Ivanovitch is not his own biographer; neither does he appear upon the stage till after several scenes; the history of the second Vuizhigin being in this respect very differently constructed from that of the first. A conversation between Prince Kurdiukov and his *quondam* valet, but now *homme d'affaires*, the Privy Councillor Khodakov, lets us into some curious details relative to the *menage* of a Russian noble, whose utter neglect of economy, coupled with the headlong extravagance of his wife, has placed him in a more critical than interesting situation. It is not without difficulty he is convinced by his conscientious steward that, in spite of the most excellent management on the part of the latter, his finances are at the lowest ebb, and his credit as much reduced as his cash; a particularly unseasonable piece of intelligence when he is about to give an entertainment on the most splendid scale. At all events some means of raising the wind for this purpose must be devised, as the ball is now become a matter of serious policy, its object being to further a plan proposed to him by his friend Count Miron Khoklenkov. What this plan is, we learn more distinctly in the following chapter, where, after informing his wife of the disagreeable posture of their affairs, he breaks his intentions to her, acquainting her that he has a highly desirable match in view for their daughter Paulina; but

Anne Petrovna, who plumes herself most immoderately on the high descent of her own family, is absolutely horrified when she learns that their noble blood is to be contaminated by an alliance with a *parvenu*, holding neither rank nor official situation, and whose immense wealth constitutes his sole pretension to admission into society. At length the urgency of the case, the promise that the Emperor's permission shall be obtained for their *roturier* son-in-law to assume the family name and title; and, perhaps, the consideration that her daughter has continued very long on hand without an eligible suitor offering himself, somewhat reconcile the princess to the well-gilded yet exceedingly bitter pill she must perforce swallow.

The reader will not be much surprised at learning that the person whom Prince Kurdiukov designs to honour by bestowing on him the patrician hand of his daughter, is no other than Peter Ivanovitch himself. The elder Vuizhigin is now a widower, and has employed the capital obtained by the termination of the lawsuit in his favour, so successfully, as a money-lender at Moscow, that he has amassed wealth to the amount of six millions. Content to remain in his own sphere, he is, nevertheless, ambitious of seeing his eldest son in a higher one, not only the inheritor of his wealth, but the founder of a family whose rank shall correspond with their opulence. He has, accordingly, lent a willing ear to the suggestions of Count Khokhlenkov, and notwithstanding he has no personal regard for Prince Kurdiukov, is anxious that his son should ally himself to so noble a house. While he is intent upon bringing this scheme to bear, Peter is occupied with very different plans; having accidentally become acquainted with Lisa, a young orphan brought up by Romuald Shmigailov and his wife as their own daughter. In this humble but worthy family he completely domesticates himself for awhile, content with daily enjoying the society of Lisa, till he at length avows his determination to marry her, assuring her adopted parents that such a union will meet with his father's entire concurrence; and that he only waits for his arrival from Moscow to acquaint him with his intentions. The first interview between them completely undeceives both, and crushes the hopes which each has entertained. At length parental ambition begins to yield to parental affection; Ivan not only ceases to importune his son to enter into the union he has projected for him, but promises to sanction the choice he has made for himself, when Peter is all at once reduced to the extremity of despair by the sudden disappearance of Lisa and her adoptive parents, of whom all the intelligence that can be procured is, that Shmigailov has been despatched to carry a supply of money to the

Russian army in Lithuania, and that Lisa has been removed from his house by a lady of rank.

Although it is some time before all the circumstances connected with this mysterious abduction come to light, we are not kept in ignorance of her fate quite so long as her lover, since at the beginning of the work we meet with her at Wilna, in the family of of M. Morikonsky, a married daughter of whom she has accompanied thither, in the hope of meeting with her benefactors, Shmigailov and his wife; and her distress at not finding them is increased by being among almost entire strangers, in a place likely to be exposed to the horrors of war, hostilities having been suddenly declared on the part of the French. Leaving her in this perplexity the author next gives us a scene of military adventure, one of the actors in which is our acquaintance Shmigailov, the other our old acquaintance—Napoleon. Whilst bargaining with a peasant for cattle for the troops, Romuald is surprised by a small reconnoitering party, among whom is *le petit caporal* himself, and sent to camp as a prisoner. This little episodical scene is the prelude to a more imposing picture, where Napoleon holds a council of war with his marshals and generals relative to the meditated invasion of Russia; and although, as may be expected, we do not gather from the latter any very new information, it has the merit of compressing into a concise dramatic form the opposite views that have been taken of Napoleon's plans and policy in that enterprise. Caulaincourt does not scruple to represent the dangers into which he is about to precipitate himself and his army, and in reply to him the Emperor observes—

“ For five years together have my emissaries at Wilna, Petersburg, and Moscow, been collecting all the information I require. The Duc of Vicenza would frighten us by the resistance that will be made by the whole of the Russian nation, believing that according to the boast of the Emperor Alexander, the war will be that of an entire armed population. Nonsense! the duke has resided at the Russian court till he has become a Russian himself. He regards every thing that is Russian through a magnifying medium; yet those who have resided there along with him, represent the spirit and character of the people very differently. Trust me, the Russian nobility do not possess the moral energy requisite for either commencing or carrying on a national war, while the common people are too abject and indifferent to take any interest in the affair. I am as well acquainted with both Petersburg and Moscow as if I had lived there; my cabinet is filled with reports and documents on the subject of Russia.

“ ‘ You have been deceived, Sire,’ replied Caulaincourt, ‘ we must not form an opinion of the whole nation from some antiquated *petit-maitres* who belong to the last century. A part of the higher classes in Russia have, undoubtedly, adopted the manners, the language, the

ideas of Frenchmen of a former generation; but subjected as they now are to other interests, these people will have no influence on public opinion at such a crisis. A new and more worthy race has sprung up in Russia, and taken in general, the nobility stand alone in the world for their devoted attachment to their sovereign, and for the enthusiasm with which they will make every sacrifice in behalf of their country. The wealthier class of merchants too, will gladly surrender all they possess; while the common people will as cheerfully rush on to instant death at the first call of their Emperor, for their faith and their fatherland! Still, Russia is a granite barrier in the political world.

" 'Through which I will bore a way,' exclaimed Napoleon, 'and penetrate into Asia.' "

We do not offer this scrap as a specimen of the work, for that would be too much after the manner of producing a single brick as a sample of a house; but as we have no space for such extracts as would enable our readers to judge fairly of the author's manner, we have submitted to them a passage which may be understood without context or comment. We will now return to the story. While Lisa (or, as she now calls herself, Elizabeth Stensky,) is residing under the hospitable roof of the Morikonsky family, they are alarmed by the appearance of an officer who charges them with concealing a Russian spy, and on leave being granted to search, a Russian officer is actually discovered. The supposed spy turns out to be Peter Ivanovitch, who having entered the army, has been taken prisoner by the French, and sent with many others to Wilna, where escaping from the guard, he has been secreted by Madame Morikonsky, without the knowledge of any of the family. Lisa is permitted to visit him in prison, and acquaints him that she had been summoned by the Princess Kuidukov, and forcibly sent away by her to one of her estates in the country under charge of Khodakov, which worthy person offered to liberate her on condition of her accepting his hand. Preferring captivity to such an alternative she rejected his suit, but was afterwards assisted in making her escape by a friend of Shmigailov, who was proceeding towards Lithuania. Peter also meets with a generous liberator in Adolphus Morikonsky, who, although an officer in the French service, and also his rival for Lisa's affections, not only effects his escape, but furnishes him with the means of pursuing his route, and with directions for doing so in safety. His further adventures—the part he takes in the rising of the peasantry against the French, the preparations for the battle of Borodino, the details of that important action, the advance of the French upon Moscow, the flight of the inhabitants, the entry of the French into the city, Peter's unexpected meeting and as sudden renewed separation from Lisa at Moscow,—which form the contents of the third volume, we must pass over altogether.

ther, although it is perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole work, and contains some exceedingly good scenes.

To say the truth, we can do little more than hint at the remainder, and must therefore satisfy ourselves with meeting with Ivanovitch at St. Petersburg, after the expulsion of the French from Russia. Here he again obtains intelligence of Lisa, but such as fills him with despair, since he learns that she is now become Madame Yaroslavsky. Instead of seeking an explanation, or even accepting the advances she makes towards the renewal of their acquaintance, he sedulously shuns her, and determines to revenge her infidelity towards him by marrying the Countess Dnieprov, whose amiability and affectionate attachment have won his esteem if not his love. Immediately after he has declared himself, however, he has cause to rue this precipitate step, for circumstances bring about the explanation he has shunned, and he discovers that Lisa is not only fully deserving of, but ready to bestow her hand upon him, the only obstacle to their union being that which his own precipitation and misunderstanding have occasioned. She is a widow without having been a wife, having consented to be married merely formally to an officer of the name of Yaroslavsky on his death-bed, who, in return for the anxious attentions shown by her and Madame Shmigailov, during his illness, wished thus to secure to her his property. In his despair Peter threatens his own life, when he receives a letter from the countess, generously releasing him from his engagement. The marriage of the long-betrothed lovers immediately takes place; and they have soon afterwards the satisfaction of learning that the suit pending between Lisa and the Princess Kurdiukov has terminated in favour of the former. To understand this, the reader must know that Lisa is heiress of Prince Pretchistensky (Princess Kurdiukov's brother,) who had privately married the daughter of a French physician. On her return from France, where her brother had died, the princess brought the infant with her, and consigned it to the charge of Madame Shmigailov, but without acquainting her with the circumstances of its birth. This serves also to account for her ordering Lisa to be carried off when she discovered the attachment existing between her and Ivanovitch.

Upon the whole, we have been very well satisfied with this novel—if not for its “manners-painting,” which is never very brilliant, and sometimes rather flat, at least for the variety and interest of the narrative; for although delineation of character is not his forte, the author keeps our attention alive, particularly in those parts which relate to the military and political events he has interwoven into his story. Dismissing the work with this commendation, we will now turn to *Demetrius*, and consider how

far M. Bulgarin has succeeded in a species of fiction that seems to demand a very different talent from the novel of modern life,—namely, in historical romance.

If war and civil turbulence, and barbaric splendour,—if tyranny on the one hand and devoted patriotism on the other,—if ferocity and vice in their native deformity, unmitigated by the influence of civilization, and opposed to these, examples of heroism and virtue called forth into action only in periods of national adversity, be the elements of romance, the history of Russia, previous to the reigning dynasty of Romanov, supplies them as abundantly as can be desired; nor is there any period in her annals more favourable to the purpose of the novelist than that which has here been selected by Bulgarin. Whether Demetrius was really the son of Ivan Vassilivitch, or an impostor, is one of those historical problems which have never been satisfactorily decided, notwithstanding the research and argument bestowed upon them; while nearly an equal degree of mystery involves the character of Godunov, who has on the one hand been represented as the tyrant of his subjects, and the murderer of the lawful heir to the throne; and, on the other, as a wise and beneficent prince, studying the welfare of his subjects, and endeavouring to elevate Russia in the scale of civilization. The history of Demetrius has been discussed at some length by Archdeacon Coxe in his “Travels through Poland, Russia, &c.” Mr. Coxe was of opinion that he actually was what he styled himself, and he has adduced the proofs in his favour. The Russian Archbishop, Platon, entertained the same belief; while Karamzin, and most of the Russian writers, have regarded him as an enterprising adventurer, either a mere instrument of the Jesuits in Poland, by whom he was educated in the belief that he was the son of Ivan, or suborned by them to give himself out as the Tzarevitch, and assert his right to the throne of the Ruric family, in return for which he was to co-operate with them in establishing Catholicism in his dominions.

Thus, like the ‘Iron Mask,’ the story of Demetrius is involved in doubt and ambiguity; neither has the innocence or the guilt of Boris Godunov been clearly proved. Such of our readers as may not be acquainted with the events upon which this romance is founded, so as to comprehend the leading circumstances connected with its hero, will find their curiosity gratified by reference to Mr. Tooke’s, or any other History of Russia.

It must be admitted that the historical events which have furnished M. Bulgarin with the materials of his plot are well adapted to the purpose of either the dramatist or the novelist, abounding in striking incidents and situations, and highly favourable

to the descriptive narrative, and to the delineation of character. The story of Demetrius was selected by Schiller for a tragedy; but unfortunately it remains like some other pieces of the same kind he had intended to execute; merely a rough sketch, showing the general construction of the plot, and the division of the scenes. We gather from it, however, one very important and happily imagined contrivance of the dramatist, which, although a deviation from history, offers an ingenious solution of the enigma of the false Demetrius's origin and imposture.

According to the idea adopted by the poet, Demetrius was to be the unsuspecting instrument in a deep-laid plot formed by another. Among the Russians who join him, at Tula, appears an individual who informs him that it is to him he is indebted for the name in which alone consists his greatness. Instead of being, as he imagines, the son of Ivan, he is only an obscure youth, whose resemblance to the Tzarevitch induced this person, to put in execution a singular plan of revenge against Godunov, who had engaged him to murder the real Demetrius, and afterwards sought to punish him for the crime. For this purpose he carried him to Uglitz, and there delivered him to a monk to bring up, informing the latter that he was the real prince whom he had saved from death, in proof of which he gave him a jewel he had taken from the person of the murdered Demetrius.

This fiction is not altogether at variance with some of the reports relative to the history of the False Demetrius; but it is one more allowable perhaps in a drama than in an historical novel like that of Bulgarin, which professes to adhere to truth in all its essential points, and does not permit invention to interfere with, or alter the outline of the story. We should observe, however, that although he seems to have consulted various authorities, to which he refers his readers in the notes at the end of each volume, and to have kept to facts wherever history furnished him with any guide, he has not scrupled to fill up many chasms entirely from his own imagination, and in some instances not quite so consistently with verisimilitude as could be desired. In regard to antiquarian knowledge, without which this species of writing becomes either a mere dramatized chronicle, or an entire fiction, Bulgarin shows considerable industry and proficiency, having given us much archaeological information relative to the costume and manners of the period. The back-ground, and what may be termed the still-life of his picture, are carefully made out, and minutely finished; and so far he has fully availed himself of the advantage which the novelist possesses over the dramatist. The latter can rarely do more than briefly allude to numberless particulars which it is in the power of the other fully to delineate and

colour, their respective provinces being as distinct as those of the sculptor and the painter. Some readers, perhaps, may be of opinion that Bulgarin has been in more than one place rather too liberal in displaying this kind of historical knowledge, especially in that scene where Demetrius and his attendants examine the books and other treasures in Godunov's cabinet. That this is evidently a *hors-d'œuvre*, introduced for no other purpose than to give the author an opportunity of speaking of the state of literature and the arts in Russia during the reign of Godunov, cannot be denied; at the same time it is too curious and valuable in itself to cause us to regret the space it occupies. There are many other descriptions which the writer has worked up *con amore*, and which supply much information as to the manners both of the Poles and the Russians at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Such an analysis of the plot as would enable our readers to trace the whole course of events would extend to greater length than we can now allow ourselves; while the exceedingly condensed notice that we can give is so inadequate to afford any idea of the interest of the narrative, that we feel we are acting unjustly towards the author, by doing that which may leave an unfavourable impression, instead of displaying the diversity of interest with which his narrative abounds. With this apology we will now proceed. The first scene exhibits to us a secret council held by the Polish ambassador, Sapieha, at Moscow, for the purpose of consulting how Godunov may be made to bring affairs to a conclusion, either by acceding to the demands of Poland, or breaking off measures with her entirely. Among the subordinate characters who appear on this occasion, is a young man named Ivanitzky, occupying so humble a post in the service of the embassy, and at first sight altogether so insignificant, as to excite no attention. It is not long, however, before we discover that he will prove a very important personage,—in fact the supposed Demetrius himself. To a monk named Father Leonidas he first discloses the secret of the lawful heir to the throne of Russia being alive. A plot is forthwith entered into; fresh adherents are gained; rumours are scattered among the people; and the conspirators are only waiting for a favourable opportunity to cause an insurrection and to depose Godunov, when their plans are prematurely discovered, and Ivanitsky, Leonidas, and a few others, save themselves by fleeing into Poland. For a time we lose sight of the fugitives, and in this interim Boris Godunov, —who, by the bye, has appeared once or twice before,—yielding to the evil counsels of his relation, Semen Godunov, authorizes him to arrest all suspected persons, and to imprison the disaf-

fectcd boyars. After many hazards, Ivanitsky and Leonidas reach Kiow, then belonging to the Polish territory; and the former is introduced by Leonidas to the widow of a Greek, who had brought up the latter, but afterwards banished him, resenting his attachment to his daughter Zoë. Ivanitzky becomes enamoured of the surviving sister, Kaleria, seduces her, and afterwards, in order to rid himself of her importunities, and to avoid a union fatal to his ambitious views, throws her overboard from a boat into which he has enticed her under the pretence of proceeding to a village where they are to be privately married. Leonidas accuses him of the murder, and is about to stab him, when he arrests the blow by avowing himself to be the Tzarevitch himself. Having in consequence forfeited the friendship of, and deprived himself of all further aid from Leonidas, Demetrius quits Poland, and proceeds to the territory of the Zaporogese Kozaks; for the purpose of inducing their leaders to promise to assist the son of Ivan in dethroning Godunov, and to win the favour of the Hetman, he accompanies him in an expedition against Trebizond. Curious as the whole of the episode is for the singular picture it exhibits of a military republic, it is not much in accordance with probability that Demetrius should sojourn there so long, or expose himself to such hazards, when it was obviously his policy to be promoting his designs in other quarters.

The third volume opens with the arrival of the papal nuncio, Rangoni, at Lvov, where he is entertained in the Jesuits' College; and the conferences of those holy fathers, their schemes for catholicizing Russia, and their astute policy, are depicted with admirable spirit: the dialogue is full of character, and the various speakers well discriminated by their minor traits, although all are animated by one common zeal. Demetrius is introduced to the nuncio as the lawful sovereign of Russia; and after having shown that his hopes of success are equal to his pretensions, and promised to adopt the faith of the Romish church, he is dismissed with ambiguous promises of their countenancing his enterprise. In the voïvode Mnishck, whose daughter, Marina, he offers to make the partner of his throne, Demetrius finds a readier and less cautious friend. The stratagem previously employed by him for discovering himself to the voïvode, after entering his service on his return from the Kozaks, so as to leave no doubt of the truth of his story, does honour to his ingenuity. Pretending to be at the point of death, he requests to have a confessor, to whom he discloses his real quality, informing him that beneath his bedding will be found a packet containing indisputable evidence of his birth. This is instantly reported to the voïvode: the packet is found; Mnishck is unable to harbour any suspicions of

deceit on the part of a dying man; while Demetrius's recovery is sufficiently rapid to convince him that he may dismiss his fears as to the safety of his newly-found royal guest. After the alliance we have above alluded to has been agreed upon between them to their mutual satisfaction, nothing remains but to get Sigismund, the Polish king, to acknowledge Demetrius, and forthwith to raise a sufficient force to enter Russia. The description of Sigismund's court at Cracow, with the account of the most celebrated personages belonging to it; the reception given to Demetrius; Mnishk's grand banquet in honour of the approaching entry into Russia, and the military preparations, present a succession of highly-wrought and diversified pictures. The scene then suddenly changes to the court of Moscow: alarmed at the danger which now manifests itself, Godunov orders his new favourite, Peter Basmanov, to collect troops to oppose the impostor prince, but his own disquietudes are speedily terminated, he being suddenly taken ill after an entertainment given by him to his nobles, in consequence of poison which Moltchanov, a spy of Demetrius, had put into the dish of which he partook. His death takes place almost immediately; after which Basmanov, seeing the critical posture of affairs, revolts to Demetrius; and thereby at once turns the scale in his favour, and renders all resistance useless. Feodor and his mother are murdered; but the princess Xenia is spared, Demetrius having conceived a passion for her, which he now hopes to be able to gratify. In one of his interviews with her, he is about to proceed to extremities with the unfortunate girl, when in rushes a spectre shape that had often before crossed his path, and uttered words of dreadful omen. It is Kaleria—Kaleria herself, who had been rescued by a fisherman from a watery grave, and who had sworn to punish her betrayer and intended murderer. While Demetrius stands motionless with horror, the door again opens, and Marina, who has suspected his designs upon Xenia, enters the apartment. Demetrius is reproached by his consort for his folly in abandoning himself to the violence of his passions at a time when all around them breathes dissatisfaction and sedition; when mutiny is at the very threshold of the palace; when his favourites reproach him with ingratitude and neglect; and his subjects denounce him as a tyrant. Moved as well by her representations, as by the impressive lesson he had just received, he promises to reform; but it is too late; the leaders of the conspiracy formed by Shuisky assemble at the latter's house, where Kaleria adjures them to avenge her wrongs and their own, to punish a usurper and an impostor. All their measures have been so well concerted that

nothing remains but to proceed forthwith to put them into effect. The signal is given; the conspirators and citizens rush into the Kremlin; the few guards on duty are instantly overpowered; *Basmanov* is slain; driven to the last extremity, *Demetrius* leaps from a window, and is so dreadfully maimed by the fall that escape is hopeless. His evil genius stands once more before him,—*Kaleria* comes to sound the dreadful prophecy of retribution in his ear; with his expiring breath he confesses himself guilty; and she afterwards falls lifeless on the corse of him who had roused the two master passions of her heart—had felt how tender was her love, how deadly her revenge.

Such are a few—a very few particulars of the story, the interest of which hardly ever flags, even in those parts where the progress of the narrative seems awhile to be checked; for if, as it must be admitted he sometimes does, the author lingers in his tale, it is generally for the purpose of affording us leisure to admire some spirited group, or contemplate some singular scene. The characters are for the most part skilfully delineated,—some, we might say, touched with a master hand; and both their general physiognomy, and their occasional expression, rendered with considerable energy. *Demetrius* is crafty, enterprising, persevering, and has withal something mysterious about him, that enhances the interest we take in his adventures; but the author has, we think, rather injured than improved the effect, by attributing to him the perpetration of so base a crime as his intended murder of *Kaleria*. Actions of this stamp should not be lightly assigned to historical personages: they cast an unpleasant suspicion over the whole narrative; and the having recourse to such means betrays a want of power in the writer to give sufficient variety to his subject, or a consciousness that his materials are inadequate to his purpose, without a more than allowable admixture of fiction. It is for this reason also, that we object to the manner in which *Kaleria* is here represented, as being a principal agent in the catastrophe. There is too much of palpable stage manœuvre and trickery—of straining after effect, in these situations: in a melo-drama *coups de théâtre* of this description are quite in their place; but they derogate somewhat too much from the character which historical romance ought to maintain. *Boris Godunov* is by no means a full-length portrait: he appears only in a few scenes, and then he rather speaks than acts; nor is he exhibited in the most favourable light. From the way in which he has treated his subject, it is evident that *Bulgarin* did not attempt to decide whether *Demetrius* was an impostor or not; having left that question in its original ambiguity, and adduced no cir-

cumstances that tend in any degree to offer a solution either one way or the other.

Upon the whole, however, we have reason to be satisfied with this production, and rise from its perusal with the impression that Bulgarin has been much more successful in recording the events of a distant period, than in portraying contemporary manners, since, notwithstanding his shrewdness, his passion for caricature warps his judgment, and distorts his drawing when he attempts pictures of real life.

Before we lay down our pen, we may here again mention Zagoskin's "Miloslavsky," which carries us a little further on in the history of the same period, when after Shuisky's deposition, Russia was fated to experience the twofold calamity of anarchy mingled with foreign oppression. The outline of this tale is exceedingly simple, but the narrative is full of life; and although the historical events are thrown somewhat into the back-ground, they give us some of the leading features of the revolution of 1613, when Pozharsky and Minin liberated their country from the yoke of Poland, and placed Michael Romanov on the throne. This romance, which was translated into German, almost immediately after its appearance, and has also just received the honor of a French as well as an English version,—has earned for its author a popularity that seldom attends a first production. He is now about to publish—or has published—another novel, entitled "Rostavlev, or Russia in 1812," which will detail some of the occurrences of that eventful year. Several other adventurers have embarked to try their fortunes in this new literary El Dorado; among whom are Pogorælsky and Ushakov. At the beginning of the present year, the latter made his *debut* in a two-volume tale, entitled "Kirgis-Kaisak," which, although it exhibits some inexperience, manifests also some talent, and considerable feeling.

We must, of course, expect many failures, nor ought we, perhaps, to expect any thing at present that will bear to be tried by the standard of our own best novelists. These productions, however, have already produced one desirable effect, inasmuch as they have begun to attract the attention of foreigners, and our own countrymen among the rest; and will thereby assist in breaking down the barriers of prejudice, and pave the way to an acquaintance with the literature of a country which has hitherto held out nothing sufficiently promising to entice us to encounter the labour of acquiring its language.

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ART. VI.—*Histoire du Droit Municipal en France, sous la Domination Romaine et sous les trois Dynasties.* Par M. Raynouard. Paris. 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

It has been remarked by Savigny in the preface to his great work on the History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, that the French writers on the history of their own country, "however discordant their other doctrines may be, agree in the practice of adopting each a particular political system, and in viewing all the historical evidence as so many proofs of its truth."\* The recent work of M. Raynouard on the Municipal Law and Institutions of France during the Middle Ages, has, however distinguished for accurate learning and laborious research, formed no exception to the truth of the above remark. It is well known to all persons acquainted with the modern history of France, that the few remnants of municipal institutions spared by the pecuniary necessities and the unprincipled and short-sighted administration of the last kings of the old monarchy, were swept away under the monopolizing despotism of Bonaparte, who carefully removed every trace of popular election throughout France, and covered the kingdom with an army of public officers, who considered themselves as his servants, not the servants of the state, who derived from him their authority, looked to him for instructions, and yielded him an implicit obedience. Napoleon in the Tuileries was like Mr. Bentham's gaoler in the centre of the Panopticon; without being seen he could see from one point all that was done by his numerous subjects. To remedy the mischiefs caused by the establishment and maintenance of this system of *centralisation* (as it is called) has been a main object of different French statesmen since the Restoration; and a measure on this subject is well known to have miscarried under the ministry of M. de Martignac. Before the late revolution had made it certain that the powers of the local authorities would be increased and rendered more independent of the crown, M. Raynouard, apparently thinking that a good cause ought to be supported by any arguments, wrote a learned book to prove that the municipal institutions of France are of great antiquity, that in many cases they reach beyond the foundation of the monarchy, that many of the kings promised to maintain them, and consequently that these local franchises belong to the inhabitants of the provincial towns by strict and indefeasible right, and that the kings of France are bound by solemn compact to respect and restore them. As M. Raynouard considers the political rights of subjects and the promises of kings in the light of *hereditaments*, or *feudalisms*, we think that he was

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\* Savigny's History of the Roman Law by Cathcart, vol. i. p. 38.

bound to trace the title fairly down to the time when he wrote. Without assuming with him that a sovereign authority can limit itself, or impose obligations on itself, *with respect to its own subjects*, which shall bind future ages, we may be allowed to ask why he takes no notice of the interval of time which elapsed between the years 1793 and 1814? What happened to the hereditary rights and duties during these twenty years?—or, at the restoration and the establishment of a new constitution, did those rights and duties re-vest respectively in the subjects of a limited monarch, and in that limited monarch himself? We will not, however, occupy any time in the refutation of an argument manifestly groundless: we only make these remarks on the object of M. Raynouard's book as a caution to those who might not be at first aware that all his exaggerations are on the side of the antiquity, the universality, and the sacredness of the French municipal institutions. With this abatement, his work, particularly in the early parts, is a useful and instructive production; but it always grieves us to see history prostituted to temporary political objects, especially when, as in the present case, historical impartiality is distorted to serve a purpose to which, after all, history is not applicable.\*

The municipal institutions of France during the middle ages were continued from, or moulded upon, the rights granted to the Gallic cities by the Romans after their conquest of the country. Of these towns there were two classes, the *colonies* and the *municipia*. When a body of Roman citizens were sent by the state into a town ready-built, which had fallen into the power of the Romans by right of war, where they formed a community enjoying large independent rights, this new settlement was called a *colony*.† These colonists were sometimes poor citizens, or in later times the soldiers of a disbanded legion; the third part of the territory belonging to the town was commonly confiscated and divided among the *Coloni*.‡ The dominion or ownership of all the soil must likewise have been conceived to pass to the sovereign community; but the ancient owners might have been allowed to retain their possession on terms of greater or less hard-

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\* Speaking of the French historians, M. Sismondi says: "On a cherché dans l'histoire les droits de la génération présente, et non des exemples pour guider la postérité, on a demandé aux siècles passés la mesure des prérogatives du trône, ou celle des libertés du peuple, comme si rien ne pouvait exister aujourd'hui que ce qui a existé jadis; et la vérité en a souffert, parceque tous les partis ont dénaturé les événements anciens, pour s'en faire des armes en faveur des prétensions nouvelles."—*Histoire de France*, tom. 1. Pri f

† See Niebuhr's Roman History, vol. ii. p. 50, ed. 2.

‡ Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 51. Compare Livy, quoted by Raynouard, on the colony to Thurn. "Apustio auctor, tertia pars agri demta est, qua postea, siellent, novos colonos adscribere possent."—xxxv. 9.

ship. The objects of planting these colonies were various; either to remove an overflowing population, to provide for a needy and rapacious soldiery, or to establish advanced guards and military posts near and upon newly conquered districts and provinces of doubtful allegiance.\* Of the *Municipia* it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that they were cities to which the Italian right of citizenship had been granted, and which, not having received settlers from Rome, or forfeited a portion of their territory, were governed by their own magistrates. The original differences between these two classes of cities became, however, gradually fainter, and were at length obliterated under the later Roman emperors by an uniform system of laws and government.

In the provinces of transalpine Gaul, which were at different times, from the first to the fifth century, three, four, five, and seven in number, there were more than 110 cities subject to the Roman dominion. It seems probable that the government of these cities was at one time regulated by a distinct law, called the *Lex Municipalis*. A city, or *civitas*, was not merely a precinct covered with houses, but comprehended all the district or territory dependent on the chief town. Thus if a father wished that a natural son, born in a village or on an estate in the country, should become a *Decurion*, he was to apply to the *Ordo* of the city to which that village or estate belonged. But these terms imply a knowledge of the civil institutions of the Roman towns under the emperors.

The provincial towns of Gaul under the Roman emperors were essentially different from the free towns of Italy and Germany during the middle ages. In the latter, the power of the burghers was chiefly founded on wealth obtained by trade or industry, and rose in opposition to the territorial nobility. In the latter, the power, and indeed the qualification, of the ruling class, the *Decurions*, was derived from landed property. In the original constitution of the colonial and municipal towns of Italy, the *decurions* were a council of the sovereign assembly of citizens. Afterwards, as the constitution of Rome became less popular, the other towns dependent upon it followed its example, and the *Curia*, or council of the municipal citizens, and the members of it, the *Decuriones*, *Curiales*, or *Ordo*, became an aristocratical body, possessing the chief powers of government in their city and its territory.† When the chief executive powers had once become

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\* "Est in eadem provincia Narbo Marcius, colonia nostrorum civium, specula populi Romani, ac propugnaculum istis ipsis nationibus oppositum et objectum."—*Cicero pro Fonteio*, 3.

† Savigny, vol. i. p. 18. Hence the *Curia* was called the *Minor Senatus*.—Raynouard, tom. i. p. 39.

vested in this body, its privileges were perpetuated in two manners; first, by making the place of decurions hereditary, and secondly, by giving the order of decurions alone the power of electing fresh members into their own body. No person could be a decurion who was less than twenty-five years old, or possessed less than twenty-five jugera of land; and in cases where members not qualified by birth were elected, two-thirds of the members of the curia were required to be present, and an absolute majority of votes was requisite. As the office of decurion was in later times burdensome as well as honourable, no person could refuse to accept the place, with the duties which it imposed, except he was more than fifty-five years of age. Thus under the later emperors the son of a decurion was not only allowed but bound to be a decurion; he could not be a soldier, nor a clerk; and it was expressly ordered by Constantine, that only persons of small fortunes should enter into the service of the Church. The burdens and taxes (*munera*) imposed on the order of decurions were so grievous, as to outweigh the power and profit to be derived from belonging to the dominant class. Thus every decurion was bound constantly to live in the town, on pain of forfeiture of his lands; he could not sell or alien any of his lands without proving to the magistrates that he was driven to a sale by necessity. The decurions were moreover responsible for the defaults of all collectors of taxes appointed by the curia: and were forbidden to farm directly or indirectly either public lands or taxes. They could not go to the court of the emperor on public or private business, without leave from the imperial judge; and if any one absented himself without good cause, his property was confiscated to the curia. The curia was also bound on certain occasions, such as the accession of an emperor, the adoption of a prince, a victory over foreign enemies, &c. to present a gold crown to the emperor (*aurum coronarium*).

The chief municipal magistrates in the cities which possessed the *Jus Italicum*, were chosen by and out of the order of decurions. These officers, known by different names, were magistrates in the proper sense of the word, and possessed an authority of their own, without acting in the name of the curia, although their powers were gradually diminished by the emperor and his governors. It appears to us, however, that Savigny has satisfactorily proved that no such independent magistrates existed in the provincial cities of Gaul which were not free of Italy; but that the *Principalis* who performed the functions of a magistrate, acted merely as the chief member, and in the name and by the authority of the curia.\* It appears that the principals had no jurisdiction,

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\* Savigny, vol. i. p. 62, and compare Raynouard, tom. i. p. 66.

which belonged to the imperial judge, but were chiefly employed in the collection of the land tax. After the principal had held his post for fifteen years, he was allowed to resign it; and together with some other favoured persons, probably gained a place in the senate, the existence of which body seems to us to have been satisfactorily proved by M. Raynouard, and which appears to have been a section of the curia, of higher rank, and perhaps enjoying more exemptions than the other decurions, but not possessing greater political powers or being able to act as a separate council.

In recompense for the heavy burthens imposed on the decurions, and the severity with which they were punished for flinching from their duties, the law granted to them many privileges and advantages. Such, for instance, were the regulations by which they were spared some of the more ignominious punishments; and the exemption from the jurisdiction of the imperial prefect, who could decide on the guilt or innocence of a decurion, but not adjudge the punishment to be inflicted on him. In like manner a decayed decurion was to be maintained at the public expense, especially if his property had been exhausted by his liberality to the state. The goods of a decurion dying intestate and without heirs were divided among the members of the curia, which also received a fourth of the property when the legatee or heir of the decurion was not himself of that order. It appears, moreover, that sums of money given as largesses, or bequeathed as legacies by private persons, were not unfrequently divided among the decurions.\*

As the number of the decurions, or members of the curia, was regularly limited to a hundred,† and although this limitation was not adhered to, as their actual number was always small in comparison with the whole population, it is natural to inquire what was the lot of those provincials who were *not* decurions, whether they were delivered up to the double oppression of their fellow citizens and the imperial officers, without hope of redress, or whether they had any institutions or protectors of their own? Besides the imperial governors and judges, and the native curiales, there was introduced about the middle of the fourth century another officer, called the defender of the city, or people, (*Defensor civitatis, plebis.*) No decurion was eligible to this magistracy, which was filled by the votes of all the citizens. The inca-

\* In a Hymn of Prudentius, a martyr is represented as saying—

Absit ut me nobilem

Sanguis parentum præset, aut lex curia.

Generosa Christi secta nobilitat viros.

† Savigny, vol. i. p. 74.

capacity of decurions was however abolished by Justinian, and although the defenders of the city swore "to do every thing according to law and for the interest of the whole community," and the curia was greatly outnumbered by the unprivileged citizens, yet the interest of the decurions seems to have preponderated at their election; and it is certain that their protection was afforded, not to the commons against the decurions, but to the decurions and the commons, in short to the whole community, against the imperial officers. M. Raynouard, therefore, completely mistakes their office when he compares it with the Roman tribuneship: the Roman tribunes were originally established, or rather when their persons were made sacred, they were enabled, to act as representatives and protectors of the plebeians or commons, an order so far excluded from all communion with the ruling class as to be almost a separate people. The distinctive character of the tribunes was, that they were the champions of the weak and unprivileged against the strong and privileged class; and when they became a national magistracy, their offensive were at the least as conspicuous as their defensive powers. The defender of the city under the emperors, was from the beginning a national officer, intended to throw his shield over the whole community; and if he threw it more frequently over the poor and the weak, than over the rich and the powerful, it was only because the former most needed his protection. As the defenders were by Justinian made regular magistrates, and obtained a full jurisdiction in those provincial towns where no other magistrates existed, they gradually obtained the chief authority, and became members, and finally presidents, of the curia.\*

Such is a brief outline of the city constitutions which prevailed throughout Gaul in the decline of the Roman empire. As the account is chiefly founded on the texts of laws, and not on historians who describe the workings of laws, the picture is necessarily imperfect and indistinct; but as far as we are enabled to form an opinion—and we speak with all respect for those whose patriotism can see merits in municipal laws of undoubted antiquity—it appears to us that history has not recorded, and it is difficult to conceive a form of government better calculated to ensure the misery of every class and every individual in the community, than that which existed in the Roman provincial cities at the time of which we have been speaking. The oligarchical class of decurions, though possessed of high privileges, and of the entire political power, were yet exposed to such heavy fiscal burthens, and liable to such irregular oppression from the Imperial

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\* Savigny, vol. i. p. 69—74. Raynouard, tom. i. p. 71—79.

governors, that they were eager to profit by every opportunity of surrendering their dignity, and were only kept at their posts by the threat of severe and numerous penalties. The decurions, thus cruelly oppressed by the agent of the emperor, were in their turn the oppressors of their fellow-citizens. "This too (says Salvian, at the end of the fifth century,) is more grievous still, that the many are taxed by a few, who make a private gain of the public contributions. For where is there a city, where even a country town or a village, in which every decurion is not a petty tyrant? What place is there where the goods of widows and wards are not plundered by the principals of the cities?"\* If such is the picture which a cotemporary could draw of the extortions of the decurions, and if these extortions were so little successful, that the decurions were nevertheless often reduced to beggary by their public expenses, and always desirous to escape their duties by flight; and if the oppressions of the Imperial officers were so harsh and so unremitted as to require the creation of a magistrate to counteract their effect, it may fairly be asked, in what part of the community are we to look for happiness, or ease, or security of property, or we may add, for martial courage and skill, which the Spartan government, in other respects almost equally detestable, at least secured to its nobles.

If in the English constitution the king was the officer of a foreign sovereign, to whom the whole nation was tributary; if the lords possessed all the political power which did not belong to the king, and had the right of electing new members into their own body, yet so ground by taxes as to be eager to surrender their rank; and all the rest of the community were absolutely subject to these two powers, we should have a form of government nearly parallel to the worst varieties of the city constitutions of the Roman provinces in the worst times.

The city constitutions of Gaul seem however gradually to have assumed a more mitigated form of oligarchy, and to have been made more popular by the usual process, viz. the union of the trades, in the body of commons, into corporate guilds with regular leaders, who were more or less recognised as the legal defenders of their corporations, and presided at the meetings which they legally held. Alexander Severus first incorporated the different trades at Rome, and gave them defenders out of their own body.† There are other enactments of later Roman emperors on the same subject; and the existence of these guilds

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\* Salvianus de Gubern. Dei, v. 4.

† "Corpora omnium constituit vinariorum, lupinariorum, caligariorum, et omnium omnium artium; hisque ex sese defensores dedisse, et jussisse quid ad quosque judices pertineret." *Lamprid. Alex. Sev.* 33.

or companies in Gaul is proved by numerous inscriptions in which their decrees and public acts are recorded, though these are chiefly honorary.\*

The citizens had also some protection against the arbitrary power of the Imperial prefect, in the liberty granted to them of sending to the emperor deputies chosen by the curia. This liberty M. Raynouard, in his anxiety to identify modern with ancient institutions, calls "the right of petition;" he likewise thinks that a law of Alexander Severus on this subject has not been sufficiently praised, and above all, not sufficiently imitated by modern princes. This emperor, when the governorship of a province was vacant, was accustomed to give public notice of the person whom he proposed to appoint to the empty office, and to invite any one to come forward with any charge against the probationary governor, *on pain, if he failed in proving it, of losing his head.*† We humbly submit to M. Raynouard's consideration, the probability that a fear of this alternative might have deterred most accusers from volunteering a charge, which, if not substantiated, entailed such unpleasant consequences. Even in the Arabian Nights, the sick kings who condemn the unsuccessful doctors to death, make it a practice (if we are not mistaken) to promise half their kingdom, and the hand of a fair daughter, to the discoverer of a specific for the royal malady.

Notwithstanding some provincial assemblies of the ancient magistrates and the landed proprietors of Gaul, which appear to have been convened at different times; yet the disunion of the numerous cities and districts, the necessity of residence imposed on the curials and their interdiction from military service, and the oppressive taxation of the imperial officers, had so enfeebled the population of Gaul, that it fell an easy prey to the Teutonic tribes which began to cross the Rhine, and spread to the west and south, at the beginning of the fifth century of our æra. The result of these great national movements was, that the Visigoths founded a kingdom in the south, the Burgundians in the east of Gaul; and Clovis, with an army of Franks, soon afterwards established himself in the city of Paris.‡ It was in this state of things, when Gaul was occupied by various tribes, each in its own territory sovereign over the "Romans," or the ancient population, that the curious system of "Personal Law" (as it is

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\* M. Raynouard, tom. i. p. 130, cites two inscriptions in which "*decurions of companies of trades*" are mentioned. We conceive that the word *decurion* in this expression only means the highest officer, and does not imply that the head of the guild was a member of the curia.

† Raynouard, tom. i. p. 137.

‡ See Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XIII. p. 170.

called by Savigny\*) was formed. The Visigoths and Burgundians deprived the Romans of two-thirds of their lands, but suffered them to retain the other third, together with their own civil law.† According to this system, laws were not, as they are now, territorial, *i. e.* binding on all persons living in a certain district, and owing allegiance to a certain sovereign, but hereditary, or dependent on the nation of the father. The son of a Burgundian lived under the Burgundian, of a Roman under the Roman law. The chief exceptions to this rule were, that married women became subject to the same law as their husbands, (though widows reverted to their former law,) and that the whole clergy lived under the Roman law. In Italy it was the custom for parties to deeds to state under what law they respectively lived. This declaration was termed a *professio*. But this *profession* was not arbitrary: every one was as much bound to be subject to the law of his father as a Frenchman is now bound to obey the law of France, or an Englishman the law of England.‡ Much complexity and difficulty must necessarily have arisen in cases where the different parties to a deed or a lawsuit were of different nations.§ In general the law of the defendant, and in cases of contracts creating debts, that of the debtor, was enforced by the judge. Thus, according to a constitution of Clotaire, thirty years' possession of church property, or other lands, by priests and Romans, was a good title against a Frank. Unilateral instruments, such as wills, were regulated according to the law of the party from whom the instrument proceeded. It does not appear from any historical evidence, that, like the Westgoths and Burgundians, the Franks seized a portion of the lands of the Romans: but, be this as it may, it is certain that many of the Roman municipal institutions were spared by the Franks, and numerous traces of them occur in France after the establishment of that kingdom.

It will not be necessary for us to accompany M. Raynouard in his laborious search after the scattered proofs and vestiges of the ancient municipal institutions and liberties of the cities of France in the first ages of the monarchy; still less of drawing from them "une conséquence en faveur du droit électoral, aussi solennellement reconnu par les princes des deux premières dynasties."—tom. ii. p. 13. We will, therefore, pass at once to the *charters of communes*, which were chiefly granted in the reign of Louis le ~~Grand~~. This prince, unable to protect the burghers against the

\* Vol. i. chap. 3.

† Savigny, chap. v. sect. 1, 2.

‡ Savigny, vol. i. pp. 134—150.

§ Agobard, Bishop of Lyons, writing to Louis le Débonnaire, uses the following strong expressions:—"Tanta diversitas legum quanta non solum in singulis regionibus aut civitatibus, sed etiam in multis domibus habetur. Nam plerumque contingit ut simul eant aut sedeant quinque homines, et nullus eorum communem legem cum altero habeat exterius in rebus transitoriis."—See Raynouard, tom. ii. p. 6.

rapacity and violence of the feudal lords, and tempted by the price of their freedom offered to him by the inhabitants of the towns, agreed to sell for money the desired franchises. These charters did not, however, create the municipal institutions in the towns, or establish local magistrates or authorities; they assumed them as existing, and merely confirmed alliances made by the townsmen against the landed nobility, or invested with the legal sanction conditions already agreed upon between the two contending parties. It is to be observed that these alliances of the citizens were always defensive, not offensive; and were only intended to ensure a joint resistance to "the powerful of the land," as they are called in a charter. By these charters, therefore, the municipal franchises of the townsmen were not created, but enlarged and secured.\* What might have been the fate of France, if, after the power of the feudal nobility had fallen, the local magistrates and communalities had maintained their independence, it would be needless to inquire, if it were possible to ascertain; for they fell a prey to corruption. Louis XIV. having exhausted the wealth of his subjects by his passion for military renown, was at length, in 1692, driven to the resource of selling the municipal offices in order to raise money. This regulation was renewed at various intervals, till at length, in 1771, the election of the municipal magistrates was, for the last time before the revolution, abolished, and the venality of those offices established.

We cannot quit this subject without expressing our gratitude to M. Raynouard for the valuable information which he has with so much labour collected; but we regret that he should have embodied it in so objectionable a form. His book contains too much of modern politics to be a good history, and too much of ancient history to be a good political pamphlet. It is the offspring of an unprofitable and unnatural union. Although, even if the author's historical discussions were admitted to the full, they would not establish the conclusions which he would draw from them; yet the attempt to arrive at these results biasses his judgment in the historical investigation. In particular, he is too easy in accepting slight evidence of the *popular* or *democratical* nature of the municipal institutions in the middle ages on the authority of such words as *populus*, *plebs*, *cives*, *universitas*, &c.; whereas it is notorious that, as in Rome before the admission of the Plebeians into the state, such terms were applied only to the sovereign community; and that in England, in the thirteenth century, acts of the king and some of the chief nobles and tenants *in capite*, were said to be done by *the king and the whole kingdom*.†

\* See Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XIII. p. 7, for a similar and more detailed account of the French *Communes*.

† *Communitas, Universitas regni*, &c. See Luders, on the Constitution of Parliament in the Reign of Henry III., ch. i. Tracts, pp. 240—276.

ART. VII.—*Souvenirs du Midi, ou l'Espagne telle qu'elle est sous ses Pouvoirs Religieux et Monarchique.* Par Rd. Faure, Médecin des Hôpitaux Militaires, &c. Paris, 1831. 8vo.

*Qu'est ce que c'est que l'Espagne?* What is Spain? This is a question which has often been asked of late years, but it is one to which, as far as we know, a satisfactory answer has not yet been given in any of our journals. The object of the present article is to furnish the solution required; or, in other words, to exhibit a view of the actual condition and circumstances of Spain, as determined by the joint operation of physical, moral, political, and religious causes; and thus to supply the means of forming a correct judgment as to its chances of future amelioration and improvement. We are not blind to the somewhat adventurous nature of this undertaking; nor have we failed to appreciate, in its fullest extent, the difficulty of dealing with a subject so vast in its dimensions, and so complicated in its details. But still we are inclined to think that, by means of methodical arrangement and elaborate condensation, we shall be able, within a reasonable compass, to lay before our readers a body of information which, if its interest bear any proportion to its value and importance, will probably be found in no ordinary degree attractive; at the same time that it is calculated to throw new light on the state and prospects of a country, which, although "sunk in its glory, decayed in its worth," possesses within itself all the great elements of national regeneration. And

I. *Of the physical condition of Spain.*—The Iberian peninsula, aptly compared by the ancients to the distended hide of a bullock, occupies the south-western extremity of Europe, and is surrounded by the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea, except on the north-east, where part of the Pyrenean chain forms the conterminous boundary with France, or, in other words, the neck of the hide. The most remarkable feature in the physiognomy of this country is its system of mountains. From the Pyrenean chain which runs almost due east and west, a number of secondary ranges take their rise, and, shooting out boldly to the southward and westward, spread themselves, in a magnificent reticulation, over the whole peninsula. The principal of these are, the Asturian and Gallician range, which may be regarded as a continuation of the Pyrenean chain; the Guadarrama range; that which the geographer Antillon has denominated the Iberian range; the Sierra Morena, whose "passes are dreary;" and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the shores of the Mediterranean, and are the most elevated of all the secondary groups, pressing

on with so much boldness, that, according to Mariana, "they seem to have pretended in various places, to cross the sea, dry up the strait, and unite Europe with Africa." From this system of reticulation results the distinctly marked division of Spain into two unequal compartments, one of which includes the central region, and the other that of the coast. The whole interior of the country, indeed, may be considered one vast mountain; for although it consists chiefly of extensive plains traversed by lofty ridges, yet even these plains form a plateau or table-land raised to an elevation varying from eighteen hundred to two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and constitute part of the mountainous formation of the great central region, which towers, everywhere, to the height just mentioned, above that of the coast.—(*Year in Spain*, vol. ii. p. 279.) "If then, on entering Spain, and traversing the eastern coast along the Mediterranean, I was surprised (says the author of the work just quoted) to find the western horizon everywhere bounded by lofty mountains, my astonishment was much greater when, on abandoning the sea at Valencia, and toiling up these inland mountains, I beheld, instead of the valley, a weary arid plain, extending on a level with their summits as far as the eye could reach. In fact, I continued travelling on this vast plain for hundreds of leagues until I reached the Sierra Morena, and thence descended suddenly by the Despeña Perros into the regions of Andalusia."—(*Ibid.*)

A conformation so mountainous would naturally lead us to expect a corresponding system of rivers. But, owing to various causes, particularly the nakedness of the country, arising from the almost total absence of trees, which serve to collect and retain moisture, and the consequent dryness of the atmosphere during the greater part of the year, the rivers of the Peninsula are neither so numerous nor so large as to comport with the number and elevation of the mountains. The principal are, the Ebro, the Duero, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and pursues its course in an easterly direction, between the primary chain and a secondary branch or ridge of the Pyrenees, until it empties itself in the Mediterranean beyond Tortosa. The Duero takes its rise to the north of the Guadarrama range, and swelling gradually in its course, flows through Portugal until it reaches the ocean at Oporto. The Tagus, which has been justly denominated the prince of Spanish rivers, also originates in the Guadarrama mountains, but on the opposite side of the range, and after watering the gardens and groves of Aranjuez, half-encircling Toledo, and receiving the contributions of numerous tributary streams, opens into an estuary, reflecting the image of the Portuguese capital. The Guadiana has its source

amongst the marshes of Ruidosa, whence it issues a full-grown river, and flowing through delightful meadows, which afford pasture for many flocks and herds, discharges itself into the ocean in the gulf of Huelva. Lastly, the Guadalquivir rises between the Sierra Morcna and the Sierra Nevada, and being fed by tributaries from both chains, flows gracefully towards the ocean, laving the walls of Cordoba and Seville, and diffusing fertility throughout the fairest portion of Andalusia. These are the principal rivers of Spain, the great arteries as it were of the country; and although the volume of water discharged by them is probably not greater than that discharged by the rivers of France, and the extent to which they are navigable is in all cases considerably less, owing to the great elevation of the central region of Spain, and their consequent descent, yet their direct and almost rectilineal courses through the valleys which they water afford great facilities for the construction of canals, and the almost indefinite extension of an improved system of cultivation. The rivers of Spain, like the river of Egypt, might be rendered sources of boundless fertility, if man were encouraged or even permitted to avail himself of the advantages which nature and Providence have placed within his reach. This country has no lakes of any importance.—(*Year in Spain*, Antillon, Mariana, Laborde.)

The soil of the Peninsula naturally exhibits great diversities. The central region consists for the most part of arid unsheltered plains, intersected with lofty mountains, which reflect with intolerable fierceness the scorching heat of summer, and sharpen into more piercing keenness the intense cold of winter. The region of the coast, less elevated than the interior plateau, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into an alternation of mountains, and valleys, which produces the most agreeable variety, and presents a pleasant contrast to the bleak and barren sameness by which the central region is characterized. It is everywhere fertile, or may easily be rendered so by means of irrigation. With regard to the climate, its diversities are determined by the physical conformation of the country. The temperature of the air, always varying less on the borders of the sea than in the interior of the country, is much more equable on the coasts of Spain than in the different provinces of that kingdom. On the northern and western coast the prevailing winds blow from the west, and, loaded with the moisture they have absorbed in their passage across the Atlantic, discharge abundant rains in winter and in spring. The atmosphere is much calmer on the coast of the Mediterranean, where the east winds, which are the most frequent, never acquire the force which they possess at the extremity of the

Peninsula, especially at Cadiz. Thus the coasts of Catalonia, and those of the kingdoms of Valencia, Murcia, and Grenada, enjoy a mild temperature, which seldom descends so low as 32° and generally maintains itself above 57° of Fahrenheit. Winter, indeed, is almost unknown on a coast sheltered by the elevated land of the interior and warmed by the rays of a cloudless sun. On the plateau of the Castilles, the mean height of which is about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, heat accumulates more slowly; and it is not until the beginning of July that the atmosphere, having then become calmer, acquires a temperature capable of sustaining itself between 57° and 68°, or of ascending as high as 77° of Fahrenheit. In the month of August the coolness of the nights, then become longer, shoots as it were into the morning, and also makes itself felt in the evening soon after sunset; by which means the heat of the day is considerably moderated. Except in the northern provinces, the climate of Spain is everywhere remarkable for its dryness. A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky are advantages which may generally be counted on. But this dryness sometimes becomes excessive, and degenerates into a scorching drought, by which the rivers are entirely dried up, vegetation is utterly destroyed, and men and animals die miserably of thirst. The annals of Spain record numerous instances of such droughts, with the fatal effects of which they were productive both on vegetable and animal life. In that elevated basin in which the capital is situated, the heats of summer are in fact always so great, that, according to the Spanish saying, Madrid has nine months of winter and three of hell (*nueve meses d'invierno y tres d'infierno*). In its wisdom, however, the administration has contrived to improve on the bounty of nature, and it may now accordingly, without any exaggeration, be said, that, to the greater part of the inhabitants of that capital, the whole year consists of twelve months of hell! Many of the mountains of Spain, rising above the line of congelation in that country, have their summits covered with perpetual snow; whilst the elevated and unsheltered plains of the interior are swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up in summer by a powerful and never-clouded sun. This is in a great measure owing to the want of wood, which is scarcer in Spain than in any other country in Europe. In fact, from Bayonne to Cadiz not a single forest is to be seen: excepting several patches in Biscay, the groves and avenues of Aranjuez, and some valleys or rather gorges in Andalusia, which are studded by trees of a certain thickness, all the rest of the kingdom in this direction is of a whitish arid aspect, which fatigues the eye and saddens the spirit. The mountains, destitute of vegetation, no longer attract the humidity of the air, necessary for the support of

plants in the valleys and plains; the rivers, as we have already said, are almost all inconsiderable throughout the greater part of their rapid courses; and the level grounds being in like manner wholly naked and unsheltered, the climate of this elevated region, untempered and unmitigated, necessarily produces those extremes of heat and cold which are so detrimental to the fertility of the soil, and to the health and comfort of its inhabitants. Nor is this nakedness the effect of natural sterility, or of anything in the climate adverse to the growth of trees. On the contrary, the example of Valencia shows that, in the luxuriance of its forests as well as of its crops, Spain might have rivalled or surpassed any country in Europe. But the people generally have an inveterate and inexplicable prejudice against trees, which are mercilessly cut down or destroyed ere they attain any considerable growth; and so universal and savage is this strange propensity in the central provinces, that the most watchful and rigorous measures are necessary to preserve the avenues and groves of Aranjuez from wanton destruction.—(Faure, Laborde, *Year in Spain*.)

The productions of Spain are rich and various. The gold and silver mines, which supplied the ancients with the precious metals, are now, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted or abandoned; but iron of the best quality, lead, tin, copper, quicksilver, and indeed every valuable mineral, abound in different parts of the peninsula. Coal\* and salt mines are wrought in the Asturias, in Aragon, and in La Mancha, though by no means to the extent which might be done under a better government and a more rational system of law; precious stones are found in various parts of the kingdom; granite, jasper, alabaster, and marbles of the greatest beauty and variety may be quarried from almost every mountain. Wheat of the finest quality is produced in most of the provinces, and all who have tasted it will be ready to acknowledge the superior excellence of Spanish bread. In some provinces the quantity grown is not sufficient for their own consumption, but the deficiency is made up from the surplus produce of others or by importation. Wine is raised in great abundance all over Spain; and of the produce of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world. “But the best and most generous wines (says the author of *A Year in Spain*) are found in the high

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\* A stratum of coal was not long ago discovered near Seville about a gunshot from the Guadalquivir; but it has not been wrought on account of the quantity of sulphur contained in it. This valuable mineral is found in great abundance in Catalonia, where there is a considerable number of mines, one of the richest of which is at Montanola in the duchy of Vique; but none of them have ever been wrought to any extent worth mentioning. In Aragon, particularly in the valleys, embosomed in the Pyrenees, there are as many as eighteen coal mines.—(Faure.)

and arid region of the interior," though, "from the imperfect state of communications in Spain they will not pay the expense of transportation, and are consequently consumed in the district which produces them." The correctness of this opinion may, however, be questioned; nor, with the single exception of Valdepeñas, the superior flavour and quality of which are universally acknowledged, are there any known Spanish wines to which a preference would probably be given by connoisseurs over those of Xeres, Rota, Malaga, Alicante, and Malvoisie. The other principal productions of the soil are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, sugar, hemp, flax, esparto or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sunach, and barilla; to say nothing of wool, the superior quality of which is universally known. The forests with which some of the loftier mountains are covered, and which, from their elevation, have escaped the destructive propensities of the people, supply the charcoal which constitutes the chief fuel used in the country, and also furnish timber for ship-building. Flowers and medicinal herbs grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season load the air with the rich fragrance of their perfumes. Nor is Spain excelled by any country in the abundance, variety and delicious flavour of its fruits. Besides the different species common to the temperate climates, there are many which naturally belong to the tropical regions; and in addition to the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and citron,—the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya, find a congenial soil and climate, in some portions of the Peninsula. Hence a French writer, struck with this variety, has attempted to show that the different sections of the Peninsula bear an analogy, in point of climate and productions, to the respective quarters of the world which lie opposite to them; comparing Biscay, the Asturias, and Galicia, to the neighbouring countries of Europe, —Portugal to the corresponding parts of America,—Andalusia, to the opposite shores of Africa,—and Valencia, to the genial regions of the East. But the riches of Spain are not confined to the resources of her soil; for the Atlantic and Mediterranean, washing each nearly an equal extent of coast, supply abundance of fish, and place almost every part of the country in ready communication with the most distant regions of the earth. In a word, nature seems to have exhausted her bounty on this favoured land; and had not ungrateful man laboured with but too successful perversity to counteract her beneficence, Spain, instead of the poorest and most degraded, would now be the richest, happiest, and most prosperous country in Europe. Amongst the animal productions of Spain the horse is entitled to particular notice. The Arabs, when in possession of the country, stocked it with their finest breeds; and although the race, like every thing else,

has degenerated, it still shows many of the points by which it was originally distinguished. "The horses now seen in Spain, especially in Andalusia," says the Young American, whose work we have already so often cited, "are evidently of the Arabian stock; and for beauty, grace, and docility, they are very superior to those of the English breed." We suspect, however, that our Transatlantic friend is but an indifferent judge of the points of a horse.

"In Andalusia," says Dr. Faure, "the blood-horse, emulous of the grandees of his country, spends his days in enervating inaction, and when he is not destined to figure in the scenes of love, he has no other merit than that of exhibiting deceptive forms in the markets and public promenades; for painful labours are beyond his strength, and woe be to the man who should trust to him in the hour of danger."—p. 16.

The other domestic animals are mules, asses, horned cattle, swine in vast numbers, sheep in millions; nor are there wanting wild animals, such as bears, wolves, and wild boars, which neglect and decay have left the undisturbed tenants of some of the wilder and more sequestered districts.

Of the diseases peculiar to Spain, some are local and others general. To the former class belong the yellow fever, which occasionally commits such dreadful ravages on the coast; and that peculiar affection of the eyes, frequently terminating in blindness, which is so common in the central region of Spain. With respect to the first of these maladies, it has so often been treated of in medical and other works, and so evidently belongs to the nosology of a different region, that any account of it here may therefore be dispensed with. But blindness is the peculiar curse of the whole central region of Spain, particularly the capital, and is by no means confined to the lower classes; many people in the middle and higher walks of life being also afflicted with this melancholy deprivation. "I was so much struck with the number of blind in Madrid," says the author of *A Year in Spain*, "as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country."—(vol. i. p. 323.) According to Peyron, the evil is attributable to an intemperate use of phlebotomy, a practice which is scarcely less prevalent amongst the Spaniards of the present day than it was amongst their ancestors in the time of Sangrado; at least, if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood, for every street of every town in Spain has its barber, and every barber is a regular phlebotomist. But Dr. Faure proposes a different and more scientific solution.

"Madrid, situated on a plateau elevated more than 1800 above the level of the sea, is in the most irritating atmosphere of all Spain. The wind which blows there, during almost the whole year, from the mountains of Guadarrama, and the fatal effects of which have given rise to so many proverbs, penetrates with an insupportable cold which would affect the strongest lungs, if they were not protected by the skirt of the cloak thrown over the shoulder, as well as adds to the influence of the climate in producing the most painful colics in a great number of foreigners. It is this wind, blowing so frequently, and sometimes so violently, from the month of February to the month of May, which incessantly raising in the air columns of *nitrous powder*, irritates the eyes of a population tainted with scrophulous and venereal affections, and gives rise to those ophthalmias which, from the reverberation of the sun and the coldness of the nights, are sure in no long time to terminate fatally."—"Nor is it merely at Madrid that this affection is remarkable; diseases of the eyes and loss of sight are common to the whole of Spain, judging by what one observes as far as Cadiz; because the irritating atmosphere of the Peninsula is generally very much agitated, and the heat of the solar rays is scarcely tempered by any verdure, of which indeed several provinces are entirely destitute."—pp. 5, 6.

In short, ophthalmia in Spain is produced by the same causes as in Egypt, namely, by an impalpable nitrous dust,\* which, lodging in the eyes, creates inflammation; and this again is aggravated by the incessant alternations of intense heat during the day, and chilling cold during the night. The Madrid colic is also an effect of the climate, and always dangerous, often fatal to strangers; who learn, sometimes when it is too late, to take the native precaution against the cold blasts which sweep down suddenly from the Guadarrama mountains, and instantly checking a profuse perspiration, engender this grievous malady. The variolous infection is always more dangerous in summer than in winter, particularly in the central region of Spain; but vaccination, which is now generally practised throughout the kingdom, has tended greatly to abate its virulence. Scarlatina is rare, and by no means dangerous. But there exists an analogous affection, called by the natives *garrotillo*, and known to medical men as gangrenous angina, which sometimes becomes a contagious epidemic, and rages for a season like a pestilence.†

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\* "It may be affirmed," says Miñano, "that one-third of the waste lands of Spain, and the dust of the roads of the eastern and southern provinces of the kingdom, would supply the whole world with nitre, if it was the will of God to destroy it in every other part of the globe."—*Dic. Geog.* vol. i. Madrid, 1826.

† "Besides the epidemical disorders, which have been the result of her connections with the East, with Africa and America, and the destructive wars of which she has been the theatre, Spain has been frequently ravaged by similar scourges, produced at home by drought, by famine, and by the severity of the seasons. *Los años de sequedad, de hambre y de mortandad*—the years of drought, of famine, and of great mortality, are very numerous in her annals." Faure, p. 81.

"This disease," says Dr. Faure, "is frequent in the Peninsula, and we learn from the works which give an account of the epidemic disorders which have affected Spain at different epochs, that it has been familiar there for many centuries, notwithstanding the purity and dryness of the atmosphere, and possibly owing to that very cause."—p. 74.

Another gangrenous malady common in Madrid and in several of the provinces, particularly Andalusia and Catalonia, is *hospital putrefaction*, which, if not endemic, may at least be considered almost inevitable in the hospitals towards the end of summer. At this period the most trifling sores become dangerous ulcers, and very frequently prove fatal. Acute and chronic inflammations of the lungs are also common, and, in the capital particularly, advance with great rapidity to a crisis. Pulmonary consumption is of very frequent occurrence, indeed the tendency towards this disease is constant in some parts of Spain; and, what is not a little remarkable considering the dryness of the air, intermittent fevers generally make their appearance about the beginning of June, when the heat becomes intense. Scrophulous disorders are as common in Spain as in Russia, and even more so; nor is it unusual to meet with mendicants having one or both legs affected with elephantiasis. Cases of epilepsy are by no means rare; whilst hysteria and St. Guy's dance are frequent in the southern provinces, where the heats are fiercest.

"The diseases of the mind, or madness, ought to be proportionably greater there than elsewhere, on account of the action of the sun upon the head, and the want of agreeable occupation under a government, which, by constantly thwarting the reason, keeps the whole population in a state of habitual irritation :"

And such is unhappily the fact. But it has been found that the prevailing religious notions stamp insanity with a peculiarly sombre and malignant character among the Spaniards. There are three principal establishments for insane persons in Spain; one at Toledo, one at Valencia, and the third at Zaragoza. There is a fourth at Cordoba, but it has been for some time deserted.

II. *Population of Spain*.—There is no country of Europe the population of which has experienced such extreme fluctuations, and upon the whole decreased so much below its amount in former times, as that of Spain. This has been occasioned by the joint operation of a great variety of causes, a few of which would probably have been sufficient to produce it. Amongst these may be mentioned the invasion of the country by the Moors, which is justly regarded as the origin of the depopulation that subsequently ensued; the contagious fevers and plagues which have at different times desolated the southern provinces and other parts of the kingdom; the intestine wars which raged during seven

centuries between the Moors and Christians, commencing in the ninth, and terminating only with the capture of Grenada towards the close of the fifteenth century; the proscription and expulsion of three millions of Jews and Moors; the neglect of agriculture, and the misdirection of commercial enterprise, consequent on the discovery of America; the baneful effects of a bad government and of a debasing religion, armed with so powerful an instrument for repressing the expansive energies of the human mind as the Inquisition; the depredations of the Barbary corsairs, which tended materially to accelerate the depopulation of the southern coasts; and, lastly, the institutions of the *mesta*, *mayorazgos*, and *presidios*, which, as we shall hereafter show, served to consolidate and perpetuate the evils which were sapping the foundations of national industry, and to preclude the possibility of amelioration and improvement. These are a few of the causes which appear to have produced the declension in question. The chief of them still exist; and although their operation has at times been partially counteracted, nothing short\* of a radical reform in the whole system of law, government, and policy, can prevent Spain from sinking into the lowest depth of misery and degradation to which a nation can possibly fall. The following details respecting the population of this country in the different periods of the monarchy, will show the extraordinary oscillations which it has experienced; whilst, by comparing these with the causes of depopulation above enumerated, the reader will be enabled to judge for himself as to the method by which it has been effected.

According to the received opinion, Spain, under the Romans, contained 40,000,000 of inhabitants; but, accounting this a most exaggerated statement, let us assume the population to have been then only half the estimated amount, or 20,000,000. At the close of the fourteenth century, according to several Spanish writers, the population was as follows, viz.—States of Castille, 11,000,000; states of Aragon, 7,700,000; kingdom of Grenada, 3,000,800; total, 21,700,800. But this estimate, like the former, is probably exaggerated; and we therefore agree with Laborde in thinking that the population, at the latter period, cannot have exceeded 16,000,000. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, it amounted, according to the same authorities, to upwards of 20,000,000; but a more probable estimate reduces it to about 15,000,000. In the year 1688 it was 10,000,000; in 1700, at the death of Charles II. 8,000,000; in 1715, under Philip V., 6,000,000; in 1768, under Charles III., 9,397,804; in 1787 and 1788, the last year of the reign of Charles III., 10,143,975. By the census, which was taken in the year 1797 and 1798, it appears that the population

then exceeded 12,000,000. It follows, therefore, that from the time of the Romans until the year 1715, the population of Spain had been continually decreasing in the following proportions, viz.—from the time of the Romans until the end of the fourteenth century, a period of about a thousand years, 4,000,000; from the close of the fourteenth century until the end of the fifteenth century, a period of a hundred years, 1,500,000; from the end of the fifteenth century until the year 1688, a period of less than two hundred years, nearly 5,000,000; from the year 1688 to the year 1700, that is, twelve years, 2,000,000; and from the year 1700 to 1715, fifteen years, also 2,000,000. On the other hand, it increased, from the year 1715 to 1768, a space of thirty-three years, 3,307,804; from the year 1768 to 1788, twenty years, 836,171; from the last period to the year 1806, rather more than 2,000,000; making a total increase from 1715 until 1806 of above 6,000,000. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Miñano, the population of Spain in 1826 is estimated at 13,732,172, which would give an increase since 1715, that is, in a hundred and eleven years, of 7,732,172; and even this estimate has been supposed (see an article on the subject in our Ninth Number) to fall below the truth, although it exceeds that given in the last edition of Antillon. Taking the census of 1826, however, as the closest approximation which has yet been obtained, the population of Spain, compared with its superficial extent, (145,100 square miles,) would give about 90½ to the square mile, or little more than half the number upon an equal space in France and England, countries far inferior to Spain in fertility of soil, advantages of climate, and all the other bounties of nature.\*—(Laborde, Miñano, *Year in Spain*.)

On the subject of the division of the population, which forms one of the most prominent causes of the decline of national industry in Spain, considerable light has been thrown by a statement which was published in 1802, and is referred to as authoritative by Laborde. Assuming the whole population of the kingdom to be then 10,409,879, or 300,000 more than the census of 1788, and 1,600,000 less than that of 1797, which is unquestionably an erroneous assumption, this statement gives the following relative division, which, with reference to the total amount assumed, seems to come pretty near the truth. Of the 10,409,879 individuals of both sexes, 5,204,187 were males, and 5,205,692 were females; the equilibrium of the sexes being thus almost com-

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\* The population of Portugal, in 1826, was estimated at 3,683,400 on a surface of 26,200 square miles, or about 140½ to the square mile: consequently, the entire population of the Peninsula amounted, that year, to about *seventeen millions and a half*; and if its rate of increase has been progressive, it cannot at present fall much short of *twenty millions*.

plete. Of the men 3,257,022 were widowers, bachelors, and ecclesiastics; of the women 3,262,196 were nuns, widows, and "waiters upon Providence;" whilst the remainder, being 3,890,661, consisted of course of married persons. It results from this statement, that there then existed in Spain 6,519,218 individuals of both sexes who did not contribute, or at least were not supposed to contribute, to her population. Of the number of ecclesiastics we shall probably have occasion to speak hereafter. In the meanwhile we may observe, that, exclusive of about a fourth of the population, composed of persons living on their property without doing any thing, Spain, according to the census of 1797, contained 100,000 individuals existing as smugglers, robbers, pirates, and assassins escaped from prisons or garrisons; about 40,000 officers appointed to capture these, and having an understanding with them; nearly 300,000 servants, of whom more than 100,000 were unemployed and left to their shifts; 60,000 students, most of whom begged or rather extorted charity at night, on the pretence of buying books: and if to this melancholy list we add 100,000 beggars, fed by 60,000 monks at the doors of their convents, we shall find, that, at the period referred to, there existed in Spain nearly 600,000 persons who were of no use whatever in agriculture or the mechanical arts, and who were only calculated to prove dangerous to society. Lastly, having made these and other necessary deductions, we find that there then remained 964,571 day-labourers, 917,197 peasants, 310,739 artisans and manufacturers, and 34,339 merchants, to sustain by their productive exertions eleven millions of inhabitants. These results which, *mutatis mutandis*, are as applicable at the present day as at the time when they were deduced, exhibit a state of society so radically corrupt and debased as to render all hopes of its regeneration very nearly desperate. Idleness is the national sin of Spain:—and with a population constitutionally averse to labour and disposed to seek for subsistence by any means rather than by honest industry; with a government that carries on the work of brutification by all the expedients in its power, and though omnipotent for evil, is utterly inefficient for good; and, lastly, with a domineering priesthood, swarming in every street, village, and hamlet of the kingdom, and, amidst the universal misery, fattening on the substance of the land which it keeps in spiritual thralldom and intellectual darkness—with such elements to work on, such powers of evil to neutralize, such an intertexture of vice, corruption, ignorance, and prejudice, to break through, he must be a bold physician indeed who should undertake to heal up the foul and festering ulcers that are daily eating deeper and deeper into the vitals of unhappy Spain. Moderate

remedies indeed are no longer applicable or available, and the employment of violent ones, which alone can operate an ultimate cure, must necessarily bring on a crisis which it is fearful to contemplate.

**III. Agriculture, Tenures of Property, Law of Succession, &c.**—No country in Europe is so generally fertile as Spain, or has equal advantages at all seasons of the year; yet in none is agriculture in a state of such great backwardness and depression. Many causes have undoubtedly contributed to produce this calamity; but one of the principal is, the peculiar nature of the tenures by which landed property is held in that country. Three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain, including the lands belonging to the church, are indivisible, and consist in unalienable *mayorazgos*.\* This term, derived from the word *mayor*, first-born, implies, strictly speaking, the right possessed by the eldest-born of a family to inherit certain property, on condition of transmitting it entire and undiminished to those possessed of the same right on his decease. But usage has greatly extended the import of the term *mayorazgo* or *majorat*. For although it properly means only the right of succession to a perpetually-entailed estate in virtue of primogeniture, yet it has come to signify, in addition, the cause which produces the right or the accident of birth, the property which is subjected to its operation, the actual possessor of the property, and the person who stands next in the order of succession.—(Faure, Laborde.)

*Mayorazgos*, or *majorats*, are of five kinds:—first, the *agnacion rigurosa*, which strictly confines the succession to male descendants in the direct line, to the entire exclusion of females; secondly, the *agnacion artificiosa*, according to which the male heirs in the direct line first succeed, and, failing them, the males next in degree in the female line; thirdly, the *agnacion de masculinidad*, which restricts the succession to the males and females of the male line; fourthly, *la regular*, which calls to the succession both males and females, the latter after the former, each in degree, so that the sons come first in order of birth, then the daughters, then the collateral males in the nearest degree, afterwards the females in the same degree, and so on; fifthly, the *saltnario*, which calls those who unite in their person the qualities and conditions required by the founder of the *mayorazgo*, without reference to any particular line of descent. The greater part of the *mayorazgos* are constituted in favour of the first-born; but some are nevertheless settled on the second children, and in many families there are both principal and secondary *mayorazgos*.

\* "Writers of the highest authority value the mortuaries of the state and church at three-fourths of the whole territory of Spain." (Foy, *Guerre de la Péninsule*, ii. 139.)

The former always belong to the first-born; the latter can never be united in the same person with the former, and therefore go to the second son: but when, by the death of his elder brother, he comes to succeed to the principal mayorazgo, he must renounce the secondary one, which then passes to the third son, or the next in the order of succession or destination. Property held in mayorazgo cannot be alienated, sold, disposed, or divided by the possessor either in favour of a wife or of children who are not called to the succession; in other words, it is a strict entail, constituted on pretty nearly the same principles with Scotch tailzies, but subject to conditions and limitations, if possible, still more absurd and ruinous, both to the holders and to the country at large. It is usual, however, to adjudge a *viudedad*, or annuity, equal to a sixth part of the free rental, to the widows of the possessors of mayorazgos, and to the widowers of females whose fortune consisted in mayorazgos; but this alimentary provision ceases and determines in the event of a subsequent marriage; and, from the unsettled state of the law respecting it, it is often the cause of expensive and protracted litigation. All grounds of dispute or contention may however be avoided, by the possessor of the mayorazgo making a formal declaration of his consent to the constitution of a *viudedad*, in which case the council of Castille issues a decree homologating and sanctioning the proposed cession. It sometimes happens that a mayorazgo is saddled with two or even three *viudedades*. Suppose, for example, that a wife possessed of a mayorazgo dies, her husband becomes entitled to a *viudedad*, and the mayorazgo passes to the next heir; but if he or she also dies, leaving a widow or widower, the latter becomes entitled to a second *viudedad*, and so of the next in succession. In this case, the holder of the first *viudedad* receives a sixth part of the whole revenue, the holder of the second receives a sixth part of the remainder, and the holder of the third receives a sixth part of the surplus after deducting both; so that three *viudedades* absorb five-twelfths of the entire income derived from the mayorazgo. If the possessor of the first *viudedad* dies or marries again, his annuity accrues to the second, who enjoys it in addition to his own as long afterwards as he lives or continues unmarried. So many settlements in mayorazgo have taken place in Spain since the era of their introduction, that few families are without them, and scarcely any landed estate is free from the fetters of these entails. They originated in the desire of some great houses to perpetuate their family name, and to preserve an estate proportioned to their rank and dignity; and the example being speedily followed by the rest of the nobility, who in all countries more or less lead the fashion, it ere long extended

its mischievous contagion among those who, having no hereditary dignity to sustain, indulged an absurd and ridiculous vanity at the expense of nature, common sense, and their younger children.—(Laborde, Jovellanos.)

The evils produced by majorats are so great, that it will be of little service to impede their progress, unless some still more powerful remedies are applied. In the first place, the families, even in whose favour they were originally established, are now experiencing their oppressive and pernicious effects; and in particular it has been found, that instead of perpetuating great houses, which was the primary object of the institution, this system of entailing has powerfully contributed to their extinction. For if male heirs happen to fail for one degree, or generation, the property of the family passes away, by means of the females, to entire strangers, whilst the collateral branches remain in a state of indigence and obscurity, and at length die away and are forgotten.

“If there are only daughters born to these noble families, they may, all of them, be entirely disinherited, and see the estates of their father or mother pass into the hands of a nephew or cousin, or sometimes to a relative much more distant, but the nearest in succession, who is entrusted with supporting the honour of their name with their money, a circumstance which must be excessively gratifying to their pride.”—p. 84.

And even in the more ordinary case, where the property passes entire into the hands of the eldest son, the brothers and sisters reduced to a miserable alimentary provision, which the law has fixed at £6 sterling, whatever be the fortune of the family, become dependants and beggars; whilst nobility, being hereditary and perpetual, divides, ramifies, multiplies, and degenerates, until, amongst the lowest grades of society, such as Asturian water-carriers and Gallego porters, may be found the descendants of families with historical names, and the wretch who sleeps like a dog on the pavement can furnish upon the nonce unchallengeable evidence of his lineage and descent. In the *second* place, the keeping up of houses and estates, and the general progress of agriculture is greatly injured by this mischievous system of entails. The possessors of mayorazgos who have no children can feel but little attachment to a property in which they have only a life interest, and are of course unwilling to put themselves to inconvenience for distant collateral relations, with whom also they are often, we should rather say always, on bad terms. The only object, and indeed the constant practice, of every occupant so situated, is to extract the utmost he possibly can from the estate during his lifetime, and where the legal but distant heir is an

object of aversion, which, in such circumstances, is commonly the case, to lessen the value of the succession by all means that can safely be employed for that purpose. Hence it is that in most estates under this tenure the buildings are dilapidated, and the land remains in a state of the most miserable neglect.

“ From the Bidassoa as far as Cadiz one does not find a single handsome domain. If in Andalusia they build some place of shelter in the midst of the fields (*cortijo*), it does not deserve the name of a house; its walls, white-washed to reflect the heat of a burning sun, are not sheltered by a single tree, nor is there the least verdure, which can afford a shade. From this we may judge what will be done for fields under tillage by those who show themselves so careless about what is immediately under their eyes.”—p. 86.

A doctrine, derived from the Roman law, and accredited by all the legal practitioners of Spain, has further contributed to accelerate the decline of agriculture, and to envenom all the evils directly resulting from tenures in *mayorazgo*. According to this doctrine a successor to a majorat is not bound to continue leases granted by his predecessor; for, say the lawyers, as he is not heir, the former engagements cannot be obligatory upon him; and hence the maxim that leases expire on the demise of the lessor has long been settled law in Spain. The consequence is, that leases are seldom granted for a longer period than four years; and even these brief engagements are insecure, as the death of the lessor may at any instant of time deprive the lessee of possession, even during the currency of his lease, or at least render it necessary to enter into a new contract with the successor to the estate. Under such a system, the wonder is not that agriculture should be at a low ebb, but that any portion of the soil is cultivated at all; more especially when we consider the oppressive character of the government, the total inefficacy of the laws, the consequent insecurity of property, and, above all, the exorbitant amount of taxation. The public interest requires, as Jovelanos long ago observed, that the possessors of *mayorazgos* should have power to grant long, perhaps emphyteutical, leases. This is the first remedy to be applied, and it is the only one which will attract capital to the soil, give a stimulus to industry, and pave the way for that improvement of which this fine country is so eminently susceptible. Perpetual entail is not indeed compatible with a contract which presupposes the alienability of estates; but certainly nothing but good could possibly result from permission being granted to the possessors of *mayorazgos* to make such a qualified and temporary alienation as, while it preserved in the family the entailed estate, would ensure a more ample revenue, and guarantee the payment by the responsibility of the capitalist to whom it had been made. *Lastly*, *mayorazgos* are not less per-

nicious to the moral character and habits of the people than to the prosperity of the country. They encourage idleness, which is the national sin of Spain, and the principal cause of the degeneracy and mental imbecility by which the upper classes are almost universally characterized. A son who knows that he *must* succeed to his father's estate, a brother or a nephew, who is waiting for the succession of a brother or uncle, is but little disposed in the meanwhile to seek an independence by his personal exertions. On the contrary, he passes his days in indolence and inactivity; contracting debts which he never intends to pay; perhaps relieving the tedium of his existence by vicious and debasing indulgences; and finally sinking into a state of mental imbecility, which unfits him for every thing except becoming a tool in the hands of a crafty priest, and a slave to the mummeries of a corrupt religion. The system of mayorazgos has, therefore, a necessary tendency to make at least one fool in every family; and when it is considered that this fool is by law invested with its whole property, whilst his brothers and sisters are turned adrift on the world, at the death of their male parent, with pittance in many cases insufficient to support physical existence, no argument will be necessary to convince any one that such a system must be as adverse to the happiness of families as it is to the principles of natural justice and to the prosperity of the country at large. To the younger branches of a family the eldest son must appear as a sort of maleficent being, a despoiler, an object of envy if not of hatred; or if some remnant of natural affection survive the operation of this accursed law, reason and the sad realities of a situation of hopeless destitution will soon conspire to destroy it. In every view, therefore, the institution of mayorazgos has proved glaringly pernicious. It has ruined the families it was intended to support and perpetuate; it has annihilated agriculture in a country where the soil teems with redundant fertility, and the climate is fitted to ripen the productions of every region; it has fostered the national vice—indolence; and it has rooted up and withered those affections and charities which constitute the happiness of families, as well as the honour of our nature and the safeguard of society.\*

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\* " Thus, from the disloyal and unnatural division of the greatest part of the land in Spain, and its ulterior indivisibility, have resulted the ruin of agriculture, and the discouragement of those engaged in it; the languishing state of commerce, which can never be more prosperous than when carried on with the produce of the soil; the want of industry; the moral imperfections of the eldest-born of families; the misery, the thoughtlessness and the hateful disposition of their brothers and sisters; the taste of the younger brothers for a military life, which only tends to destroy, and their aversion to any profession which might enable them to repair the wrongs of fortune; the altera-

Another of the curses which afflict Spain is the *Mesta*, as it is called. This is the name given to an incorporated company of proprietors of migratory sheep, who are invested as such with a variety of exclusive privileges highly prejudicial to the interests of agriculture. It originated in an alliance entered into between the mountaineers and residents in the valleys of Spain, about the year 1556, for the purpose of placing their flocks and herds under the protection of the laws; and in process of time it contrived by dint of constant solicitation and gradual encroachment, not only to monopolize nearly the whole herbage in the kingdom, but to convert the fine arable lands into open pasture; thus destroying the stationary cattle, and aiming a mortal blow at the agriculture and population of the country. This monstrous association consists of nobles, persons in power, members of rich monasteries, and ecclesiastical chapters, who, in virtue of their usurped privileges, claim and exercise the right of feeding their flocks on the pasture lands all over the kingdom, and nearly free of any expense on account of the herbage consumed by them; it has caused these privileges to be digested into a regular code, under the title of *Leyes y Ordenanzas de la Mesta*; it has instituted tribunals of its own for punishing at pleasure any infraction of its pretended rights; and, in point of fact, it enjoys an entire monopoly of the pasturage, and consequently of the wool trade in Spain. The number of migratory sheep belonging to this association has varied at different periods. In the sixteenth century it amounted on an average to about seven millions; at the commencement of the seventeenth, it had fallen as low as two millions and a half; at the end of the same century, it rose again to four millions; during the eighteenth century it averaged between four and five millions; and at present it is understood to amount to about five millions, or nearly one half of the whole flocks of Spain! We shall in vain ransack the history of monopoly, even in those countries where it had been most encouraged and protected, for any parallel to this monstrous and fraudulent

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tions of consciences; the example of iniquity, so powerful in its influence on human morality, the political oppression of the poor thus almost entirely deprived of the rights of citizenship; the annihilation almost of personal liberty, which is always so much abridged in countries where titles, honours, and fortune are in the hands of a small number, for whose benefit the laws were either made, or against whom their power is altogether inefficient. In fact, the nobility, who have wherewithal to make themselves respected, cannot be imprisoned for debt, at least unless the crown happens to be the creditor; they cannot be put in the common prisons, nor confined with the other prisoners; the houses which they occupy cannot be seized or sold for debt; nor their horses, nor their mule, nor their arms. At Barcelona they cannot be arrested as prisoners except by the alguazil mayor of the Royal Audiencia, who is always a nobleman himself."

usurpation on the rights and property of a whole nation; and, to say the truth, public opinion throughout Spain is fiercely opposed to the mesta, the evils of which every man possessed of territorial property sensibly feels, and would gladly resent if he durst.

The grievances to which its proceedings give rise are, in fact, numerous and severe. First, the number of persons it employs is very great, varying according to circumstances from forty to fifty, and even sixty thousand; and these being for the most part taken from the provinces where the strength requisite for the cultivation of the soil is most deficient, are so many subjects lost to the state, in as far as concerns the purposes of agriculture and population, and that in situations where they can least be spared. Secondly, an immense extent of highly valuable land is converted into pasturage by the mesta, and produces comparatively nothing; in consequence of which the inhabitants of those places are deprived of employment, or the means of providing honestly for their wants, and driven to smuggling, highway robbery and other lawless expedients, in order to gain a precarious subsistence. Thirdly, the cultivated lands situated near the route taken by the flocks, seldom less than ten thousand each, in their journeys to and from the mountains, are subject to continual trespass, which is always committed with impunity; it being notoriously vain for the owners of lands to appeal against such abuses, or to seek redress and indemnification from the members of this powerful and privileged association. Fourthly, the pastures in common, which lie in the line of route, are equally devastated during these periodical migrations; so that the flocks belonging to the places in the vicinity can scarcely find a bare subsistence after those of the mesta have passed. Fifthly, the flocks belonging to this association are wholly unprofitable for agricultural purposes, as they are never folded upon arable lands, and consequently contribute nothing towards the fertilization of the soil. Lastly, the directors and shepherds of the mesta are more dreaded than robbers or brigands in every place through which they pass; for they exercise an intolerable and oppressive despotism, the consequence of the privilege they possess of dragging any person they choose to vex or insult before the tribunal of the company, whose decisions are almost invariably in favour of its servants. These grievances have from time immemorial excited the most forcible protestations against them; and in a report made to the council of Castille, in the year 1795, by one of its members, Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, they are exposed with a strength of argument and force of reason which, any where but in Spain, would have proved irresistible. In this admirable report, which indeed forms one of the best treatises ever published on the various branches of economical polity, the au-

thor concludes his masterly exposure of the evils produced by the *mesta* in the following terms:—

“ Sufficient has been advanced, and the subject is so evident, that you should not refuse to pronounce a prompt sentence of dissolution upon this powerful association, to annul its abused privileges, abrogate its unjust regulations, and put down its oppressive tribunals. Then would disappear for ever that convention of nobles and monks, turned shepherds, who traffic under the reverend sanction of political magistracy. They would then cease to terrify our ruined agriculturists; and with them would also disappear the whole host of *alcaldes*, *entregadors*, *quadrilliers*, and *achágueros*,\* who, in the name of the convention, harass and plague the farmers at all times and in every place. This would eventually produce subsistence for stationary cattle, restore liberty to agriculture, to property its just rights, and allow reason and justice to exercise their proper offices.”—*Art. MESTA.*

Amongst the other evils which oppress agriculture and paralyse rural industry in Spain, may be mentioned the tenures in mortmain, which are continually increasing, notwithstanding the efforts made by many enlightened individuals to obtain some check on their multiplication. Property has not unaptly been compared to snow, which, however equally and uniformly it may in the first instance be diffused, will ere long drift up here and there into little heaps, leaving many places altogether naked and bare. And this is the result of a variety of causes, with which human legislation ought never to interfere, because their unfettered and unrestrained operation is essential to the well-being of society. But if things be left to follow their natural course, these various heaps will in time be dispersed; and although they will undoubtedly be succeeded by a fresh set of accumulations, yet the new heaps will all be in new situations, and while the process is going forward there will be a continual circulation of the “drift” throughout the whole of society, and every one will catch a little of it as it is carried hither and thither by the currents. And this is precisely the condition of things which is, upon the whole, most advantageous to the moral as well as the secular interests of communities of men. It is also, we may add, the condition of things which tenures in mortmain are eminently calculated to disturb, and, when multiplied beyond a certain limit, ultimately to suspend altogether, by favouring the accumulation of “drift” in the hands of a small number, and legalizing the consequent inequality of fortune, which, increased by artificial means, becomes the baneful source of all the crimes and miseries which infest and trouble society. In this view, then, laws which favour the constitution of

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\* These are the names of the judges and other officers which the *mesta* has under its command in virtue of its exclusive privileges.

these dead-handed tenures are obviously most pernicious, and, as such, adverse to all the legitimate ends of legislation and government. But mortmain has other, and, if possible, still more deleterious effects. For, while it discourages improvement and paralyzes industry, it enhances the price of lands by continually diminishing the quantity in the market, and thus, by a singular anomaly, renders the acquisition of territorial property more difficult exactly in proportion as it diminishes its real or productive value. The price of lands in Spain, for example, is exorbitant, owing to the small quantity that is to be purchased; and this scarcity of disposable estates manifestly arises from the immense quantity of lands held in mortmain. But where the price is exorbitant, few either can or will purchase, except such as are desirous of increasing the amount of their unalienable property, and possess the means of doing so without reference to the mere question of value, or proportionality between the subject and the price demanded for it; the great mass of the floating capital of the country will be driven to seek other and more profitable means of investment than the soil; enterprise, skill, and industry will be diverted to different occupations; agriculture will languish; and the evils of the system will go on increasing until mortmain, having swallowed up all saleable estates both large and small, completes the triumph of unalienable appropriation, and the ruin of the country. These observations apply equally to the ecclesiastical estates in mortmain; with this difference merely, that they are, for the most part, better cultivated than any other in Spain, and that their whole free produce is expended in supporting an unproductive class, some of it indeed in feeding a set of the greatest vagabonds that any country ever was infested withal.—(Jovellanos, Laborde.)

IV. *Manufactures and Commerce*.—Where agriculture has fallen so low as we have already stated it to have done in Spain, manufactures, being of less immediate necessity, must have sunk still lower. And such accordingly is the case at present in the Spanish portion of the Peninsula. The country which, in the fifteenth century, furnished the rest of Europe with fine cloths, silks, satins, damasks, velvets, gloves, hardware, cutlery, and a variety of other valuable manufactured commodities, is now in turn reduced to a condition of like dependence, and must import from abroad almost every article requiring capital, skill, ingenuity, and taste, in its production. With the exception, in fact, of a few expensive establishments, which form appendages of the crown, and by the oppressive privileges and monopolies conferred upon them prove utterly ruinous to private industry, Spain has literally no manufactories where fine articles are produced; and a

few coarse fabrics of wool, cotton, silk, hemp, flax, paper, leather, and iron, comprise nearly the whole products of Spanish manufacturing industry. Nor is commerce at all in a more thriving state. The foreign trade of the country, which once spread itself over both hemispheres, is at present confined to an occasional arrival from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, effected at a risk which supersedes the possibility of insurance,—and to an exchange of raw commodities, such as silk, wool, wine, oil, figs, raisins, almonds, salt, and barilla, for the manufactured articles of other countries. And the internal trade, upon the free and frequent interchanges of which so much of the real wealth and comfort of a nation depends, is in a condition little if at all better, and shows no symptoms of revival or improvement. The causes of this utter stagnation are of course various, but the principal seem to be, the wretched state of the communications where such actually exist, and the hazard as well as the expense attending all sorts of conveyances; the want of cross or connecting roads between the different provinces, the disrepair and insecurity of the few that actually exist, and the utter absence of canals, with the exception of the miserable and useless one between Zaragoza and Tudela; the disconformity of weights, measures, and commercial regulations, particularly the latter, which seem to have been framed with malice prepense against traffic of all kinds; the fluctuating and oppressive policy of an insecure, timorous, and jealous despotism; the ruinous imposts levied *ad valorem*, not once, but on every successive exchange that takes place, until commodities pass into the hands of the consumers; the authorized and systematic vexations of police and custom-house officers, who literally swarm all over the country, and live, not by their appointments, but by the exactions which they are enabled to practise with perfect impunity; and, finally, the unprecedented extent to which smuggling is carried on, under a system of laws and regulations so abominably iniquitous and oppressive, as well as absurd, that they appear to have been framed for the sole purpose of encouraging it, to the ruin of the fair trader and the destruction of the country.—These are some of the causes which give check-mate to the circulation of internal traffic; whilst South American privateers, fitted out to gratify the cupidity as well as the new-born national hatred of their owners in the New World, sweep every headland, dive into every bay, interrupt the coasting trade, and force the little that remains to seek refuge under a foreign flag. (Laborde, *Year in Spain*.) Lastly, commerce of all kinds is viewed with disfavour in Spain; where pride and poverty, ignorance and prejudice, indolence and misery stalk hand in hand, and where the pestiferous influences

of a bad government, a worse religion, and a social system at variance with every principle recognized by reason and experience as essential to the well-being and improvement of mankind, have corrupted the sentiments, and enslaved the understandings as well as the persons and consciences of the people.

V: *State of Science and General Knowledge*.—It would be an inexplicable anomaly in politics, if, in a country where agriculture, commerce and the useful arts have sunk so low as in Spain, science and literature had fared in any respect better, or had not partaken in the general decay. There is no reason, however, for the admirers of that country to dread that any charge of inconsistency will be brought against her on this score. Throughout the whole political, social, and intellectual system of Spain, the most perfect harmony, or rather uniformity, prevails; all is utter stagnation, a sort of Dead Sea, in which whatever there is of life exists solely because its nature has become adapted to the stagnant and pestiferous element in which it drags out a weary and woeful being. The intelligence of a nation, which is the foremost support of a good government, cannot long co-exist with a bad one, which accordingly regards knowledge as its most formidable enemy; and from all that we have been able to learn of Spain, there is no country in Europe where the force of this truth is so deeply felt, or where more effectual means have been employed to guard against the dangers which absolute power has so much cause to apprehend from the great body of the people being taught to think and to reason. This is but too clearly evinced by the state of thralldom, in which, with one brief exception, the press has ever been kept in that country,—and by the aid which the secular arm has been fain to borrow from the tribunals of the Faith in preventing the circulation of every work in any degree calculated to enlighten the general mind. Some instruction, indeed, is necessary for the management of ordinary affairs, and for the treatment of the common diseases which flesh is heir to; because, without such a modicum, the great machine of society would come to a dead stand: but it is manifestly with reluctance that the government permits this much, or rather this little, to be acquired; for it knows that in learning to reason on one subject, men may also learn to reason on others. In making such a concession to necessity, however, the prudent authorities have at least had the intention and the hope of avoiding, as much as possible, the inconveniences attached to the prosecution of study, and of keeping within a reasonably narrow sphere those restless spirits actuated by the desire of knowing forbidden truths. And it must be confessed that they have on the whole succeeded pretty well. In Spain talents and learning lead to nothing; for *there* success de-

pend, not on the services which a man has rendered to his country, but on those which he may have had the good fortune to render to the government, whose interests are altogether different. Hence if protection is afforded to that particular kind of knowledge or of talent which is immediately wanted, that protection is anxiously confined to individuals, whilst the bodies or classes to which they belong are either left or pushed into the mire.

The desire of being thought a patron and protector of human knowledge, even while engaged in depressing it, has led the Spanish government to establish at Madrid some schools of mutual instruction, upon the principles of Lancaster and Bell, for primary education, which indeed is pretty extensively diffused throughout Spain, where the people are taught to read almost as generally as elsewhere; but, in giving them nothing to read except what is entirely agreeable to its own views, the government is tolerably certain that no inconvenience will result from this species of instruction, which, on the contrary, from the particular direction given to it, has been rendered completely subservient to the main purpose of excluding free discussion and useful knowledge. Education in Spain is almost wholly grammatical and literary; and it is as imperfect as it is confined. Sometime ago, when the monks of the order of St. Dominic were enjoined by their superior to learn Greek, nobody could be found qualified to teach it them; and Dr. Faure affirms that beyond the precincts of the public libraries, there are not a dozen copies of Homer in all Madrid, nor perhaps in all Spain, for the use of grown-up men: for although the Jesuits profess to teach Greek as well as Hebrew, at San Issidro, the attempt is of recent date, the Society of Jesus having been re-established by the present king; and we are also assured these pretended instructors are wholly unfit for the task they have undertaken. Rich Spaniards indeed almost never learn foreign languages, and, notwithstanding their proximity to France, they are less generally conversant with the almost European tongue spoken at their very doors than the Swedes, the Poles, or the Russians. Their blood seems to be still Moorish in its quality, and they not only are, but apparently desire to continue, Africans as well as Catholics.

Geography is known only by those Spaniards who have been engaged in navigation. As to the rest of the nation, they are aware that France is beyond the Pyrenees; and as the north wind is so much the colder in Spain, that it passes over mountains commonly covered with snow; they believe that France, and still more the countries beyond, are excessively cold; but the Pyrenees are to them a sort of curtain on which they see as on a scene every thing new, and behind which they can depicture to their imaginations

nothing pleasant or agreeable. There is a public establishment at Madrid where physics are taught, and some lessons are also given in this department of science in the convent of the Jesuits at San Issidro; but the establishment is not frequented except by youth who attend merely to go through their forms. During the constitutional régime a course of experimental philosophy was given in an apartment in the *Calle de los Remedios*, provided with the necessary instruments, which had been commissioned for the purpose from France; but, on the entrance of the French army into Spain, the lectures ceased, and the cabinet was shut up. The lecturer was a Swiss, whom Dr. Faure afterwards found in a state of the most abject misery, covered with rags, and in want of the necessary means of physical sustenance. Geology, chargeable with so many heresies, is of course excluded from the classic land of Catholic doctrines; but mineralogy is nevertheless taught, being necessary for the instruction of those who are afterwards to be employed in the direction or superintendence of mining operations; and there is a good cabinet of specimens at Madrid, containing the largest piece of native gold existing in Europe. Spain, however, has neither produced any classic work on mineralogy, nor does it possess a single elementary book adapted to the present state of the science; and, what is still more extraordinary, none of those published in foreign countries have as yet been translated. The mediocre cabinet of natural history, in the same edifice with the Academy of the Fine Arts in the *Calle d'Alcala*, (which, by the way, was not long ago advertised to be let,) is arranged according to the "classification of the celebrated Cuvier," if we may believe an inscription placed over one of the entrances, and contains an entire skeleton of a mammoth, or great mastodon.

Chemistry is only taught at the school of pharmacy, in order to satisfy medical prescriptions. The Spaniards can never see in a chemist any thing but an apothecary, in which light they view the present professor, Don Antonio Moreno, who, having studied the science at Paris, teaches it in its most improved form, and with a graceful facility of elocution which would be remarkable anywhere. The neglect of this science, however, does not arise from any contempt or aversion entertained for it by the ruling powers. Chemistry requires a sustained attention, and cannot be learnt, far less advanced, except by a series of delicate experiments and operations conducted with extraordinary precision; but every thing that requires care, exactness, accuracy, and neatness, in any respect whatever, seems to be contrary and repugnant to the natural disposition of the Spaniards. Physical and moral disorder is their essential element; and it is in the

midst of it, and of it alone, that they are happy. Method, or regularity, is to them something out of nature, which their reason cannot make them approve, because that reason has never been satisfied when they desired to make use of it. Hence at Madrid there are pharmacopolists, but no chemists; and even the more important remedies, such as ammoniac, the ethers, emetics, sulphate of quinine, &c. are not prepared in that capital, but imported from France. Mathematics would seem better adapted to the state of intelligence in the Catholic kingdom, "puisque elles sont trouvées et qu'il n'y a qu'à les concevoir;" but the only persons permitted to engage in the study of them are young military men, destined for the artillery or the engineers; and, to say the truth, there is no occasion for interdicting it to others, since it would lead to nothing but persecution. Even in military science, the study of which is positively encouraged, the Spaniards are far behind the other nations of Europe. The little which is taught in their schools is derived from French works through the medium of translation, and that little is taught ill. Botany, which requires less labour than chemistry and the other natural sciences, has, however, made some progress, and several persons, as Cavanilles, Ruiz, Pavon, and Lagasca, have distinguished themselves in this agreeable pursuit.

Medicine is in a most degraded and despicable state in Spain; and it is necessary, it seems, that it should continue so, in order not to give umbrage to the clergy, with whom it comes constantly into contact in the bosom of families and at the bedside of the dying. Besides, being considered as leading insensibly to materialism, it has been conceived essential to the interests of religion and its ministers, that this science should be kept down—an object which has been most effectively accomplished. In Spain, physicians and surgeons are in general poor devils, fellows without substance or fortune, who make visits for a fee of ten-pence each, or even less, and who, alike ignorant and disreputable, are despised even by those who think it necessary to require their attendance. Throughout the whole country may be read on every sign-post to which a barber's basin is attached, the words *cirujano y comadron*, surgeon and accoucheur; to obtain which grade it is necessary to commence with attendance on infirmity practice in the hospitals, to pass through certain courses, to undergo some sham examinations, and, above all, to pay for a license. Dr. Faure, during his stay at Madrid, was served by two aspirants to this honour, who, he assures us, made excellent valets, and reminded him of the great prototype of the race in more respects than one. There are, besides, doctors in the two branches of medicine and surgery, who treat internal maladies, operate upon occasion, though always un-

skilfully, and fill important situations, particularly the chairs of instruction.

There is not a man in Spain who has established a reputation as an anatomist. How could there be? Actual dissection is impracticable; an attempt to procure subjects would raise an insurrection, and he who made it would infallibly be assassinated. Madrid does not possess a single good anatomical preparation; and with respect to the collection of wax models in the College of San Carlos, of which the Spaniards are so ignorantly proud, even if it were more extensive and complete than it actually is, it could never serve as a substitute for dissection, or enable any one, without other means of instruction, to operate safely, not to say skilfully, on the human body. Physiology has naturally, or rather necessarily, shared the fate of anatomy; and at a time when it has been receiving vast accessions from the labours of the learned in other countries of Europe, the Spaniards have literally contributed nothing to its progress. They boast, indeed, of having illustrated medical jurisprudence; and, certainly, a number of works have been produced on this subject. But in judging of the value of these treatises, and of the credit due to them, respect must be had to the state of medical science in the country where they appeared, and to the comparative ignorance of chemistry, anatomy and physiology, which prevails almost universally among the medical profession of Spain. The knowledge of the obstetric art, which is considerable, has been imported chiefly from France; but there is no good native treatise on this subject; and, indeed, with the exception of Arejula's work on the Yellow Fever, and that of Luzuriaga on the Madrid Colic, we scarcely know of any medical book of Spanish origin which is considered authoritative in other countries; and the last of those just named Dr. Faure considers, apparently with justice, as after all but a poor performance. The system of Brown is that according to which the Spanish physicians almost universally prescribe; and if we may credit Dr. Faure, they lavish incendiary remedies with a profusion which, in the ardent climate of Spain, must be singularly calculated to keep up the ancient alliance between Death and the Doctor. We may add, that the general hospital at Madrid deserves to be cited as a model of a Spanish hospital, by reason of the filth and disorder which prevail in it. The part allotted to the military is a den of pestilence and death.

The University of Medicine, like that of Law, has been removed from Madrid. It is true that the hospitals and the courts of justice, where students of medicine and law can alone learn the most valuable part of their professions, are all in the capital; but what does that signify in Spain, where knowledge forms no title to dis-

tion, and is more likely to entail persecution than to lead to honour? Accordingly, with the wisdom peculiar to this country, both universities have been removed to the little town of Alcalá de Henares, where there are neither hospitals nor courts, and where it is necessary to study in order to take the degree of Doctor in either profession. The students too form a wretched crew, with their black capas hanging in tatters, their naked feet covered with rags, and their lank, greasy, unwashed countenances, expressive of pride, insolence and misery. The greater part of these tatterdemalions have no other means of subsistence than the soup which is charitably furnished them at the gates of the convents, and the alms which they beg in the streets, where some of them are at all times to be found bawling out, "*una limosna para un pobre estudiante,*" an alms for a poor student; words which, as the "Young American" observes, they utter in a tone and manner that seems to say, "An alms, and be d——d to you!" This is at once a curious and deplorable state of things. Mendicancy is too common in Spain to be in any degree disgraceful, and as a portion of the clergy, the predominant order, condescends to beg, it may even, for aught we know, be accounted honourable. But surely that country must be sunk into a dreadful abyss of demoralization, where pride is found perfectly compatible with the lowest possible state of human wretchedness, and where it is not thought in any degree derogatory for young men in the station we have described to beg publicly in the streets. The Spaniards, however, think that the poorest students are the best, and they ought to be the most competent judges in the matter; although, where all are beggars, it is somewhat difficult to conceive gradations of poverty. But every account we have met with deserving of credit concurs in representing them as coarse, brutal, disorderly, shameless, devoid of honour or probity, and stained with some of the worst vices peculiar to their debased and degenerate country.—(Laure.)

The academics of Madrid are by no means sufficient for the cultivation of the different departments of human knowledge. There is one of the Spanish language, established on the model of the French Academy, one of history; and one of the fine arts, for painting and architecture. But for the physical, mathematical and natural sciences, there is none in any part of this kingdom, the government of which has always been unfriendly, not to say decidedly hostile, to science. If painting was formerly cultivated in Spain, this may be ascribed to the circumstance, that art, so far from thwarting in any degree, favoured the dominant order, by contributing to the adornment of temples and palaces, without contributing in proportion to the improvement of the public

mind. But at present the case is very different; and art, like every thing else, has degenerated to such a degree, that the government was, several years ago, obliged to employ French artists in order to copy landscapes and execute some lithographs. At the exhibition of paintings, which takes place annually in the month of September, during the fair, M. Faure saw but three or four miserable daubs, fit only for sign-posts; and this in the country of Murillo and Velasquez! As to the sculpture, it seems to have been extinguished in the person of Don Jose Alvarez, first sculptor of the chamber of the King, who died at Madrid in November, 1827, in a state of abject poverty and destitution. Such is the intellectual condition of Spain under the withering absolutism of Ferdinand, and the priests his masters!

VI. *Government*.—The government of Spain, as at present constituted, is an unlimited monarchy; all power and authority residing ostensibly in the person of the king, who is not supposed to know any restrictions except those of his own enlightened will, but who is in reality a mere tool or instrument in the hands of the sacred faction which restored him to the nominal possession of supreme power, and keeps him to his good, or rather bad behaviour, by the constant terror of his brother Don Carlos, a grim and truculent monster, high in favour with the church, of which he is prepared, if necessary, to prove himself a most sanguinary supporter. His majesty, it is understood, does not very much relish the state of dependence and subjection in which he is kept by his good friends of the Faith, who, to say the truth, rule him with a high hand; and sundry anecdotes have been retailed for the purpose of showing that, if left to himself, Ferdinand would not have merited the odium with which he is regarded by enlightened men all over Europe. But we have little faith in these *historiettes*, and still less in Dr. Faure's theory, that he is in his heart a liberal; a slander which originated with the apostolicals, who are ever ready to denounce as liberalism any ordinary manifestation of common sense or human feeling upon the part of the king, and accordingly give a decided preference to Don Carlos, who never, as far as is known to the world, showed any symptom of either infirmity. Ferdinand is well aware that the will of the same faction which made him absolute can take the crown from his head and put it on that of his brother; and although he no doubt feels that it would be pleasanter not to be so furiously priest-ridden, and to sit in the saddle himself, and hold the reins, without check, control or tutelage, in his own hand; yet he is too cunning to quarrel seriously with his masters, and has taken too kindly to the work they have set him to do, to leave any doubt as to the course he would have followed if he had only had to con-

sult the dictates of his own sovereign will. His history and his conduct leave no doubt whatever as to his real character.

In the meanwhile his government is in a state of continual fluctuation and uncertainty. He is constantly changing, and never paying his ministers, nor anybody else, if he can help it. The financial and other difficulties to be grappled with are such, that nothing but an enlightened, virtuous, patriotic ministry, so firmly established in power as to be able to act upon system and with continuous effect, can ever succeed in alleviating their pressure, or in giving the smallest beneficial impulse to the productive power and industry of the country. And where is such an administration to be found in Spain; or by what means could it maintain itself in office for a single week? The king dares not choose a ministry obnoxious to the clergy; and the clergy never will support one which is really animated with a desire to benefit the country, the greatest obstacle to the prosperity of which consists in their own monstrous privileges and usurpations. Such an idea involves an utter absurdity in politics; for the first act of such an administration would necessarily be to endeavour to put down the very power to which it owed its origin and looked for support. Most unhappily, there is exceedingly little chance of any such thing occurring for a long period to come. The clergy have taken care to fill all situations of power or confidence with their creatures; they predominate in the councils, the chanceries, and the courts of justice all over the kingdom; they have the press completely in their hands, and are armed with the necessary means for excluding knowledge at every inlet by which it might ooze or filter into the kingdom; they have the keeping of the consciences and the regulation of the opinions of the whole, or very nearly the whole, Spanish nation; besides their acquired property, they possess in mortmain more than a fourth part of the territorial surface of Spain; lastly, they have the rabble, or lower class, at their beck all over the country, and can get up an insurrection in any place, or at any time, when it may suit their convenience to do so. In a word, the clergy are omnipotent and omnipresent in Spain; they have all power in their hands, and are everywhere present to see that it is not abused by being exercised in a manner really beneficial to the nation; and while this state of things continues, it is vain to hope for improvement, or to dream of regeneration. If Ferdinand, instead of being one of the weakest, wickedest and falsest of despots, possessed the intrepidity of Hadrian, the virtue of Trajan, the benevolent humanity of Antoninus, and all united with the political sagacity of Machiavel, he could do nothing for his country as long as the clergy are permitted to retain their pestiferous ascendancy. The first step to reform must consist in

the total abolition of the establishments of the regular clergy throughout the country, and in the sequestration of the property which they have so iniquitously acquired and maintained.

VII. *Administration of Justice.*—The laws of Spain are contained in the codes known by the titles of *Fuero juzgo*, *Ley de las siete Partidas*, *Ordenamiento real*, *Fuero real*, and *Novissima recopilacion*. The *Fuero juzgo* is, in the main, an abridgment of the Theodosian code, originally published by Alaric, successor of Euric, one of the Gothic conquerors of Spain, and successively augmented by the addition of new laws. The *Ordenamiento real* contains the code of laws established by the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Castille. The *Ley de las siete Partidas* is a compound of Gothic, Roman and Canon law. The *Fuero real*, which is a mixture of Roman and Gothic law, contains the code compiled at Huesca, in 1248, for the use of the kingdom of Aragon. The *Novissima recopilacion* is a collection of occasional edicts by the kings of Spain, and enjoys the highest authority. The Roman law has no validity in Spain, though it may be, and in fact always is, studied by lawyers as containing first principles universally applicable; yet it is never quoted as authoritative in the courts, and is expressly excepted against by some of the old laws of Castille, the framers of which seem to have considered it unfriendly to public liberty. Of a mass of laws so vast, and collected at such different periods from such various, not to say incongruous sources, it is difficult to give any general opinion, except that the collection altogether furnishes materials which might be used with advantage in preparing a new digest adapted to the actual condition and circumstances of the country.

In Spain, however, the evils which have been most seriously and deeply felt have not so much arisen from any defects inherent in the general system of jurisprudence, as from the mode in which it has been administered. This has always been dilatory, expensive and ruinous; often in the highest degree corrupt and oppressive. The forms are complicated, yet liable to great uncertainty; the pleadings are frightfully voluminous; the manner of taking and recording evidence is open to the greatest abuses, because subject to no check or controul; and from the number of courts, the encouragement given to appeals, and the consequent facility afforded to rich but dishonest litigants to ruin a poor and honest man by the protraction of suits to an interminable length, justice is virtually denied to the latter, and all manner of chicanery and villainy prospers in the temples dedicated to Themis in Spain. The whole business of a lawsuit is carried on by an *escribano*, (scribe or writer,) who exercises the

various functions of secretary, solicitor, notary and registrar, and is the only medium of communication between the client and the judge. The *escribano* is for the most part a consummate rogue, capable of any iniquity; and he would be out of place in the system if he were otherwise, for the multiplicity and incompatibility of his functions afford every temptation to dishonesty, and he has always before him the example of his superiors to sanction and justify him in the commission of any villainy or rascality.

But if the administration of the civil law be bad, that of the criminal law is immeasurably worse. There is little protection for property in Spain, but for life and limb there is absolutely none at all; and so desperate have the abominations of the system become, that the greatest and most daring criminal is less an object of terror to the people than the officers of *justice*, as by a horrid irony they are called. The cry of *justicia* freezes the very blood in the veins of every Spaniard who hears it, and he instantly flies, if he can, as he would from a wild beast or a cannibal ready to devour him. These fellows are not only inconceivable villains themselves, but they are the allies and protectors of all the other villains in the country; and there is not one of them who has not qualified for his office by committing innumerable crimes, any one of which ought to have placed him on the ladder with the hangman on his shoulders. All of them originally were robbers or assassins, most probably both. Need it be wondered then that crimes are multiplied in Spain to an extent frightful and unexampled? that impunity may be safely calculated upon by all who can afford to pay the necessary price? that the greater the magnitude of the crime the more certain is the escape of the criminal? and that the direct encouragement thus held out to the commission of the blackest atrocities should have its full effect? There is no country in Europe, accordingly, where, of the total number of crimes perpetrated in the course of a year, so few are brought under the cognizance of the courts; yet we learn from the official returns given in a former article of this journal, (vol. v. p. 106, 7,) and which do not embrace the whole of Spain, that in 1826 there were 1233 men convicted of murder, 1775 of attempts to commit murder, and 1620 of robbery, chiefly on the king's highway—a statement which seems to be entirely borne out by the author of the valuable work before us. If we assume that one-half of the gross number of crimes committed in Spain escape detection, or at least exposure, which we have some reason to believe is an assumption rather below than above the truth, it will follow that in the above year, 9252 capital crimes were committed within the territory of Spain proper, including nearly *two thousand five hundred* murders or assassinations! This presents a picture of the

demoralization produced by a bad government and corrupt institutions, at the contemplation of which the heart sickens. Unhappy Spain, how long will the hour of thy deliverance and regeneration be deferred!

*Hæc hactenus de Hispania.* We had fully intended to include in our survey a view of Spanish taxation and finance, together with a variety of details illustrative of the power and preponderance of the clergy, and some observations on the character and political prospects of the nation; but all these, and some other matters of scarcely inferior importance, must unavoidably be deferred to some future occasion. In the meanwhile, we cannot conclude this article more appropriately than in the words of the able and intelligent author before us, who observes at the close of his work—

“As to us, we can say at the present moment with the most melancholy conviction, that the tendency of every thing in this kingdom is to grow worse, if it be possible for any situation to be more wretched than that in which it is now placed, without being at the mercy of a conqueror; that this miserable country is, indeed, no longer a kingdom; but a perfect stable—an Augean stable; and that, unfortunately, Ferdinand is not a Hercules.”—p. 328.

Unquestionably he is not; nor, we very much fear, is there any chance of a Hercules being found to purge away the abominations which fester, without fermenting, in every part of this misgoverned and unhappy country. In other nations great crises have always cast up men equal to the occasions which produced them, and capable of directing into proper channels the energies which religious or political convulsions had set free. But the sorrowful experience of Spain has proved her an exception to the ordinary case: for during the whole of her protracted and sanguinary struggle with imperial France, which, on her part, was in every sense of the word, a war of the people, she produced not a general who attained even to mediocrity, a statesman who was able to raise himself above contempt, or a single individual with force of character and virtue sufficient to enable him to rise above the common herd and secure a beneficial ascendancy in the councils of his nation. This assuredly is one of the most dreadful effects of misgovernment; for while it proves the depth of the general debasement, it leads us at the same time to abandon the hope of future regeneration.

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ART. VIII.—*Histoire Philosophique des Empereurs Romains depuis Cesar jusqu'à Constantin, par M. Toulotte. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.*

IF the word “philosophique” had been omitted in the title of the work before us, it would have raised our estimation of the author’s judgment, without lessening the merit of his production. Every history is—or ought to be—philosophical, which means nothing more than the deducing of general principles from particular facts; and reflecting upon the causes which produced certain effects; without this, history is a mere chronological table, which informs us in what year such and such events took place, but nothing further; it taxes the memory, but exercises not the reason. He that studies the history of the past as a beacon for the future turns not to the Parian marble or Blair’s Tables, but to Thucydides and Gibbon.

The historian, then, whose sphere is confessedly one of the widest and most exalted in the republic of literature, needs no herald to chaunt his titles, like those of the Great Mogul, to the four quarters of the globe. We rightly expect from him all that depth of information and clear insight into the springs of human action, which his high official character arrogates; to make a parade of performing that which it would have been unpardonable to neglect, is at least superfluous.

Passing over, however, this defect in the title, we have been much pleased with the bold and independent style in which the Lives before us are composed; an ardent love of freedom breathes through the whole,—not however that which courts and feeds upon the rank voices of the multitude. The author would shun the idea of enshrining the fickle will of the many in the seat of power: the supremacy of the law, the upholding responsible magistrates, periodically elected by the people at large, in the free and unshackled exercise of the duties committed to their charge—such are his ideas of rational liberty, such the standard to which the Roman constitution appears, during a short period, to have approximated, before the corruption of the aristocracy undermined its base, and gradually laid the stately fabric in ruins. We can imagine no more painful task, no one at least from which we rise with so melancholy a feeling of the depravity of human nature, as from a perusal of the events during the period which our author’s narration embraces. The Romans, though always a selfish and cruel nation, never added profligacy to their list of vices, as long as domestic virtue was held in any estimation by those to whom the reins of government were entrusted. Nay, so jealous were they in this respect, that in early times, the spirits

that had long suffered in silence the injuries of usurped and abused authority, were roused to instant vengeance at the sight of violated modesty: we know not how long the Romans might have submitted to their political wrongs, if the lust of a Tarquin or an Appius had not rekindled the dormant sparks of freedom in the breasts of the indignant multitude. But when we turn to the emperors, how different the scene! Scarcely, indeed, can we believe the Romans of their date to be of the same race with those heroic beings whom we read of in Livy and Polybius. Intellectual nature seems to have exhausted her creative powers; to have produced dwarfs instead of giants; and disgusting depravity instead of strength and beauty. Can we recognize any trace of the stern Roman character in those assemblies that dignified an incestuous empress with the title of Pia, and raised to the rank of gods those emperors who had degraded themselves as men?

What, we ask, does the history of the Roman emperors, with but few exceptions, present, but a list of criminals; some born to power, and who therefore thought it beneath them to merit it; others struggling to obtain the imperial crown through torrents of blood? Perhaps not one tenth of the crimes that stained the career of these wretches has been recorded, yet so defiled is every page with their unnatural depravities as to render the whole history a sealed book, unfit for the modest eyes of youth and inexperience.

The first symptom of the decline of Roman patriotism was displayed in a lust for power; the inevitable result of some protracted wars in which Rome unhappily for herself was but too victorious. The greatest danger must necessarily be apprehended for a state when any party looks up to some victorious commander as its leader; he who has been accustomed to command, will rarely condescend to advise; they who have been accustomed to obey will hardly dare to dispute.

Rome might long have continued a republic, had Cato or Cicero obtained the power of Sylla or Pompey. The heroes of the senate and forum are of a higher and less dangerous, because of a less selfish character than those of the camp. Their ambition is of a nobler kind; the applause which they receive from their fellow-citizens is not of the same enthusiastic and intoxicating character as that bestowed upon a victorious leader; it is indeed frequently earned not so much by success as desert. In revolutionary times, when he who dares most, that is, who sets laws human and divine most at defiance, is most sure of success, the statesman who foresees and trembles for the future may be called timid; but his timidity would in the end preserve the freedom of his country. He seeks not, he wishes not to ride the

whirlwind, but provides as far as possible against its violence, and waiting till the fury of the storm be spent, to repair the havoc it has occasioned. Had the glory of his country, as distinguished from his own, been the object of the ambition of Cæsar, he would have submitted to flight, to exile, nay to death, before he passed the Rubicon; but he who declared, that he would rather be the first in a small village of Gaul, than the second in Rome, and who complained that he had hardly distinguished himself from the rest of mankind at a time of life when Alexander had conquered the world, rejoiced in the glory of his country only so far as it could be made subservient to his own. After skilfully tracing the various events which at length brought Cæsar into open collision with the senate, M. Toulotte proceeds—

“Egotism having tainted all classes of society, it required but little to extinguish every remains of generous feeling. Those who had ruined themselves by extravagance, or feared the just punishment of their crimes, wished for a civil war that might place them beyond the reach of their creditors, or preserve them from the rigour of the laws. Many found themselves in one or other of these unfortunate positions, while few would scruple to escape from their embarrassments through the horrors of a political convulsion. The young patricians were dissipated, vain, and prodigal; the rich united meanness with corruption; and the poor preferred misery and idleness to the resources which labour would have procured them.”—p. 43.

The hero of Gaul had unfortunately calculated the chances of success but too well; corruption had worked its way, a blind egotism was the sole principle of action amongst all those who, from birth or talents, possessed any influence over the multitude. Every one for himself, and the state for itself, was the motto of the day. Even of those who struggled for the freedom of Rome, but a small part had embraced the cause from a sense of honour. Circumstances alone had induced the majority to espouse the side which pleased Cato, but not the gods; some from private pique, others from jealousy, perceiving, that should Cæsar triumph, the utmost they could expect would be to figure in his train of parasites; in short, the senate found themselves engaged in a civil war, from motives which would have induced the Romans of earlier days to have taken up arms with neither party, but rather to have awaited in the capitol, like their fathers of old, that death which, whether from the hand of a traitor or barbarian, if they were too weak to repel, they would have been too proud to shun. Cato indeed joined the standard of Pompey, but in doing so he indignantly yielded to the general corruption, which had degraded his country to the condition of choosing who should be her sovereign: “Had you but followed my councils,” he exclaimed

to the assembled senate, "we should not now have been reduced either to place our hopes or fears on one individual."

"The true friends of liberty could oppose with effect the exaggerated pretensions of the tribunes, calm the discontents of the people, and repress the pride of the patricians, as long as the senate, the natural protector of order and of the laws, had no aim but the public happiness, no motive but a love of duty, no power but that derived from a sense of its services, no fear but that of violating the rules of equity; but when different factions had chiefs at the head of numerous armies, and the senate was reduced by prudence or pusillanimity to serve their interests, the republic saw its own completely compromised. In effect its existence became precarious as soon as Rome had to dread the soldiers of Sylla, of Marius, and of Pompey, since the great, when excited by ambition, are even more greedy of change, than the multitude which has nothing to lose."—p. 46.

In these remarks we fully agree. The intestine quarrels of a state are perfectly harmless, nay, they are even serviceable in preserving the political atmosphere from stagnation, so long as neither party courts or dreads the interference of military power. The popular leader owes his transitory fame to the oppression of those whose rights he undertakes to vindicate; restore those rights and you annihilate his power; he cannot induce his followers to become, in their turn, the oppressors. We cannot help extracting the following passage, the observations in which are, to a certain extent, no less applicable to the present state of this country, than to that of Rome in her decline:—

"Every thing then falls into a state of confusion, which being merely the effect of some temporary embarrassment, is not without its remedy, which is frequently contained in the disorder itself; but, instead of attempting to discover it, or of regarding this precarious state as only a transition, more or less abrupt, from good to evil, or from worse to better, and of carefully adjusting the different parts of the social machine, neither time nor labour are employed to restore the political fabric, according to the wishes and interests of the majority. This arises in consequence of the dread entertained by opulent nations, of even the appearance of disorder. In their endeavours to escape from this imaginary evil they lose the opportunity of reconstructing, at leisure, the edifice, the perfect soundness of whose parts can alone insure its stability. In the hope of avoiding some partial and transient confusion, they expose themselves to evils far more general and lasting, by surrendering, at discretion, the sovereign power into hands disposed to subjugate the will of the many beneath the tyranny of individual caprice. The difficulties which the people experience in obtaining the most trifling redress from those separated from them by fortune or rank, contribute greatly to this result—it has ever been the aristocracy which has ruined republics, and rendered monarchies detestable."—p. 48.

The fatal error of refusing to attend to the voice of the people because the clamour for the redress of injustice is mixed up with

an indiscriminate abuse of all government, confounding the evil and the good, is no where so likely to take place as in a state like Rome, in which the nobility formed a distinct and highly privileged order. In no government can the powers be so balanced, and rights and duties so clearly defined, as to obviate all suspicion that the authority entrusted for the welfare of the community will not be abused. The wealthy dread the open aggression of the poorer classes. The latter stand in no less alarm of the silent invasion of their liberties by the rich, who, being usually possessed of considerable legitimate power, have no occasion to set the laws at defiance when endeavouring to increase their own privileges at the expense of those of their fellow-citizens. It were an useless crime in them to hazard violent measures when the same end may be attained under the cloak of the laws; authority the most constitutional is by insensible encroachment converted into power almost despotic; the natural influence of property becomes an authority which brooks no opposition; the administration of justice is adapted to suit the views of those who consider their own interests paramount to those of the rest of the community: whilst the transition is so gradually made, that some flagrant *abuses* of the usurped power are frequently the first indicators that the institutions intended for the benefit of all have been perverted into instruments for the oppression of the many. The injured people, forced to become the aggressors, are then termed disaffected and rebels; their adversaries, like the wolf in the fable, care little whether they have drank above or below the stream, the water has become turbid, and those, whose only error was to have suffered too long, must, if possible, pay the penalty, and atone for the confusion.

The above may, we apprehend, be considered a very fair representation of the relative conditions of the higher and lower classes in Rome at the time which immediately preceded the usurpation of Cæsar. The patricians had become possessed of enormous power at a time when corruption had rendered them more than ever incapable of using it in a manner advantageous to the republic. The plebeians, in despair of seeing their wrongs redressed, were willing to hazard any revolution which might procure them the temporary alleviation of a change of masters; having lost all hopes of justice, they retained but more strongly the desire for vengeance.

“ In short, the Roman empire had now increased to such an extent that it stood in danger of being weighed down by its own grandeur. It stood in need of a powerful arm, having nothing to expect from the assistance of senators without energy, who could neither revive the ancient severity of military discipline, nor the purity of character which had been displaced by the effeminacy of Asia.”—p. 85.

The death of Cæsar immediately exposed the views of the different parties in Rome in their true colours. Then it was that (had the political body been still sound) the imperial faction might have been annihilated. On losing the chieftain, who, as Montesquieu has remarked, would have been the head of whatever republic he had been born in, the vicious qualities of the popular mass might have been rendered harmless or beneficial. Indolence had now lost the object to which it had turned in slumbering security, and adulation had been deprived of its idol. No hand except that of the lowest rabble was raised against the assassins *as such*; one party regarded the murder as a peace-offering to the shrine of liberty, and acquiesced in the justice that *unum pro multis dabitur caput*; whilst the other, too corrupt to enjoy a constitutional power which required to be deserved ere it was obtained, felt doubly mortified at the withdrawal of the sunshine of imperial favour in which they had basked, and at being thus fearfully reminded that power unjustly acquired is never beyond the reach of punishment. Hence, wilfully overlooking the cause, they regarded only the heinousness of the deed, contrasting the brilliancy of his exploits with the horrors of his assassination—"Behold," cried Antony, "the return for his victories." Yet Brutus drew not his dagger against the conqueror, but against the usurper; the trophies of war are no palliation even of the errors of a statesman, far less then of treason.

Throughout the whole of our author's life of Augustus, he attempts to vilify the character of that emperor by contrasting it with that of Antony, whose glaring errors and crimes are studiously kept out of sight. His share, indeed, in the proscription could not be concealed; but why do we find no mention of his proceedings when consul with Dolabella? What, we ask, were his ulterior views in passing at once three measures of the most vital importance, all of them in favour of the veteran soldiery, by whom he was then surrounded—an agrarian law, to be enforced by commissioners with unusual powers—an admittance to the judicial power to all who had held the rank of centurion—and an appeal to the people in all cases of conviction for a violation of the public peace? Why did he surround his person with a guard sufficient not only to protect his person, but to awe his political opponents? Why attempt to corrupt the legions at Brundisium, (where he only failed from offering too low a bribe,) unless, like Octavius, he aimed at despotic power, though obliged to admit his rival as a colleague, either from a deficiency of means or of prudence in applying them? We do not, indeed, deny, that in a comparison between the two the balance will always be in favour of the unsuccessful triumvir; he did not unite cowardice in the field with cruelty towards the vanquished; he did not declare be-

fore the assembled senate that *he* only closed the proscription as long as he thought proper, without meaning to impose any restriction on his future conduct; he did not join in the persecution of the freemen of Sex.-Pompeius, who, after their liberty and safety had been guaranteed by treaty, were, by an act of the most deliberate and unparalleled treachery, ruined, enslaved or put to death. It were much to be desired that our author had animadverted upon the different verdicts which the memories of Brutus and Augustus have met with in the judgment of posterity. Whence does it arise that he whose hand was but once stained with blood, and that once too from no selfish motive—the patron of literature—the fearless warrior in defence of the best interests of Rome—should be so often stigmatised as the assassin of his friend; whilst the most lavish encomiums are bestowed upon the man who violated the sanctity of treaties—desolated whole districts in Italy, driving forth the ancient inhabitants to perish in want and misery—attempted to assassinate his colleague because he conceived him to stand in the way of his own criminal projects—assented and joined in the cold-blooded murder of 2000 knights and 300 senators, the most noble and distinguished of Rome—and afterward perpetrated the still worse, because if possible more useless, butchery of the senators of Perugia? If the blood of one man can efface the glories of the most illustrious name, will the blood of thousands restore its lustre? If an enthusiastic love of freedom be not deemed sufficient excuse for one crime, can selfish personal interests be urged in palliation of a succession of enormities? Well might Augustus cherish the hireling sycophants who undertook, in return for his favours, to gild his blood-stained brows with the attributes of victory and mercy.

“Clemency,” observes our author, “appears to us the virtue of which he was most destitute, yet it is the one for which he has received most praises, since flattery transforms the crimes of princes into virtues. Their real good qualities being eulogized by all writers, they desire to be represented with those which they have not; and should this fail to deceive their contemporaries, it may at least influence the judgment of posterity.”\*

We have dwelt so long on the two first Cæsars, considering the period of their power as by far the most important epoch in the history before us, that our remarks on the remaining emperors must be comparatively very cursory. The character of Tiberius

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\* Perhaps, however, we are wrong in supposing flattery to have been the only motive of the servile authors of the Augustan age, they may possibly have acted on the principle of the Egyptians, who, when they meant to warn their monarchs against particular vices, commended them for opposite virtues; though we much doubt the use of this remedy in general; indeed it can only apply when the vices themselves are so glaring as to make the panegyric ridiculous in any other sense.

is well and strongly developed, the course of his reign, which (the reverse of that of his predecessor) rose in mercy and set in blood, shows most strikingly how much the possession of uncontrolled power tends to brutalize a mind endowed with moderate capacity, and even honourable feelings; how could the emperor consider the reins of government entrusted to him for the welfare of those who prostrated themselves in his presence? The people were already slaves before their ruler became a tyrant.\* Tiberius is indeed happily compared with Louis XI., whose adage—*qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare*—might have well suited his imperial prototype; but the French king had not the power, perhaps not the wish, to indulge in the same wanton excesses which disgraced the career of the Roman despot; he could not make judicial murder the penalty of an ill-timed jest, or of an hesitating assent to his own nefarious counsel. In Rome the people had sufficient instinct to perceive that it was not their interest to strengthen the hands of a degraded aristocracy; since, supposing them successful, they would but have exchanged one tyrant for many tyrants, and all responsibility being in consequence shared among so numerous a body, the probability of oppression with impunity would have been immeasurably increased. Besides, as is observed, p. 289,

“Neither the genius nor virtues of the most illustrious individuals could unite the people, the patricians, and the army, in love for their country, since an opposition of interests was a natural consequence of the means employed to remove all alarm of any dangerous resistance to government.

“The wealthy refused to furnish any capital for commerce, at which their pride revolted; hence the plebeians, excluded from agricultural labour, and deprived of the resources which our mechanical arts supply to the lower orders, found themselves either obliged to endure the extremes of want, or purchase subsistence at the expense of their integrity. Except in the Forum, where misery-compelled them to traffic with their votes, or in the army, where their wants were supplied, they saw themselves compelled either to incur debts, which they could never expect to pay; to sell themselves to Lucullus, after having been the partisans of the Gracchi; to pass over from Antony to Octavius, after having joined the standard of Catiline; and finally, to attach themselves to the fortune of Tiberius, the most dangerous enemy of the senate and of the republic.”

The lives of the remaining Cæsars afford but little scope to the historian's talents; the most remarkable events which cha-

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\* “Even Tiberius scorned the base tools of his despotic government, seeing that their servility outstripped his most extravagant claims; on entering the senate house he was accustomed to cry “Devoted men, how eagerly they rush into bondage.” Even he, the enemy of civil liberty, was disgusted with adulation, he played the tyrant, but despised the voluntary slave.”—Tacit. Ann. iii. 65.

characterised their reigns are commented upon in a nervous and sometimes original style. The attempt of the senate to recover its power after the death of Caligula,—the custom introduced by Claudius of giving largesses to the troops at his accession, which shortly after degenerated into a regular barter of the imperial diadem,—the persecution of the Christians under Nero, not with a view of converting them into worshippers of Jupiter, but into obedient subjects,—the *lex Regia* passed under the mild sway of Vespasian; in short, every measure of interest in a political point of view, is criticised with a freedom and acuteness, which cannot fail to command attention, however we may occasionally differ from the author's views. It is curious to observe the partiality which M. Toulotte displays towards some of the emperors, at the expense however, it may be added, of a twofold retribution upon the character of others, who, according to all historical evidence, are equally entitled to mercy with those over whom he has condescended to throw the shield of his protection. In proof that the selection has not always been the most happy, it will be sufficient to cite the instance of Otho, whose only merit appears to have consisted in preferring suicide to exposing his country to the horrors of a civil war. In our opinion, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it;" it seems, however, that this heroic end not only atoned for his numerous crimes, but actually converted them into virtuous actions; an attempt is made to impress us with the idea that the death of this emperor was in conformity with the general tenor of his life, that it resembled Cato's end, and was not a whit more calculated to excite our astonishment. Suetonius, indeed, thought differently: we find it in vit. Oth. ch. 12, "*per quæ factum putem, ut mors ejus minimè conjurens vitæ majori miraculo fuit.*" What claim indeed can the flatterer and admirer of Nero have to our admiration, he who on his elevation assumed the name of that tyrant, and ordered his statues, which the senate had had virtue enough to destroy, again to defile the dignity of the Capitol? He did not indeed go so far as his successor Vitellius, and pay divine honours to one whom the earth shuddered to have borne;\* but what can extenuate the guilt of him whose private character is stained with crimes too detestable to bear the light, with but one bright spot in his public career to efface the memory of a life of enormities?

There are many passages in the work before us, the tone of which is with us a subject of deep regret, as in them we discover a constant endeavour to institute between the Heathen and Christian religions a comparison very disadvantageous to the latter; we are reminded that the intolerance which disgraced the one, was

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\* Inferias Neroni dedit. Suet. vit. Neron.

never dreamt of during the mild ascendancy of the other, which adopted new deities instead of persecuting their worshippers, and was never made a pretext for creating a distinction between citizens of the same state, whose conduct proved them to be equally interested in the public welfare.

Now these statements, unaccompanied by any further or more extended view of the subject, would necessarily lead to the conclusion that Christianity had not only been productive of great disturbances throughout the world, which, from the perversion of human nature, has certainly been the case, but that its introduction had been followed by incalculable evils, unalloyed by the slightest advantage. Perhaps the author may not be aware of the tendency which we now complain of; but he might in justice have remarked, that persecution is not the legitimate but the spurious offspring of Christianity; that it sprung from its *abuse*, not its *use*; that it has frequently been used as a cloak for the punishment of political opinions, and even when enforced by purely religious zeal, is condemned most strongly by the precepts of the very religion which it affects to propagate. The Romans, like all the other inhabitants of Italy and Greece, forbore from propagating their religion by persecution, because they considered religion not as a duty, but a privilege; but they never hesitated to extirpate sects whose opinions or practices were held dangerous or noxious to society, as is plain from the instance of the Jews mentioned by Tacitus, and of the Bacchanalians detailed in Livy; in later times the spread of Epicurean or freethinking doctrines among the educated classes of Rome had stifled the few sentiments of religious bigotry or strictness which might have existed in the early times of the republic. If then our author had stated the case fairly, he would have seen that the comparison lay between philosophised Heathenism and perverted Christianity. It cannot astonish us that in an age of darkness, those who arrogated to themselves the character of Christ's vicars upon earth should consider their authority far superior to that of monarchs, who were only interested in the temporal affairs of the state; and whose right of sovereignty was not even considered perfect till it had been sanctioned by their approval. Is it to be wondered at that the pope, who received homage in one character, should so soon assume it in another, and reply to the humiliated emperor who attempted to separate his obedience to the apostle from that to the pope—*et mihi et Petro?*—(*both to me and Peter*). The following passage will sufficiently explain our author's opinion on this point:—

“The ancients had the wisdom to unite the temporal and spiritual power, the separation of which has mainly occasioned the crimes and

wars which depopulated the world during the course of ten centuries. No where in antiquity is there to be met with a legislator sufficiently improvident to establish the dangerous system of two parallel powers, the maintenance of which within just limits would be a prodigy far more extraordinary than any of those which usually excite our astonishment. The censer had been long and with safety in the hands of the prince, and the pontiff could not make himself master of the sceptre without infringing upon the imprescriptible rights of sovereignty.\* The ambition of the priests overthrew a system as natural as it was conformable to the spirit of the Gospel, dethroned the posterity of Charlemagne, and excommunicated many princes, while the people, encouraged by the insinuations of fanatics to despise the diadem, recognised a power far superior to that of kings."—vol. ii. p. 23.

The reigns of the Antonines, that period of peace and happiness to which alone the mind can recur with pleasure amidst these successive scenes of vice and tyranny, are described with great force; the reader must not, however, expect to find a minute detail of events—such is not the author's plan. He takes the main features of their governments, without regard to chronological order, explains their tendency, attempts to discover the motives by which they were prompted, and labours to remove the prejudice which the partial zeal of the interested historians has excited against some of the most virtuous of monarchs.

If in instituting a comparison between this age and that termed the Augustan, our judgment is to be in any way guided by the characters of the authors who flourished in the respective periods, we cannot but remark, that an undaunted assertion of truth, and free avowal of opinion, reckless of all consequences, which distinguish the writers of the former era, are precisely those qualities in which those of the latter were most deficient. Historians aimed at grace of style, instead of accuracy; the satire of the courtly poets was directed against those who troubled themselves about affairs of state, instead of the vices of the upper ranks; all interest in politics was held up to ridicule, and in its place a free indulgence in sensual pleasures pronounced to be the best, because the safest manner of enjoying existence. In vain has it been attempted to fix on the Epicurean philosophy the stigma of having thus demoralised the Roman people; were this allowed, it might with equal justice be advanced, that to Christianity were owing the crimes and persecutions which, during the middle ages, disgraced the despots of Spain and France; but philosophy neither caused the

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\* The author, we suppose, means that though spiritual power, when possessed by a prince as subordinate to his temporal authority, was neither abused nor degraded; yet that the converse was by no means the case, when temporal power was held as subordinate to the spiritual, the pretensions of which were as unbounded as absurd.

former, nor Christianity the latter; the Epicurean doctrines were adopted by a demoralised nation, because, from their total want of the stern self-denial inculcated by the Stoics, they might with greater ease be perverted to suit the taste and sanction the indolence and sensuality of a nation degraded from *citizens* into *slaves*. To minds thus prepared, it is not difficult to conceive how soon the recommendation not to abstain from the pleasures of life would be construed into a license for revelling in their enjoyment to the fullest extent, of looking to them and them alone for happiness, and leaving all public, and as far as possible all domestic, cares to the controul of others.

“*Propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas.*”

So far indeed was this reckless neglect of public matters carried, that the most violent opposition experienced by the emperors was occasioned by their attempts to reform the judicial system, and, by placing it on a more independent footing, to insure a fair administration of the laws. Here let M. Toulotte speak for himself.

“After the re-establishment of discipline in the army, to which the prosperity and tranquillity enjoyed by the Romans during sixty years afterwards are mainly owing, the most useful and adventurous measure undertaken by Hadrian was to remodel the judicial system in spite of the opposition of the magistrates. These last saw nothing but fatal innovations in every thing which injured their prerogatives. But in diminishing the jurisdiction of the judges of Rome, the prince restored to justice that energy which had been lost by too extended a range of action; he at the same time put a stop, as far as possible, to suits undertaken in consequence of the dilatoriness of the tribunals, and the frequent partiality of the judges. Those whose business it had been to settle such causes accused the emperor of wanting confidence in a respectable class of professional men, and of depriving them of the importance so indispensable to their support. Complaints of this description are always in proportion to the injury sustained by private interests.”—vol. ii. p. 69.

The opposition to Hadrian's reform may be easily accounted for, by the same principle which has, even in our days, raised so formidable an hostility against all those who have had the virtue and courage to advocate a change in those public departments into which time and ignorance have introduced delays and perplexities so prejudicial to all those for whose benefit the institutions themselves were originally intended; we mean the little attraction which a distant benefit, however great, affords, when balanced with the probability of an immediate inconvenience. Hence, those whose interests are injured are much more alive to the change than those whose ultimate advantage is certain; the first are loud in their complaints, whilst the latter remain passive;

so that to an indifferent person it might appear that the sufferers had received injury without the justification of a compensating advantage to any one. Thus, when Hadrian divided the whole of Italy into four districts, and placed each under the superintendence of a magistrate with proconsular power, the people, who by the arrangement obtained a more speedy and equitable administration of the laws, seemed hardly conscious of the results likely to ensue from such a change, while those who had thriven upon the ruinous custom of appeals to Rome inveighed bitterly against a reform which annihilated one of their great sources of profit.

But enough of these heart-sickening details. Our readers will, we are sure, excuse us for not entering further into these scenes of guilt and misery. Sufficient has been said to direct the student's attention to a work, which, though we should not recommend it to any one upon his first entering into this course of history, will be perused with pleasure by those who, having made the lives of the Roman emperors their study, wish to examine the subject in a higher and more philosophical point of view. The moral to be derived from the whole is most excellent and cannot be too often inculcated; it is, that the loss of civil liberty involves a destruction of every feeling which distinguishes man from the inferior parts of the creation, leaving his faculties to vegetate in indolence or become brutalized by sensuality; that public opinion, that most mighty engine of good or evil, when allowed to lie dormant, instead of operating as a check upon power, or suffered to waste its energies upon a wild applause of faction, may become one of the most subservient instruments of oppression, and even bow its neck to the ground ere the foot of the tyrant be prepared to trample on it. It is to this universal corruption that we ascribe the circumstance, that no where, except in the eastern world, can be found a throne disgraced for so long a period by such a succession of human monsters; Spain, indeed, has had her Philip, France her Charles, Russia her Catherine, and we our Stuarts, but in several of these there existed a few domestic virtues, which, in a moral point of view, may perhaps soften the atrocities and palliate the injustice of their public conduct; no where else has human nature exhibited a catalogue of criminals unredeemed by the exercise of a single good quality, except perhaps in the reigns of some of their successors, the popes of Rome, who, after a life passed in the perpetration of similar crimes, were not unfrequently, like them, canonized in mockery of an offended heaven.

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ART. IX.—*Notre Dame de Paris*. Par Victor Hugo. Cinquième Edition, revue et corrigée. Paris. 1831. 4 tom. 12mo.

THE author of *Han d'Islande* and *Bug Jargal* has invented another being as extraordinary as the heroes of either of these celebrated romances. To Hans and Habibrah is now to be added Quasimodo. *Notre Dame de Paris* has already, within a few months of its publication, run through several editions; and as long as a taste remains for the extraordinary, or perhaps it should be called the tremendous, such works must be popular. They appeal to an appetite which is shared by the peer with the peasant. Victor Hugo is not a writer in whose hands the power of moulding the human sympathies is likely to lie idle. He is eloquent, his fancy is active, his imagination fertile; and passion, which gives life and energy to the conceptions of a writer, and which, acting upon ideas as fire does upon the parched woods of America, sets the whole scene in a flame, is in him readily roused. Hugo may be called an affected writer, a mannerist, or a horrorist, but he can never be accused of the great vice, in modern times, the most heinous of all—dullness. A volume of Hugo is an active stimulant. Some books, as critics above all men know, act upon the senses with the depressive effect of *digitalis* upon the action of the heart; some may be compared to tonics, and some unhappily to emetics: but the writings of our author are never deficient in the true *sal volatile*, prepared according to the best directions of the Parisian pharmacopœia, amongst the ingredients of which is never forgotten a decided dash of horror. The *Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France*. When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty, we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, a monk or a soothsayer, and a minute and edifying description of the inconveniences of an ancient brothel. But it is not of much consequence, as regards at least the effect, what are the materials of romance, provided genius presides at the disposition of them.

In the novel before us, for instance, we can trace the greater part, both of the personages and the incidents which occur, to very obvious sources; and the likeness to the inventions of many English authors is so strong, that it will tempt some critics to accuse the author of imitation. Some men's ideas, and those not otherwise than men of genius, fall somewhat too readily into the

mould prepared by others. They are gifted with only partial originality. Fancy is sedulous in the conception of characteristic qualities; while the memory, active in the business of comparison, associates the new creation with remembered ideas, and thus kneads the compound into a form which bears a general resemblance to the productions of other men. Such similarities constantly present themselves in the writings of Hugo: we may very often perceive them in those of our own Bulwer. It cannot be called copying; it is conception under the lively impression of a very powerful parent mind. We have no doubt that Hugo, in both his poetry and his romance, is greatly indebted to English literature. In common with his countrymen, he has adopted the English plan of reanimating the dry bones of antiquity, and by an assiduous study of the records of history, infusing into a modern production the very spirit and language of a former age. But he has also particular obligations; he has adopted the gloom and mystery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the supernatural effects of Maturin, and the wild and unearthly personages which Walter Scott has given various examples of in such characters as Flibbertigibbet and Fenella. Descriptive scenery is common to the whole of the modern school of English romance, and it is no less characteristic of the writings of our author. In this respect, however, he has, in the story before us, introduced a novelty of a striking kind: its scenes lie chiefly in a cathedral, and all its incidents pass either in, on, or about it. His landscapes are of stone, his fields pavement, his figures carved heads and sculptured monsters.

*Notre Dame de Paris* is the history of a foundling exposed under the roof of the cathedral of that name, at the place appropriated for the reception of the illegitimates of the metropolis. The infant is an incipient monster whom every charitably disposed person eschews. He is, however, at length adopted by a character of extraordinary sanctity, the Archdeacon of Josas, Claude Frollo by name—a personage who performs a very principal part in the work. He is versed in all the learning of the times, and having soon exhausted the confined knowledge of his age, he is driven to the dark studies of alchemy and astrology, in which he of course loses himself. He manages, however, to combine great devotion with the black art; but fasting and praying, and the habits of the anchoress, cannot keep down the passions of the man. He by accident sees in the streets a gypsy girl pursuing her vocation in dancing and performing tricks for the gratification of the mob, and he becomes enamoured of her charms. But La Esmeralda is no common gypsy: grace is in all her movements, fascination in her manners; she is a fairy, a muse, a miracle of beauty, a beggar, a zingari—despised, defiled, adored and deified—the queen of her

tribe, and the enchantress of the multitude. It is this personage we have compared to the Fenella of Scott. As for the priest and alchemist, he is something between Dr. Faustus and the Father Ambrosio of Monk Lewis: he has the learning and the voluptuousness of both these heroes. Of this Claude Frollo, the adopted son is Quasimodo, who is the very antipodes of La Esmeralda, his ugliness and awkwardness being as her grace and beauty. He is of gigantic form, herculean strength, bow-legged, blind of one eye, his face frightfully-seamed with the small-pox, a huge tooth sticks from his mouth, which mouth is laid by no means horizontally in his face; his hair was composed of red bristles, and on the right of his face, over his eye, grew an enormous wen. One thing alone was wanting to complete the picture, and it was supplied: he was deaf. He had been brought up in the cathedral, and had succeeded to the office of bell-ringer, in the discharge of which duty he took a most vehement pleasure. The noise of his bells was almost the only sound he could hear; their music to him was consequently sweeter than the violin of Paganini. A being of this sort was not born to be admired: the disgust, which the world took but little pains to disguise, produced its natural effect on his temper. Quasimodo did not feel much, but what he did was in spite: the monster is malicious.

The main spring of the novel is the passion of the priest for La Esmeralda, his jealousy of his rivals, his hatred of the object, his mixture of persecution and adoration. At one time he betrays her into the hands of justice, at another he risks his life, and, what is more, his reputation for sanctity, in her defence. A very extraordinary rival springs up; it is no other than his own slave Quasimodo. An act of kindness and sympathy bestowed on the monster converts him into the humblest and most delicate, as well as the most ardent of the admirers of the Esmeralda; the exploits he performs in her service do not yield to the twelve labours of Hercules. Esmeralda is alike indifferent to the fervent passion of the arch-priest, and the faithful services of the giant slave. She has fixed her simple affection upon a captain of gendarmerie. Caught by a brilliant uniform and a handsome person, she throws herself, with all the headlong ardour of a southern beauty, into a violent attachment for a Captain Phœbus Chateaupers. Her passion is faithful and inextinguishable: she loves even to death. Trials attend her and a melancholy fate closes her story. She, the heroine, the lovely gipsy, is executed by Tristan l'Hermite, the provost-marshal of Louis XI., of whom we hear in Quentin Durward, for the murder of the very man she would have died to save, and who, such was the justice of the times, is so far from dead that he is himself married about

the time his gipsy is hanged. The priest and his scalding love end in destroying its object; for it is he who in a most critical moment plunges a poignard into his rival's side, an act for which the poor gipsy is accused, and for which she is tortured, persecuted, and gibbeted.

A number of scenes, in which these and many other incidents are developed, are certainly drawn with very considerable power. They are also, to use a phrase applied to the stage, exceedingly well got up; the costume of the time is preserved, and the antiquities of ancient Paris have been carefully studied, but the work is not, as in the writings of our Horace Smith, overwhelmed with masses of crude and undigested lore. A romance which springs from the brain of a man of genius may be compared to Adam in Paradise—all grace, animation, and power; if there be power in such works as those we have just alluded to, it is the power of such a being as Frankenstein created—a living lump of clumsy machinery.

The passages in which the author has produced the greatest impression are those in which Quasimodo figures as a principal actor, some of which we shall translate for the benefit of those who do not possess the original. But besides these there are many others which display great vigour of painting, and forcibly move the sympathies of the reader. Such are the descriptions of the trial and torture of poor Esmeralda—of the *cour des miracles*, a sort of Alsatia, the sacred resort of all the rogues and vagabonds of the metropolis of France, one of those retreats and asylums for iniquity encouraged under the wretched police of the cities of Europe during the middle ages—the character and description of the recluse Gudule—and the conversations of Louis XI. in the Bastile. But Quasimodo is, as we have said, the ornament (*lucus a non lucendo*) of the romance, and to him we shall turn our attention.

All the population of Paris had assembled in the cathedral of Notre Dame on occasion of some public ceremony, when it was proposed, by way of sport among the multitude, that they should elect a *pape des fous*, a functionary who appears to answer pretty closely to our *lord of misrule*. Over the door of the chapel of Louis XI. was an ornamental window of a stone frame: a pane of this was broken, and an opening appeared just the size of a human face, the stone mullions serving for an appropriate frame. The proprietor of the ugliest face that presented himself was elected pope for the day, and as the honour was coveted, the candidates were numerous. The moment of trial was when the face, placed in the broken pane, shone forth in all its monstrousness on the rolling mass of judges below. All who proposed to

run the gauntlet veiled their virgin charms, and only unfolded the full horrors of their countenances at the instant of presentation: they were mounted upon a couple of barrels placed one upon the other, and then they protruded their enormities through the millions.

"The grimaces began. The first face that showed itself at the window, with its red eyes and mouth like that of a wild beast, and a forehead all puckered up like the wrinkles of a pair of hussar boots in the time of the emperor, caused such convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, that had Homer heard them he would have taken the ruffians for immortal gods. A second and a third grimace succeeded each other—then another and another, all followed by shouts of laughter, and the stampings and clatterings of joy. A sort of frantic intoxication, a wild and supernatural kind of fascination, seemed to seize upon the mob, which it would be vain to give an idea of to the reader of our own days. Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every species of geometric form, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every expression of the human countenance, from rage down to gluttony—all ages, from the shrivels of the infant to the wrinkles of half-dead age—all sorts of religious phantasmagorias, from Faunus to Beelzebub—all profiles resembling beasts, from the maw to the beak, from the head of the boar to the muzzle of a bull. Imagine all the masks of the Pont Neuf, all the nightmares petrified under the band of the German Pilon, suddenly animated with life and motion, and coming in turns to thrust their ugly features and flaming eyes into your face—all the masking figures of the carnival flitting over the glass of your telescope—in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

"The orgies increased in coarseness and confusion. Teniers could have given but a very imperfect idea of the scene. Suppose Salvator Rosa to have painted a bacchanalian battle. There was no longer any distinction of ranks and persons—no longer scholars, ambassadors, citizens, men and women—no more Clopin Trouillefou the beggar, Giles Lecornu, Mary Quatre-livres, or Robin Poussepain—all were lost in the general license. The great hall was one vast furnace of effrontery and jollity; every mouth was a cry, every eye a flash, every face a contortion, every individual a posture, all was howling and roaring. The strange visages which from time to time present themselves at the window were like brands thrown on the blazing fire, and from all this effervescent crowd escaped, like smoke from a furnace, a sharp, shrill, hissing, steely rumour, like the buzz of a gigantic blue-bottle fly."

At length, a thunder of applause, mixed with prodigious acclamation far beyond any uproar that had yet been raised, indicated that something peculiarly monstrous had made its appearance. 'The Fools' pope' was elected!

"It was in fact a face of miraculous ugliness which at this moment blazed forth from the hole of the window. After all the countenances, pentagonal, hexagonal and heteroclité, which had succeeded at this window without realizing the idea of the grotesque which the crowd

had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required something sublimely monstrous to dazzle the multitude and to earn their suffrages by acclamation. Master Coppenole actually applauded, and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been himself a candidate, confessed himself conquered, and God knows to what intensity of ugliness his features reached. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of the tetrahedron nose of the new Pope—of his horse-shoe shaped maw—of the little red eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles, while the right one was utterly overwhelmed and buried under an enormous wen—of his irregular teeth, broken and nipped in all directions like the crenelled battlements of a ruined fortress—of his horny lip, over which one of his teeth stretched out like the tusk of an elephant—of his forked chin—but, above all, of the expression spread over these beautiful features, that mixture of spite, of wonder, and melancholy. Dream, if you can, of such an object.

"The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky Fools'-pope was brought out in triumph, and it was only then that surprise and admiration were at its height. His monstrous head was stuck over with red hairs; between his shoulders arose an enormous bump, which had a corresponding projection in front; his legs and thighs were built upon a system of such extreme irregularity, that they touched in no one point but the knees, and, seen in front, resembled a pair of sickles joined together at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but with all this deformity there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, forming a strange exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force as well as beauty should result from harmony.

"He looked like a giant that had been broken and ill soldered together.

"When this sort of Cyclops appeared on the threshold of the chapel, immovable, lofty, squat, and almost as broad as high, the 'square of his base,' as is said by a great man, the populace instantly recognised him by his coat half red and half blue, spotted with silver bells, and more especially the extraordinariness of his ugliness, and cried out with one voice, 'It is Quasimodo the bell-ringer, it is Quasimodo the hump-backed, of Notre Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the knock-kneed! Hurrah! Hurrah!' The poor devil, it seems, had names to choose among."—pp. 96—107.

Quasimodo was the bell-ringer of Notre Dame; he had been exposed an infant on its pavement, and he gained a livelihood by its towers; he was the child of the cathedral, lived in it, and was of it, differing in little from its images of stone and the carved capitals of its pillars, except in the gift of locomotion.

"In the progress of time, between the bell-ringer and the church a union was formed of the most intimate description. Separated for ever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his misshapen nature—imprisoned from his childhood within these impassable boundaries—the unhappy wretch was accustomed to see no other object

in the world beyond the religious walls which had gathered him in their shades. Notre Dame had been successively, according as he grew and expanded, his egg, his nest, his house, his country, and the universe."

"A sort of mysterious and pre-existent harmony had grown up between this creature and the edifice. While he was still quite a child, and dragged himself along, twisting and jumping under its shady arches, he appeared with his human face, and his limbs scarcely human, among the grotesque shadows thrown down by the capitals of the gothic pillars, the native reptile of the dark and humid pavement.

"As he grew up, the first time that he mechanically laid hold of the rope hanging from the tower, clung to it and put the bell in motion, the effect upon its patron and protector was that produced upon a parent by the first articulate sounds of his child.

"Thus by little and little his spirit expanded in harmony with his cathedral; there he lived, there he slept, and under the perpetual influence of its presence he came at last to resemble it, to be incrustated with it, to be as it were an integral part of it. His salient angles seemed to fit into the corners of the edifice, so that he appeared not only the inhabitant, but as if nature had intended it for his shell, and that, like the snail, he had taken its form. Between him and the church the sympathy was so profound, there were so many magnetic affinities, that he stuck to it as the tortoise adheres to its shell."—ii. p. 28.

Quasimodo was as familiarly acquainted with every turn and corner, recess and stair of the cathedral, as other men are with the house they are born in; there was not a depth he had not fathomed, not a height he had not scaled. He had even climbed up the façade by means of the little projections that are always to be found in Gothic architecture. He might sometimes have been seen creeping up the sides of the lofty towers like a lizard gliding up a perpendicular wall; he could stand upon their dizzy heights as another would stand upon the solid floor; vertigo, fright, and the sudden seizure with giddiness, which attack others, were unknown to him. He had, as it were, tamed his two giant towers, so mild and manageable did they appear under his hands. The natural result of all this struggling, and climbing, and jumping, and sliding among these tremendous artificial precipices was, that he had become something between a monkey and a mountain goat; he could climb before he could walk, just as the child of the South Sea islands swims before it can stand, and plays with the wave while it is unable to move a step on the earth. So much for the person of the bell-ringer; we must permit his author to describe his mind in his own words:

"Not only did the person but also the mind of Quasimodo appear to be moulded by the cathedral. It is difficult to describe the state of this being's more ethereal portion—to say what form or folds it had been

contracted into under its knotty covering, and during its wild and savage life. Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, hump-backed, and limping. Claude Frollo had taught him to articulate with trouble and difficulty, and a fatality seemed attached to the unhappy creature. For having become ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the early age of fourteen, the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear; so that the only gate which nature had left wide open was thus shut and for ever. In closing that she had intercepted the only ray of joy and light which still penetrated into the dark recesses of Quasimodo's soul; profound night consequently settled upon it. Deep melancholy supervened and completed the catalogue of his miseries. His deafness rendered him in a great measure mute. The moment he perceived himself deaf, he resolved to escape ridicule by an inexorable silence, which he never broke but when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily the tongue which his master Claude had taken such vast pains to loosen; so that when it became necessary to speak, his tongue was benumbed and his speech thick; the hinges were rusty, and moved with labour.

"If now we were to endeavour to penetrate into the interior of the soul of Quasimodo, through the hard and obdurate rind; if we were to sound the depths of this bungling piece of organization; if we were enabled to hold a torch behind these untransparent organs, to explore the shadowy interior of this opaque being, to light up its obscure corners, its unmeaning cul-de-sacs, and to turn a lamp upon the wretched spirit enchained at the bottom of this cavern, we should find, doubtless, the poor creature in some miserable attitude, stunted and rickety, like the prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grow old, doubled and rolled up in a box of stone, too low to stand up in, and too narrow to lay down upon.

"The spirit assuredly pines in a decrepid form. Quasimodo scarcely felt the blind movements of the soul within him. The impressions of objects were subjected to a considerable refraction before they arrived at the seat of thought. His brain was a sort of special medium. The ideas which entered his mind straight, came out all twisted. The reflection resulting from this refraction was necessarily divergent and devious. Hence a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand byeways down which his sometimes idiotic, sometimes lunatic fancies would wander.

"The first result of this fatal organization was the confusing his vision. He scarcely received a single direct perception. The exterior world appeared to him at a greater distance than it does to us. The second result of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage: he was savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as well as there is in ours. His strength, developed in so extraordinary a manner, was another cause of his mischievousness. *Malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes. However, we must do him justice: malice was not inborn in him. First he felt, and then he saw, even from his earliest youth, that he was rejected, despised, cast off. Human speech had been to him nothing beyond a jeer or a curse. As he grew up he had seen nothing about

him but hatred. He had adopted it. He had acquired the general spirit. He had picked up the sword by which he had been wounded.

"After all, he turned towards mankind with reluctance; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with heads of marble, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh in his face, and looked upon him only with an air of tranquillity and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not visit him, Quasimodo, with their spite. They were too like him for that. Their raillery was levelled against a very different class of men. The saints were his friends and blessed him; the monsters were his friends and guarded him; so his feelings towards them were, therefore, strong and affectionate. He would pass whole hours crouching down before one of these statues, holding a sort of solitary dialogue with it. If any one came past he would flit away like a lover surprised in a serenade.

"The cathedral was not only his society but his universe, in short, all nature to him. He thought of no other trees than the painted ones on his cathedral windows, which were always in bloom; of no other shades than those of stone, adorned with birds in the groins of the arches; of no other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; of no other ocean than Paris, which roared at his feet.

"But that which he loved most of all, that which chiefly animated his poor fluttering soul in its prison, and sometimes even gave him a sensation of happiness, was the *bells*. He loved them, he caressed them, he spoke to them, understood them—from the chimes of the steeple of the cross aisle to the great bell above the gateway. The belfry of the cross-aisle and the two towers were like three gigantic cages in which he kept his favourite birds. It was these same birds, however, which had deafened him; but mothers are often fondest of the children that have caused them the greatest pain. It is true that their voices were pretty nearly the only ones which he could bear. On this score the Great Bell was his best beloved. She was preferred before all the noisy sisters of this boisterous family, which fluttered about him on each day of fête or festival. This great bell he called *Mary*. She was placed in the southern tower along with her sister *Jacqueline*, a bell of slenderer pretensions, inclosed in a cage of less magnitude, by the side of her own. This *Jacqueline* was so named from the name of the wife of John Montague, who had presented her to the church, a gift which, nevertheless, did not prevent him from cutting a figure without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest bells dwelt in the belfry over the cross-aisle, with the wooden bell, which is only rung between Holy Thursday and the morning of the Eve of Easter Sunday. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen belles in his seraglio, but the big *Mary* was his favourite.

"It is impossible to form an idea of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon had let him off, and said 'go,' he mounted the corkscrew staircase of the belfry quicker than any body else could have come down, and rushed all out of breath into the aerial chamber of the great bell: he considered her a moment with passionate attention, then he began to address her kindly: he patted her with his

hand, as one would a good horse that has just completed a brilliant gallop. He would pity her for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses he gave the signal to his helpers, placed on a lower stage of the tower, to begin. They flew to the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous cone of metal was put slowly and heavily into motion. Quasimodo watched the movements with a heaving breast. The first shock of the tongue against the wall of brass made the whole scaffolding of the tower on which it was placed to shudder. Quasimodo trembled with the bell. Vah! he would cry, with a burst of idiot laughter. As the great clapper began to move more rapidly, and presented a greater and greater angle, the eye of Quasimodo would open wider and wider, and shine out with a more phosphoric and torch-like light. At last the grand peal would begin, the whole tower trembled, beams, rafters, leads, stones, all groaned together, from the piles of the foundation to the club-knots of the roof. Quasimodo then boiled over with delight, his mouth foamed, he ran backwards and forwards, he trembled from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. The great bell let loose, and, as it were, furious with rage, presented its enormous brazen maw now at one side of the tower and now at the other, from which roared the volume of sound that might be heard four leagues round. Quasimodo placed himself before the open mouth, he crouched down and got up as the bell went to and fro, breathed its boisterous breath, and looked down by turns the two hundred feet below him and then at the enormous tongue of copper, which arrived second after second to howl in his ear. This was the only language which he could comprehend, the only sound which troubled his universal silence. He spread himself out like a bird in the sun. All of a sudden he would be seized by the phrenzy of the bell: his look became wild: he would wait the coming of the engine as a spider watches a fly, and would suddenly throw himself upon it with all his force. Thus suspended over the abyss, agitated by the formidable oscillation of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by its earlets, strained it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, and with the shock of his body and the weight of his blows redoubled the fury of the peal. The tower itself would begin to rock, then he began to cry and grind his teeth, his red hair to stand on end, and his lungs to pant and blow like the bellows of a forge, his eye to dart fire, and the monstrous bell to neigh under him. It was then no longer the bell of Notre Dame nor yet Quasimodo: it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit shackled upon a winged beast; a strange centaur, half-man half-bell; a species of horrible Astolpho, carried off by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

"The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to inspire the whole cathedral. A kind of mysterious emanation, at least so the superstitious multitude imagined, appeared to escape from him, and to animate the ancient stones of Notre Dame, and make the very entrails of the old church pant with the breath of life. When he was there it was easy to fancy that the thousand figures in stone were moving, and that the galleries and the gateways were instinct with life. In fact, the cathedral seemed a docile thing in his hands, she waited only his will to raise

her great voice, she was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar genius. He might have been said to make the old building breathe. There he was everywhere: he multiplied himself at all points of the edifice. At one time the eye was struck with affright at beholding at the top of one of the loftiest towers, a strange dwarf, climbing, twining, creeping, descending into this abyss, leaping from angle to angle, or fumbling in the hollows of some sculptured Gorgon—it was Quasimodo unnesting the daws. At another time the spectator stumbled, in some dark corner of the church, upon a crouching, grim-faced creature, a sort of living chimæra—it was Quasimodo musing. At another time might be seen under a bell an enormous head and a bundle of ill-packed members, swinging itself with an air of desperation at the end of a cord: this was Quasimodo ringing the vespers or the angelus. Frequently in the night a hideous form might be seen wandering on the frail balustrade which runs round the towers and the periphery of the apses: it was still the humpbacked bell-ringer of *Notre Dame*. When he appeared, the old women of the neighbourhood imagined that the building began to assume a magical and supernatural look, eyes and mouths were said to open and shut: the dogs and the serpents and the griffins of stone, which watch day and night with outstretched necks and open jaws about the monstrous cathedral, were heard to howl. If it happened to be Christmas, the great bell, which called the faithful to the midnight mass, seemed to rattle in the throat, there was a strange and ominous look about the façade of the cathedral, the gates seemed to devour the crowd as they entered, and the rose-knot windows over them to eye the people with a glance of evil omen. All this sprung from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple: the middle age believed him to be the demon: he was the soul of it. To such a point was he so, that for those who are acquainted with the fact of Quasimodo's existence, *Notre Dame* appears deserted, inanimate, dead. One perceives that something is wanting, is gone. This immense body is void; the spirit has departed; we see the place and that is all. It is like a skull: the holes to look through are there, but the sight is gone." —vol. ii. pp. 26—42.

Such is the power of genius: if our translation have conveyed any of the effect of the original, the reader may learn what spirit the fancy of a poet may infuse into the idea of a lame old bell-ringer and the walls of an ancient church.

The charms of the heroine *Esmeralda* are of so fascinating a description that the ecclesiastical authorities of the time are willing to attribute their effects to sorcery. The results of a fit of jealousy on the part of the priest, who has conceived a wild and frantic passion for her, involve her in a charge of murder, and she is brought under the hands of justice, as it was most abominably miscalled. Torture is applied, and the poor creature is condemned to death. One friend, one disinterested faithful friend, alone exists in the world, and who does the reader suppose it is? it is no other than Quasimodo the preposterous. A solitary act of benevolence be-

stowed upon the creature, who during his life had met with nothing in human nature but hatred and contempt, won his affections for ever. Seeing the being he worships with the humility and veneration of a slave on the point of suffering death, he employs his gigantic strength and miraculous activity in effecting her rescue. By a contrivance, for the details of which we must refer to the author, Quasimodo snatches the wretched Esmeralda from the scaffold, hoists her upon the walls of his beloved *Notre Dame*, which overhung it, and procures her the asylum of its altar. In this retreat she remains some time, the officers of the bloody and tyrannical tribunal that had condemned her watching and prowling about the cathedral for their prey. Quasimodo is however not only a host to defend, but a genius to attend: guarding her in a small apartment on the roof, he contrives to anticipate all her wants, and waits upon her with the devotion of a slave. Esmeralda, however, possesses a host of partizans, of whom Quasimodo is utterly ignorant. A quarter of Paris was at that time the Villains' general home: it was inhabited by all those who made war upon the city. Here Esmeralda, in her quality of public dancer and trickster, necessarily resided, and by her supposed gipsy parentage owned a large troop of clansmen and defenders. The whole of this Parisian Alsatia resolves upon delivering Esmeralda, who was their favourite, from the hazardous refuge to which she had been taken. Quasimodo unluckily mistook their intentions, and under the idea of protecting his charge, makes a resistance from the old walls of the cathedral, which they are quite justified in looking upon as miraculous. The description of the attack of the whole nation of rascals and rogues upon the church, and its defence by Quasimodo, is among the most striking pictures in the book. We shall endeavour to translate a portion of it, counting upon a very considerable loss of vigour, more especially as the French of M. Hugo is particularly rich and forcible in every thing that relates to raganuiffinism.

"This same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last rounds in the church. He had not remarked the ill-temper of the arch-deacon as he passed, who looked in no benevolent manner on the care and activity he employed in bolting and padlocking the immense iron bars which gave to the great gates all the solidity of a wall. After having given a glance to the bells, to Jacqueline, to Mary and Thibault, whom he had lately so miserably neglected, he had mounted to the summit of the northern tower, and there placing his dark and well-closed lantern on the leads, he sat himself down to contemplate Paris. Paris, which was scarcely lighted at this period, presented to the eye a confused mass of sombre images, traversed here and there by the white surface of the Seine. No light was to be seen except in the lofty window of a far removed building, the outlines of which were clearly defined

on the sky in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine. There was also some one else who watched. (This was the apartment of Louis XI.)

"Whilst he allowed his eye to wander over this vague mass of mist and darkness, an emotion of anxiety and uneasiness gained upon him. For several days past he had been upon his guard, having remarked a number of sinister-looking individuals continually prowling about the church, and who appeared to be peering about for the poor girl's asylum. He had an idea that some plot against the unhappy refugee was afoot, and he imagined that the hatred of the people was directed as well against the supposed sorcerer as against himself. So he kept himself on his tower, on the watch, *révant dans son révoir*, as Rabelais says, gazing sometimes upon the cell (Esmeralda's abode,) sometimes on Paris, making sure guard, like a good dog, and with a heart full of distrust.

"All of a sudden, while he was scrutinizing the great city with the eye which nature by way of compensation had made so piercing that it almost supplied the want of his other organs, it appeared to him that the profile of the quay of La Vieille-Pelleterie assumed a singular appearance. There appeared to be motion about it; the black outline of the parapet, clearly defined on the whitening water, seemed to him as no longer either straight or motionless like that of the other quays, but that it undulated to the eye like the waves of a river or the heads of a multitude marching onwards. This struck him as strange. He redoubled his attention. The movement appeared to be extending towards the city: it existed but a short time on the quay: it then subsided by little and little as if it were entering into the interior of the isle, it then suddenly ceased and the outlines of the quay became once more straight and motionless.

"At the moment that Quasimodo had exhausted himself in conjecture, the movement re-appeared in the Rue du Parvis, which extends perpendicularly into the city from the façade of Notre Dame. At last, so intense was the obscurity, that no sooner did he see the head of a column debouch by this street, than the crowd spread itself over the precincts, where nothing could be distinguished but that it was a crowd. The sight was alarming. This singular procession could not approach without some noise or murmur, whatever silence might be kept: the trampling of the feet alone of so great a crowd must necessarily have sounded through the stillness of the streets. But no sound reached the brain of the deaf Quasimodo, and the vast multitude of which he could only catch glimpses, and which seemed to him noiseless, had the effect of an army of the dead, who had risen from their graves at midnight, mute, impalpable, and ready to vanish into thin air. It seemed to him as if a mist full of human beings was approaching, and that what he saw in motion were the shadows of the shades.

"Then the fears of an attempt against the Egyptian returned to his apprehension. A confused notion presented itself to his mind that a crisis was approaching, and he began to reason on the danger of her situation with more method than might have been expected from a brain so imperfectly organized. Ought he to wake the Egyptian?

Should he contrive her evasion? Where? how? the streets were invested: the church was washed by the river. No boat was to be had, and there was no outlet. There was but one alternative; he would die on the threshold of the cathedral, after making every resistance in his power until succour arrived. He resolved not to disturb the repose of his protégée; the unhappy creature would wake time enough to die. His resolution being taken, he set himself to examine the enemy with greater tranquillity.

"The crowd appeared to increase every instant in the precincts. Quasimodo, however, conjectured that the noise they made must be very slight, for the windows of the street and the place remained closed. All of a sudden a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches appeared above the heads of the mass, brandishing their tufts of flame against the thick darkness. Then were disclosed to the rambling eye of Quasimodo whole troops of men and women in rags, armed with sickles, pikes, hedgebills, and halberts with their glancing heads. Here and there black forks stuck over hideous faces like horns. He seemed to have some vague remembrance of this multitude, and fancied that he had seen the same fashion of heads before (when he was elected fools'-pope.) A man, who held a torch in one hand and a weapon in the other, got upon a post and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time this strange army made some evolutions, as if it were being placed in stations round the church. Quasimodo picked up his lantern, and went down upon the platform between the towers in order to be able to see more distinctly and arrange his means of defence.

"Clopin Trouillefou, on his arrival before the lofty portals of Notre Dame, had, in fact, ranged his troops in order of battle. Although he expected no sort of resistance, he resolved, like a prudent general, to preserve such order as would enable him to face about, in case of need, against any sudden attack of the watch or of the *Onze-vingts*. Accordingly he drew up his brigade in such a way, that, seeing it from above, you would have sworn it the Roman triangle of Ecnomus, the boar's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle rested upon the bottom of the place so as to block up the *Rue du Parvis*, one of the sides looked upon the Hotel Dieu, the other on the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou was placed at the apex with the Duke of Egypt, our friend John, and the boldest of the vagabonds."—vol. iv. p. 61.

An attack of this kind may seem improbable to a modern reader; but in point of fact such popular movements were not even rare in the cities of the middle ages. "Police," as we understand the term, did not exist. The rights of feudality were inconsistent with any common protection. There was no centre of force. The ancient cities were simply a collection of seigneuries; a thousand different polices existed, which is as much as to say, none were effective. At Paris, for instance, independently of the one hundred and forty-one seigneurs who pretended to manorial rights, there were twenty-five who claimed as well the privilege of

dispensing justice. Of these the bishop of Paris had five streets, and the prior of *Notre Dame des Champs* had four. All these justiciars only recognized the right of the King as suzerain nominally. Louis XI. commenced the demolition of this absurd and inconsistent edifice of feudal times, and Mirabeau completed it. There existed a vast confusion of watches, under watches, and counter watches, in defiance of which robbery and plunder were carried on with open violence and by main force. It was not unfrequent for a part of the populace to make a set at a particular palace, hotel, or mansion in the most frequented quarters of the city. The neighbours took care not to interfere in the affair unless the pillage extended to their own property; they shut their ears to the firing, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle take its course, with or without the interference of the watch; and the next morning the talk in Paris would be, Stephen Barbette was broken open last night, or the *Marechal de Clermont* was seized, &c. So that not only the royal habitations, the *Louvre*, the *Palace*, the *Bastille*, *Les Tournelles*, but the mere seigniorial residences, the *Petit Bourbon*, the *Hotel de Sens*, and the *Hotel d'Angoulême*, had their battlements and their walls, their portcullis and their gates. The churches were in general protected by their sanctity; some of them, however, were fortified. The abbey of *Saint Germain des Prés* was built up like a baron, and it was said that the abbé spent more metal in balls than in bells. We may now resume our extract:—

“As soon as the first arrangements were terminated (and we ought to say, for the honour of the vagabond discipline, that the orders of Clopin were executed in silence and with admirable precision,) the worthy chief of the band mounted on the parapet of the *Parvis* and raised his hoarse and husky voice, turning constantly towards *Notre Dame*, and at the same time waving his torch, the flames of which were sometimes nearly blown out by the wind, at others nearly drowned in its own smoke, now disclosed the reddened façade of the church, and now left it buried in darkness.

“To thee, Louis de Beaumont, bishop of Paris, counsellor to the court of parliament, I speak, I Clopin Trouillefou, King of Thunes, grand coëse, prince of slang, bishop of jesters! Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken shelter in thy church. Thou owest her safeguard and asylum. Now the court of parliament wishes to lay hold of her again, and thou consentest thereto, so that she would be taken and hung to-morrow in the place of the *Grève*, if God and the Vagabonds were not there to stop them. Now we are come to thee, bishop. If thy church is sacred, then is our sister also; if our sister is not sacred, then is not thy church. Here then we are to summon thee to surrender our child if thou wishest to save thy church, or we will take the girl ourselves and pillage the church. And this will be well. In testimony

of which I plant here my banner. God keep thee in his guard, bishop of Paris.'

"These words, which unluckily Quasimodo could not hear, were pronounced with a sort of wild and sombre majesty. One of the Vagabonds presented his banner to Clopin, who planted it solemnly between two paving stones. It was a pitch-fork, on the teeth of which hung a huge bunch of bleeding carrion.

"The king of Thunes then turned upon the wild forms assembled round him in the guise of an army, and after regarding their savage looks with complacency, he gave the word of onset, the order to charge—'to your business, blackguards,' was the cry of Clopin de Trouillefou.

"Thirty men sprung from the ranks, fellows with athletic limbs and the faces of blacksmiths, with mallets in their hands, clubs, pincers and bars of iron on their shoulders. They made for the great gate of the church, mounted the steps, and in an instant were crouched down under the arch at work with their pincers and levers. A crowd of the Vagabonds followed to assist or look on. The eleven steps of the portal were crowded. However, the gates held firm. 'Devil!' said one, 'they are hard and stiff;' 'they are old and their joints are of horn,' said another. 'Courage, comrades,' replied Clopin, 'I will wager my head against an old shoe, that you will have opened the door, taken the girl, and stripped the chief altar, before there is a beadle awake. Hold! I think the lock is picked.' Clopin was interrupted by a tremendous noise, which at this instant sounded behind him. He turned round. An enormous beam had just fallen from the skies; it had crushed about a dozen of the Vagabond army on the steps of the church and rebounded on the pavement with the noise of a piece of cannon, breaking here and there a score or two of legs among the beggars, who sprung away in every direction. The blacksmiths, although themselves protected by the depth of the porch, abandoned the gates, and Clopin himself retired to a respectful distance from the church. 'I have had a nice escape,' cried John, 'I was in the wind of it, by Jove, but I see Peter the Butcher is butchered.'

"It is impossible to describe the fright which fell upon the mob with the fall of the beam. For some instants they stood motionless, staring in the air, more confounded than by the arrival of a thousand of the king's archers. 'Devil!' exclaimed the king of Egypt, 'this does look like magic. It must surely be the moon that has thrown us this faggot,' cried Audry-the-Red. 'Why then the moon is own sister to Notre Dame the Virgin I think.' 'Thousand popes!' exclaimed Clopin, 'you are all a parcel of fools,' but he did not know how to explain the fall of the beam.

"Nothing was visible on the façade, the light of the torches did not reach high enough to show any thing, and all was silent except the groans of the wretches who had been mangled on the steps. The king of Thunes at length fancied he had made a discovery. 'Maw of God!' cried he, 'are the canons defending themselves? if so, sack! sack!' 'Sack! sack!' repeated the whole crew, and sack resounded in the court bawled by hundreds of husky voices, and a furious discharge of cross-bows and other missiles was let fly upon the façade.

"This thundering noise at last awakened the people of the neighbourhood, and in sundry quarters might be seen windows opening, and night-caps popped out and hands holding candles. 'Fire at the windows,' roared out Clopin. The windows were all shut in an instant, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a hasty and frightened glance upon the scene of flash and tumult, returned back to perspire in terror by the sides of their wives; asking themselves if the devils kept their sabbath now in the Parvis, or whether there was another attack of the Burgundians as in 64. The men dreamed of robbery, the women of rape, and all trembled.

"'Sack! sack!' repeated the men of slang, but no one made a step towards the cathedral, they looked at the beam. The beam did not move, and the building preserved its calm and lonely air, but something had frozen the courage of the Vagabond army.

"'To the work then, smiths!' cried Trouillefou; 'let us force the door.' Not a soul moved. 'Here are fellows,' said he, 'now, who are frightened out of their lives by a block of wood.' An old smith came forward and said, 'Captain, it is not the block of wood that frightens us, the gate is all bestitched with bars of iron, the pincers are of no use.' 'What want you then to knock it in?' 'We want a battering-ram.' 'Here is one then,' said the King of Thunes standing upon the beam, 'the canons themselves have sent you one. Thank you, priests,' said he, making a mock obeisance to the church. This bravado had the desired effect, the charm of the beam was broken, and presently it was picked up like a feather by the vigorous arms of a hundred of the Vagabonds and hurled with fury against the doors, which they had in vain endeavoured to force. The sight was an extraordinary one, and in the dusky and imperfect light of the torches, the beam and its supporters might have been taken for an immense beast with its hundreds of legs butting against a giant of stone.

"The shock of the beam resounded upon the half-metallic door like a bell; it did not give way, but the church trembled to its foundations, and in its very innermost caverns. The same instant a shower of stones began to descend. 'Hell and the devil!' roared out John, 'are the towers shaking their battlements upon us?' But the impulse was on them; it was decided that the bishop defended his citadel, and the siege was continued with fury, in spite of the skulls that were cracked in all directions. The stones descended one at a time, but they came down pretty thick after each other; the Vagabonds always perceived two at a time, one at their feet and the other on their heads. Already a large heap of killed and wounded were heaped on the pavement; the assailants, however, were nothing daunted, the long beam continued to be swung against the gates, the stones to rain down, and the door to groan."

"Of course the reader divines the source of this opposition. The workmen, who had been repairing the walls of the southern tower during the day, had left their materials behind, and they consisted of immense beams for the roof, lead and stone. A sudden thought occurred to Quasimodo that they would make ad-

mirable means of defence. With a force, which he alone could boast, he hoisted the largest and longest beam to be found and launched it fairly out of a small window upon the heads of the Vagabonds at work on the steps. The enormous beam in descending one hundred and sixty feet acquired no small accelerated velocity, and hitting and bounding from pinnacle to corner and corner to wall as it fell, and again rebounding on the pavement among the besiegers, it seemed, to the eye of Quasimodo, like a hideous serpent writhing and leaping upon its prey.

"Quasimodo saw the Vagabonds scattered by the fall of the beam, like ashes before the wind. He took advantage of this affright, and whilst they fixed a superstitious stare upon the block, fallen from the sky as they thought, Quasimodo set to work in silence to heap together rubbish, stones, hewn and unhewn, even to the sacks of tools belonging to the masons, upon the edge of the parapet; so that as soon as they began to batter the great gates, the hailstorm of stoneblocks commenced, and the Vagabonds to think the church was demolishing itself upon their heads. If any eye could have seen Quasimodo at his work, it would have been a sight of dread. Independently of all the projectiles he had accumulated on the balustrade, he had heaps of stones on the platform itself; so that as soon as the blocks on the outer edge were exhausted, he gathered from the heaps. He then might be seen lowering and rising, dipping and plunging with an activity altogether inconceivable. His great head, more like that of a gnome than of a human being, was to be seen inclining over the balustrade, then a block would fall, then another enormous stone, then another. From time to time he would follow a fine stone with his eye, and when it killed well he grunted 'hun!'"—p. 76.

However, the Vagabonds did not flinch. The thick gates were trembling under the weight of the battering engine, the pannels were cracking, the carving sprung off in shivers, the hinges at each blow jumped up from the pivots, the boards began to separate, and the timber was ground to powder between the claspings and bindings of iron; luckily for Quasimodo there was more iron than wood. He perceived, however, that the door could not hold long, and as his ammunition declined, he began to despond. However, another bright idea struck him: the experiment he hit upon we shall describe in the author's words.

"At this moment of anguish he remarked a little lower than the balustrade whence he crushed the men of slang, two long spouts of stone, which disgorged immediately over the great gates. The interior orifice of the gutters opened on the level of the platform. He ran to fetch a faggot from his bell-ringer's lodge, and placing it over the hole of the two spouts he covered it with a multitude of laths and rolls of lead, ammunition which he had not yet resorted to. As soon as all was arranged, he set fire to the mass with his lantern.

"In this interval, the vagabonds, perceiving the stones had ceased to

fall, no longer looked up, and the whole cavalcade, like a pack of hounds that have driven the boar to bay, now crowded round the gates, which, though all shattered by the battering engine, were still standing. They were all in expectation of the last grand blow, the blow that was to send the whole in shivers. Each was striving to get nearest the door that he might be the first to dart into this rich reservoir of treasures that had been accumulating for three centuries. They roared with joy as they bandied about from one to another the names of silver crosses, copes of brocade, the gilded monuments, the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling fetes, and the Christmasses sparkling with torches, the Easters brilliant with the sun, and all the splendid solemnities of chalices, chandeliers, pyxes, tabernacles, reliquaries, which embossed the altars with a crust of gold and diamonds. Assuredly, at this moment of bliss, the canters and whiners, the limpers and tremblers and tumblers, thought much less of the rescue of the Egyptian, than they did of the pillage of Notre Dame.

"All of a sudden, while by a last effort they were grouping themselves about the engine, holding their breath and stiffening their muscles as for a final stroke, a howling, more hideous than that which followed the fall of the beam arose in the middle of them all. Those who were not yelling and yet alive, looked round. Two streams of boiling lead were pouring from the top of the building on the thickest part of the crowd. This stormy sea of men had subsided under the boiling metal on the two points where it had chiefly fallen, two black and smoking holes were made in the crowd, such as hot water would cause in a drift of snow. The dying were writhing in them half-calcined and roaring with pain. All about these jets of lead, the shower had sprinkled upon the besiegers and entered into their skulls like rain-rods of flame. It was heavy fire, which riddled the wretches with a thousand hailstones. The clamour was horrific. The Vagabonds fled pell-mell, throwing the beam upon the dead, the bold and the timid together, and the court was once more cleared a second time. All eyes were raised to the roof of the church. They beheld a sight of an extraordinary kind. From the top of the loftiest gallery, above the central rose-window, huge flames, crowned with sparkles of fire, mounted between the two towers, the fury of which was increased by the wind, which every now and then carried off a tongue of flame along with the smoke. Below this fire, below the sombre balustrade, two large spouts fashioned in the shape of monster's jaws vomited forth without cessation a silver shower of burning rain. As they approached the pavement the streams scattered like water poured through the thousand holes of the rose of a watering-pot. Above the flames were the two gigantic towers, the two fronts of which visible, the one black the other red, appeared still greater when viewed against the sky. The numberless sculptures of devils and dragons had an aspect of rage. The unsettled brilliancy of the fire gave them the appearance of life. The serpents seemed to be laughing, the water-spouts to be barking, the salamanders to be puffing the fire, the griffins to sneeze in the smoke. And amongst the monsters thus as it were awakened out of their slumbers by the noise and confusion, there was one in motion who

was seen to pass from time to time in front of the fire like a bat before a candle."—p. 83.

"A silence of terror fell upon the army of Vagabonds, during which might be heard the cries of the canons shut up in their cloister, more uneasy than horses in a stable on fire, together with the stealthy-opened noise of windows, the bustle of the interior of the houses, and of the Hotel-Dieu, the wind in the flame, the last rattle in the throats of the dying, and the pattering of the lead-rain on the pavement."

This formidable mode of resistance rendered a council of war necessary, at which the Vagabonds resolved upon an escalade—it failed; the prowess of Quasimodo was again successful, he shook the besiegers off the ladder and hurled them into the depths below. The contest was thus protracted till the arrival of a very considerable troop of gendarmerie and archers, acting under the immediate orders of the king. The unlucky Vagabonds were utterly routed, and either driven from the field, or left upon it. The description of the siege is continued at great length; it is utterly impossible for us to carry on our report of it on the same scale as the preceding scenes, the spirit and animation of which have induced us to enter upon the translation of some considerable passages. *Notre Dame*, however, is not a work likely to figure in English, so that, probably, our notice of it may be the only form in which it will be presented to the reader who is not also a general purchaser of foreign publications.

ART. IX.—*Bücherkunde der Sassisch-Niederdeutschen Sprache, hauptsächlich nach den Schriftdenkmälern der Herzogl. Bibliothek zu Wolfenbittel entworfen*, von Dr. Karl Scheller. (Book-lore of the Saxon-Low-German Language, compiled principally from the Documents in the Ducal Library at Wolfenbittel. By Dr. Karl Scheller.) Brunswick. 1826. Large 8vo.

2. *Reinecke de Foe fan Henrek fan Alkmer, upt nye utgegeven unde forklared dorg Dr. K. Scheller* (Reynard the Fox. By Henry of Alkmar. Published anew with explanatory Remarks, by Dr. K. Scheller.) Brunswick. 1825. 8vo.

3. *Willküren der Brockmänner, eines freien Friesischen Volkes, übersetzt und erläutert* von Dr. Wiarda. (The Statutes of the Brockmänner, a free Frisian Nation. Translated and explained by Dr. Wiarda.\*) Berlin. 1825. 8vo.

ACCORDING to the method usually adopted by historians, the reader's attention is drawn to the actions and fortune of the par-

\* An account of several other works by Dr. Wiarda, on the Language and Laws of Friesland, will be found in our VIth Number, Art. IX.

ticular hero of the day. With him we embark in wars and adventures, that usually take the colour of justice or injustice from the way in which they bear upon his interests; and after we have followed him to the field of victory, we accompany him to his capital, and like him repose in the triumphant consciousness of all that has been achieved, or busy ourselves with the festivities and gaieties that hail the conqueror's return. Seldom, very seldom, is a look cast upon the state of the conquered land; much less is it thought necessary to institute a minute inquiry as to how far the real influence obtained by the victors extends, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the old inhabitants; or whether they do not, on the contrary, by indirect means, assume, after a while, an ascendancy over their subduters. Neglected as this branch of historical inquiry has for the most part been, it is the only way in which the many anomalies in the actual state of the civilized world can be accounted for. Most nations, too, are apt rather to discover the remissness of their neighbours in this as well as other respects, than to detect the errors of the same kind which they have committed themselves. Thus it is matter of constant wonder to the Germans, and other continental nations, how England, taking the lead of other nations as she does in point of intellectual and practical improvement, should possess provinces and districts so backward in civilization as parts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales unquestionably are. Englishmen, on the other hand, are not less astonished at finding in North Germany so great a difference between the state of improvement at which the inhabitants of the cities and towns have arrived, when compared with the peasants or inhabitants of the open country. In genteel society in North Germany one is accustomed to hear the most liberal opinions respecting government and social institutions expressed and canvassed freely. Young men who seek for situations under government are expected to be acquainted with the rudiments of political economy, and to possess a general knowledge of the institutions of other countries, in addition to the acquirements which belong especially to their departments. The advantages which all classes possess for obtaining a general education surpass those of other countries in a surprising degree. And yet with all this, the *bauer*, or peasant, is looked upon, not only by the *adel*, or noblesse, but even by the greater part of the *Bürgers*, or citizens, as a person of an inferior caste; their feelings towards him being not many degrees removed from those entertained by the early English settlers in Ireland towards the natives of that country. The *bauer*, according to law, can make no claim for reparation for injured honour in cases of assault; it being a

received axiom that the countryman has no honour to lose. What would our English yeoman say to a law like this?

Remarkable as is this coincidence between the situation of the German, the Irish and the Welsh peasant at the present day, it is no less interesting to find that these phenomena can all be traced to the same cause—the forced introduction of a foreign language into these countries, which the strangers were neither numerous nor powerful enough to cause to be universally adopted. Few wars or conquests have been exterminating ones, as history sufficiently proves. The most striking instances of the extermination of a people are perhaps those of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and of Britain, circumstances which seem to argue both a thin population and a determined resistance to the invaders; the remnant of the nation probably preferring banishment from their native land to the chains imposed by arrogant conquerors. In most cases, the ancient inhabitants submitted on finding resistance ineffectual, and in proportion to their numbers adopted the new laws and customs of their conquerors with greater or less modifications. England furnishes a remarkable instance of a subdued nation, warmly attached to its own institutions, language and customs, gradually forcing these upon its conquerors. The Norman invaders were as essentially different from the Saxons of England as the French of the present day are from their German neighbours on the Rhine. A greater appearance of polish, arising from a more constant mixture with the southern nations of Europe, and something of that attention to fashions in dress and manners that still distinguishes the nation they came from, tended to give the Norman knights an appearance of superiority, which, supported by their own bravery and the dissensions among the Saxons, enabled them to secure the prize they had gained. After a comparatively short interval however from the Conquest, we find the Saxons requiring a confirmation of their ancient laws, and thus laying the first stone of our present constitution. Their language too, more harmonious than the barbarous mixture of Frankish and Latin introduced by the conquerors, began to assert its superiority, and the peasant, at the same time and in the same proportion, rose in the estimation of his superiors. The final banishment of the French tongue from the court and the courts of justice was, however, that which completed the foundation on which our constitution was to be raised; and by ensuring to Englishmen the certainty that no foreign customs or laws, that eventually might favour tyranny, could be introduced unknown to them, reduced all questions of government and policy to the simple standard of right and common sense.

With the continental nations affairs took a different and less

favourable course. The powerful empire founded by the Franks, and the subsequent rise of the Swabian and Austrian Houses in Germany, caused the Frankish or High-German dialect to be the language preferred, not only in the south and the centre of Germany, but even among the higher classes in the more northern districts. The Saxon, or Low-German, which was and still remains the vernacular tongue of the peasants inhabiting the countries between the Elbe and the Weser, Westphalia, and up the Rhine as far as Cologne, was gradually compelled to make way for the more fashionable, but in other respects inferior, Frankish dialect. Its decline had been already prepared by the religious zeal of Charlemagne, whose eulogists praise the ardour with which he collected the songs of the bards, &c. in the countries he overran, while the impossibility of discovering a vestige of these productions at the present day seems to confirm the suspicion that they were sought for only to be destroyed. Some few relics of poems in this language, which mark an unusual degree of cultivation for their age, may, perhaps, belong to the period of the Saxon Emperors in the twelfth century, and seem to justify the bold assertion of the author of the works mentioned at the head of this article—that many of the poems now extant in the old High-German or Frankish dialect are merely translations from the Sassisch or Low-German. To this point we intend to take an opportunity of recurring.

The prominent part which the Saxon cities took in the Hanseatic League was doubtless one great means of preserving the Saxon language from total decay, and; accordingly, we find that in those cities which preserved their independence longest, the Sassisch is most used at the present day; a fact of which all English travellers who have visited Hamburgh and Bremen must be aware. Every means was, however, adopted to bring it into disrepute, and the introduction of the Roman law tended very much to the furtherance of this object. The principal places of education were situated in Upper Germany, and as all situations about the judicial courts were filled with their scholars, the Frankish soon became the dialect of the clerks and lawyers, and both judges and advocates found their advantage in the use of a language not understood by the peasantry. This yoke the inhabitants of North Germany have never been able to shake off, and indeed they are themselves now half persuaded of the truth of the assertion of the lawyers, that twelve upright men, chosen from among the people, are incapable of deciding what is right or what is wrong; so long have they been accustomed to look upon law as a matter above their capacities, and a necessary but incomprehensible evil.

The natural consequence of the lawyers and clergy seeking their education in Upper Germany was, that no literary productions appeared in the Saxon tongue, while the efforts of Hans Sachs and Martin Opitz are justly celebrated for the improvements they effected in the Frankish. At that period, indeed, it was too much the fashion for learned men to write in Latin and even in Greek for the language of the country to make much progress, and even High-German received its present polish and copiousness but at a very recent date; so that when at the Reformation the controversial works were translated into Sassisch for the benefit of the inhabitants of North Germany, they were so badly executed, that the people preferred studying the originals in the less familiar dialect; and as a proof of the difficulty they found in the undertaking, it is worthy of remark, that a Dictionary of the strange words used in Luther's translation of the Bible was published at that time, to assist the Saxon reader.

Thus, the two classes of men who might be expected to contribute most to the improvement of their native language, the clergy and the lawyers, were induced, from an affectation of learning and the influence of fashion, to despise it, and to look upon the peasantry, who still clung to it with a natural fondness, as on persons of an inferior cast of intellect. A noble language has by this means sunk gradually into decay; as the deficiency of literary productions naturally prevented its cultivation according to one fixed standard, until at length every district formed a peculiar dialect for itself, more or less corrupted by the introduction of foreign words and idioms. For the Saxons themselves, viz. the countries lying between the Elbe, the Saale, and the German Ocean, (for the inhabitants of what now is called the kingdom of Saxony belong to the High Germans, and cannot even pronounce the Sassisch) this loss is irreparable. The old Sassisch united most of the advantages possessed at the present day by the English and High-German tongues, rivalling the first in softness and fulness of intonation, and actually surpassing the latter in the number of its transposable particles and the power of creating compound words. Had Goethe and Schiller written in Sassisch, they would have raised it to the rank of one of the leading dialects of Europe. But they were both natives of Upper Germany: the muses have not been liberal of their favours to the inhabitants of the North.

An interest, however, of a different kind attaches to the study of the Sassisch dialect, and is especially attractive to Englishmen. This is the importance of the historical documents preserved in the language. When we recollect that the seat of our Saxon ancestors in Germany was in the countries that lie between the

Weser and the Elbe, all the documents that throw any light upon the ancient state of these lands must be of paramount importance to the English historian. How many customs, civil and municipal regulations and institutions, may not be accounted for by a comparison with the analogous institutions in countries so nearly related to our own? With what pleasure must not the historians of these early times in England take up the lately published and illustrated *Laws of the Frisians and Brockmänner* by Dr. Wiarda the *Sassenspiegel* (Saxon Mirror), and numberless other authentic documents of the manners and customs of the ancient Saxons? For the history of the English laws, we should suppose that the gain would be inestimable in studying these interesting documents, not only as far as regards the explanation of difficult terms, to which no analogous words now exist in the English and Anglo-Saxon, but as a means of entering into the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions, on which our common law of the present day is founded. The publication of every relic of these ancient records ought to be anxiously watched by every one in England who occupies himself with historical investigation, and none of our public libraries ought to be deficient in this branch of literature, which is growing more important every day by the number of interesting documents that are published in Germany. On the other hand, the Germans are looking forward to the promised publication of the Anglo-Saxon MSS, in England with intense interest, being well aware of the gain to be expected from a comparison between the literary documents of two nations so nearly related in language and in customs.

It detracts but little from the importance of these Saxon records, that they bear a later date than the writings extant in England from the Anglo-Saxon times. The Anglo-Saxons, it must be remembered, were much earlier converted to Christianity, the great source of civilization in those ages, than their German brethren, whose obstinate adherence to their ancient faith is attested by the pious barbarism of Charlemagne, and the multitude of recusant captives slaughtered by his command. It is, however, natural to suppose that the first laws which were committed to writing by these nations existed long before as oral traditions, and the fact, of the Britons applying to the Saxons for assistance against the incursions of their northern neighbours, proves that the latter had at that time made considerable progress in the arts of practical life. The first historical document mentioned by Dr. Schellor in his *Saxon Booklore*, is *The foundation charter of the convent of Gernrode*, near the Hartz Forest, of the year 964; but the greater part, and by far the most interesting, belong to the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. Of the 13th century, be-

sides numerous chronicles in prose and rhyme, foundation deeds of monasteries and convents, interesting poems, &c. which the Doctor separately and concisely describes, we may particularize—*The laws of the noble and free Frisians*, from the commencement of the 13th century; the celebrated *Sassenspiegel*, or *Saxon Mirror*, by *Ebko van Rebkow*, which was considered as the chief law authority in most of the districts of Lower Saxony until the 16th century, when the Roman law superseded it; *the laws of Schwerin* of 1220, of *Lippstadt* of 1240, of *the Jutes* 1240, of *Luneburg* 1247, and the celebrated *Magdeburgisches Weichbild*, 1250; with numberless other documents possessing a general or local interest.

The etymology of the title last quoted may be mentioned both as a proof of the importance of some acquaintance with the Low-German for the early historian of England, and an instance of the errors into which an antiquarian may fall by contenting himself with a superficial solution of a difficult point. The word, as it is given above, "*Weichbild*," is High-German, and a corruption of the original Sassisch "*Wykbelde*." As in High-German "*Weichen*" signifies "*to draw back*," and "*Bild*" means "*picture*," some High-German glossarists give the following comical explanation of the word:—The neighbouring inhabitants, they say, were obliged *to draw back* on seeing *the picture* (arms, or other cognizance) which was set up at the frontier of any town or state. The Saxon etymologist gives a different account of the matter. *Wyk*, in Sassisch, signifies town or enclosed place; *Belde* means not only a *picture*, but any thing that is *drawn*; consequently a *line*, &c. *Wykbelde* signifies, therefore, *the frontier line of any district*, and is in this case applied to the laws intended to be observed within that line. The word *Wyk*, analogous to the Latin *vicus*, is found in the English names *Warwick*, *Alnwick*, &c., and with the soft pronunciation, in *Ipswich*, *Norwich*. *Belden* is from the same root with our word "*build*." In short, the numerous errors into which German historians have been led by neglecting to pay some attention to the Sassisch are surprising, and many of them most amusingly ridiculous. The exposure of some of them by the learned author of the work we are considering will, it is to be hoped, not only induce future writers to be more guarded on this head, but awaken more interest generally for the relics yet preserved of a once important nation.\*

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\* Two most erroneous explanations of words by the editor of the *STATUTES OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD*, (*Statuten des Deutschen Ordens*, v. Hennig. Königsberg, 1806.) we give in the Doctor's own words. "Viele wörter sind falsch und sogar lächerlich erklärt, z. u. *Kaffenpiel*, *cappheupil*, *cassapil* (*spectaculum cujusque generis vom Kaffen, gaffen, s. Kapen, gafen*)—mit wahrscheinlich eine Spielgesellschaft

In an older Saxon dialect than most of the law books we have quoted are the Statutes of the Frisians and the Brockmänner, lately published, with explanatory notes, and a translation by Dr. Wiarda. This dialect forms a link of communication between the Anglo-Saxon and the Low-German languages. The laws themselves, also, approximate more to the ancient Saxon laws of England than is the case with other Saxon statute books. We find in them the difference in the number of witnesses required, according as the penalty for a transgression was light or severe, as also that a number of judges were obliged to hold the trial and to be unanimous in their decision, appeal from the court of a smaller district to that of the larger one, &c. In short, the English historian would find a reference to these works of high importance to his labours.

The poetical works extant in the Low-German are not numerous, but some of them possess an unusual interest. Foremost among them we must mention the well known fable of *THE FOX, Reinecke de Fos*, which, although supposed to be a translation from an original poem in Flemish, is yet executed in so masterly a manner as to possess all the advantages of an original, when compared with the translations into other languages. Even the highly amusing and richly poetical paraphrase by Goethe falls far short in the impression it leaves on the reader's mind, compared to the quaintness and satirical pleasantry of the Saxon version, which, as a rhymed fable, combining instruction with amusement, must ever rank among the classical contributions to that species of literature, which is calculated to suit all ages. In his introduction to this work the learned editor has given rules for the true pronunciation of the different letters in the Sassisch, and a glossary at the end renders it easy to read for any one who possesses a knowledge of High-German. These rules for pronunciation are intended by Dr. Scheller as the first part of a complete grammar of the Low-German tongue, the succeeding parts of which will be added to the edition he is now publishing of the *Nibelungenlied* in Saxon, into which language he has undertaken the Herculean task of translating, or as he says, of *re-translating* this celebrated poem.

To this point, namely, the translations made by the poets of Upper Germany from the Saxon or Low-German, we promised

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beim Kaffee, oder in einem Kaffeehause (statt Guffspiel—Schauspiel.)—Sumelich, a. sommelik, somnig, E. some, einige—mit ~~Saumelich~~—so dass also die deutschen Ordensritter im vierzehnten Jahrhundert nicht ~~per Kaffee tranken~~, sondern gesetzmassig verpflichtet waren ~~saumeliche Leute~~ in ihrem Dienste zu halten." In the old chronicles given in Leibnitz's Script. Rerum Brunsvig, these are two errors that might lead an inattentive inquirer very much astray.

to recur, and first we must quote the Doctor's own words on the subject.

"It is true that the Saxons have translated what they found of value, in other languages, and that even as late as the eighteenth century, as the REINEKE DE FOS, and BRANDT'S NARRENSHIP, &c. prove. But have not the natives of Upper Germany done the same, and evidently with less success? The poem of the NIBELUNGEN, which can be proved to have been written by a Transylvanian Saxon,\* and consequently could not have originally been in High-German, will only become thoroughly clear and intelligible by a retranslation into the original language."—*Sax. Booklore*, p. 447.

When two languages, so very similar to each other as the High and Low German, have to be compared with the view of arriving at a critical result, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with both dialects than a stranger can easily acquire, to enable one to form a decided opinion respecting a disputed point. The Germans themselves are too much at variance respecting their ancient dialects, for foreigners to pretend to decide for the one side or the other. Suffice it to say, that the opinion broached above by Dr. Scheller is both new and bold, but by no means destitute of foundation. No manuscript exists, it is true, of this celebrated epic poem in any other dialect than the old High-German, or Frankish, but the number of unmusical and defective verses seems to support the notion of its being an indifferent translation from some richer language, while the recurrence of Saxon words and idioms point to this dialect as being with the greatest probability the original one. The mixture of dialects in the middle ages, with the various opinions respecting them, is afterwards alluded to by Dr. Scheller.

"It requires some courage to assert that HUGO VON TRIMBERG, ERNST VON KIRCHBERG,† and others, wrote originally in the Suabian tongue. From this fashion of translating, the reason may perhaps be deduced, why several authors, and especially Kinderling, speak of the mixture of various idioms, of dialects not yet separated from each other, &c. The dialects were distinct enough, but were not separated by the pens of dull copyists and translators. A large folio, at present in the Museum at Brunswick, entitled DAS LEWENBUCH, or the History of Herpins of Bourges, in Berri, a MS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, affords a manifest proof of the truth of this assertion. It contains so many Low-German words, which to the High Germans must have been perfectly unintelligible, that its having been originally written in Saxon cannot possibly be doubted."—*Sax. Booklore*, p. 447.

The Saxon version of the *Nibelungenlied* cannot fail, at all

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A colony of Saxons settled in Transylvania in Charlemagne's time.

† Natives of Saxony, as their names declare.

events, of being an interesting literary acquisition, and the grammatical notices that are to accompany it will supply a great desideratum to the student of the German dialects.

Some other assertions of the Doctor, interspersed through his various publications, respecting the probability of the *\*Saxons* having at one time inhabited the whole of Europe, *before the appearance of the Celts*, are too vague to require serious refutation. His partiality for his native language, which has induced him to make such laudable efforts to bring it into respect at home as well as abroad, seems in this instance to have led him too far; but as he has the whole host of antiquarians of all times against him, there is little use in our throwing our weight in addition into the scale.

A more interesting speculation is afforded by the query, whether the Low Germans will ever allow their language to resume its former importance among them, and whether the patriotic endeavours of learned men like Dr. Scheller would not, if perseveringly applied to that end, bring their countrymen to acknowledge its long-neglected merits. The Hungarians have lately extorted from the Austrians the privilege of using their mother tongue in documents issued by their government; but, for this triumph over one of the most arrogant prejudices that has taken root in the civilized world, they are much indebted to the authors who have shown of what the language was capable.\* The self-complacency with which one nation pretends to look down upon another that is unwilling to give up its language for a new one, especially where they stand in the relation of conquerors and conquered to each other, would be more surprising if the instances were less frequent. Where, however, the conquered nation is of any extent, and the population at all numerous, the extermination of a language may be looked upon as almost a matter of impossibility, and we may find our illustrations of this assertion at home as well as abroad. If we might venture to give a little advice to the Irish country gentlemen, who at the late elections, in addition to so many other occasions, received such striking proofs of the little attachment entertained towards them by their tenantry and poorer neighbours, we should say, give up the fruitless expectation of making Irishmen Englishmen! Study the national peculiarities, advantageous as well as disadvantageous, of your countrymen. Enter heartily into their wishes and study their wants. But, above all, communicate with them, mix with them, cease to look upon them as inferior beings! And what simpler method exists of promoting the mutual communication which is indispen-

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\* See the Third Article of our Fifth Number.

sable to the establishing of mutual confidence, than that you should learn their language? On hearing arguments of this description used, we can readily picture to ourselves the strong feelings of contempt we shall be exposed to from the fashionable, the inconsiderate, the idle, in short, from all the least important members of the class we are addressing. Precisely the same feelings are roused in the minds of the noblesse of Hanover, Brunswick, and neighbouring states, when any one suggests to them the policy of studying Low-German, in order to communicate more confidentially with the peasants, and increase their influence with that class of their countrymen. But it will scarcely be credited that the result in both countries is so precisely the same to the country gentlemen as actually is the case. The argument used at this very moment against throwing open the right of election to the peasant freeholders of Hanover and Brunswick is, they will choose only *lawyers* for their representatives, in preference to gentlemen who have landed property in their districts. That they should do so is quite natural. The peasant who does not speak the language of his government is guided by good feeling not to aspire to a post that he could not fill; he therefore chooses for his representative the man whom he supposes best to understand his wants, and likely to be most active in procuring their redress, regardless of all minor considerations. Gentlemen of the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, &c. did your tenantry in 1830 and 1831 act otherwise?

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—MR. THOMAS TAYLOR and Professor LOBECK.

In a former number of this journal, in the course of a review of Professor Lobbeck's *Aglaophamus*, we stated that in that work "Mr. Thomas Taylor is convicted not only of ignorance almost incredible, but is charged with the heavier imputation of literary dishonesty, which, if not disproved, must in future deprive his assertions of all claim to belief."—(No. XIII. p. 51.) Thinking with Gibbon that "the new Platonists scarcely deserve a place in the history of science," we had no interest in examining the charges made by Professor Lobbeck against Mr. Taylor, and therefore studiously avoided giving an opinion upon their merits, observing merely that, *if they were well-founded*, Mr. Taylor could not in future be trusted without confirmation. Mr. Taylor has since favoured us with a long vindication of himself against these charges, which, by some accident, we did not receive until after the appearance of a similar vindication, in a somewhat abridged form, in the *Athenaeum*, No. 189. As we first brought this question before the English public, it is perhaps incumbent on us to state our opinion whether Mr. Taylor has or has not succeeded in refuting the charges of the German Professor.

Mr. Taylor published in the 16th and 17th volumes of the *Classical Journal* a collection of Chaldean oracles. Professor Lobbeck cites from him one of these

(so called) oracles, which makes no sense, which is written in no metre, and is compounded out of two mutilated and garbled passages of Proclus. Mr. Lobeck farther remarks that Mr. Taylor has faithfully copied an error of the printer—*ὁ ταχθῆναι* for *ὃ ταχθῆναι*, which last is plainly required by the sense. Against these charges Mr. Taylor defends himself as follows. He says that he was not the first collector of the Chaldean oracles, but that two editions of them had been previously published; the first by Patricius, the second by Stanley; from the latter of which, with the emendations of J. Clericus, he formed his collection, at the same time adding more than fifty new oracles and fragments. He then says that the oracle cited by Lobeck is copied *verbatim* from these editions; but does not attempt to defend either the sense or metre, or explain why the prose of Proclus should be tortured into Chaldean oracles; and as to the words inserted from another passage, *non monito lectori*, he says that he “concluded that Patricius had derived them from some MS. of Proclus, in which the whole oracle existed in a perfect state; and he consequently ascribed the whole line to Proclus.” Now the fact is, that the oracle exists nowhere in a perfect state: the only words of an oracle quoted by Proclus are, *δυνεῖ παρὰ τῷδε κἀθῆναι*, or only *παρὰ τῷδε κἀθῆναι*, and the silent interpolation of the prose of Proclus will not make it more perfect. Mr. Taylor, moreover, cannot perceive the right reading, even when it is shown to him, and attempts to defend *ὁ ταχθῆναι*.\* After these remarks, it is perhaps needless to say, that we completely acquit Mr. Taylor of literary dishonesty. We believe him to have been simply guilty of the much lower faults of literary ignorance and carelessness; carelessness, in copying without examination the errors of his predecessors; ignorance, in not perceiving their mistakes, first, by himself, and secondly, when they are pointed out to him. He might, and ought to have learnt from the very authors whom he quotes, that no reliance was to be placed on the edition of Patricius. Thus Stanley, in a Dissertation on “the Chaldaick oracles of Zoroaster and his followers,” at the end of his History of Philosophy, gives an account of the different editions of these supposed oracles; and of that of Patricius he remarks, that “Patricius indeed hath taken much learned pains in the collection of them; but with less regard to their measures and numbers, and (as from thence may be shown) sometimes of the words themselves.”—(p. 5.) Fabricius, too, (whose words Mr. Taylor cites, vol. xvii. p. 264,) also remarks of Patricius, that “*imprimis male lectoribus suis consuluit, quod una serie descripsit quæ divellenda erant, et diversis in locis aut libris ab eo observata fuerunt, tum quod versus male digessit, nec satis emendatos, vel mutilos, vel allegantium verbis interpolatos, aut ad sententiam ipsorum minus examinatos in collectionem suam retulit.*”—(Biblioth. Gr. vol. i. p. 249.) Our readers may judge, from this very true character of the collection of Patricius, how safe a guide Mr. Taylor has blindly followed. It is at once obvious, on a cursory inspection of that collection, that the author of it was wholly unfitted for his task; and, in particular, that he knew no more of hexameter metre than Le Clerc did of iambic.

Mr. Lobeck next shows that Mr. Taylor has made an oracle out of the prose of Proclus, by taking some words from the middle of a sentence, which make no sense, and by arranging them in two lines, which (we suppose) are

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\* The first line of this imaginary oracle, *δυνεῖ γὰρ παρὰ τῷδε κἀθῆναι, καὶ νοσηρεῖς ἀσπέρων τομαῖς*, is in the edition of Patricius stated to be taken from Proclus and Damascius. Mr. Taylor, however, in his “faithful transcript,” mentions only Proclus, without Damascius. The second line, *καὶ τὸ κρησπῆναι τὰ πάντα καὶ τὰ τριῶν οὐ ταχθῆναι*, is, in the edition of Patricius, printed as a separate oracle, and not combined into one sentence with the preceding line, as in the “faithful transcript” of Mr. Taylor, *Classical Journal*, vol. xvii. p. 246.

meant to be verses, written in some hitherto unknown metre. Mr. Taylor says that this oracle is "faithfully transcribed" from the earlier editions; and he seems to pride himself greatly on the accuracy of his powers of copying. We must beg to remark that the duty of a new editor is not to reproduce, but to correct the errors of his predecessors; and that learning is advanced, not by faithful repetition, but by independent investigation.

Another oracle, divided into lines, intended (we suppose) for verses, is shown by Mr. Lobeck to be compounded of a passage of Proclus, with a few mutilated words of Plotinus tacked at the end. It would, perhaps, be difficult to collect more blunders into so small a space. Mr. Taylor's defence is, that he "faithfully transcribed" this oracle from the previous editors; and as to the words added from Plotinus to the passage of Proclus, he "*conceived* that as a part of them evidently belonged to Proclus, Patricius *might* in some MS. have found them entire." Why then did not Mr. Taylor communicate these conceptions and probabilities to his readers? In the passage of Plotinus, it is said, *ψυχὰς ἀνθρώπων . . . . . ἔφθασαν μὲν μέχρι γῆς, κἀπὰ δὲ αὐταῖς ἐσθίονται ἰσχυρὰν τοῦ οὐρανοῦ*,—the last words being evidently imitated from the famous line of Homer, *οὐρανῷ ἐσθίειε κἀρη, καὶ ἰσὶ χθόνι βαίνει*. The last line of the (supposed) oracle Mr. Taylor prints thus: *κῆρατα δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς ἐσθίονται ἄνω*, "*ridiculo mendo κῆρατα pro κῆρατα nihil offensus*," says Mr. Lobeck. Mr. Taylor, however, says that the *ψυχῇ* in the oracle is evidently the soul of the world; and sets himself seriously to prove, by arguments which far surpass our comprehension, that the *soul of the world has horns*. His conclusion is expressed in the following terms:—"The horns *therefore* of this soul are very properly said to be established on high, signifying that her mingled nature is united to her paradigmatic cause."

It is unnecessary to pursue any farther this minute examination. Enough has been already adduced to satisfy our minds, and probably those of our readers who may be interested in such a question, that the charges of Professor Lobeck were not inconsiderately made. As to Mr. Taylor, we are fully aware of his meritorious attempts to advance the study of Greek literature in this country. His perseverance has been the more praiseworthy because it has been attended with little success. If therefore he had assumed a tone of fair discussion, and had not indulged in the most opprobrious language both against Mr. Lobeck and ourselves, we should not on this occasion have expressed so freely our opinion of his capacity for an editor of Greek authors. But his intemperate vituperation deprives him of all claim to mild treatment. Instead of showing that he is himself clear of error, Mr. Taylor inveighs against his critic—a mode of proceeding which resembles the abuse vented by a criminal on the judge who condemns him, not because his sentence is unjust, but because it is conclusive and irremovable.

## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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ART. XI.—*Müllner's Leben, Character, und Geist, dargestellt vom Professor D. Schutz, zu Leipzig.* (Müllner's Life, Character, and Mind, by Professor Schütz, of Leipzig.) Meissen, 1830. 18mo.

MÜLLNER has at last found a biographer, and, we must admit, a pretty impartial one. With every wish to do justice to the talent which Müllner unquestionably possessed, the Professor displays, with the same calmness and minuteness, the many bad qualities, both of heart and head, with which, in Müllner's case, this talent was mixed up and alloyed; and his work presents at once an amusing and yet melancholy picture of the arts, by the cautious and assiduous practice of which mediocrity may for a time eclipse far higher genius, and command an extensive, though fortunately not a very lasting reputation.

The high character which Müllner for a time maintained, and the influence of his plays upon the dramatic literature of the day, may probably be matters of surprise to those who, taking up his works now for the first time, endeavour to discover what charm could have existed in compositions so unnatural, and constructed on principles of effect so coarse and vulgar. Stage effect, which (though far inferior to Kotzebue's) they do to a certain extent possess, might do something: his palpable imitations of Shakspeare's points, quibbles, and fantastic repartee, might please those who identify even Shakspeare's defects with perfection; and his command of a nervous and easy versification might lead away captive by the ear that pretty numerous class to whom this obvious and superficial quality, being the most readily apprehended, might appear the first of dramatic excellencies.

But the true secret of Müllner's extensive momentary reputation, and of the utter oblivion into which he is now fast falling, lies in his connection with the press of his day, and the numerous engines which, with incredible perseverance and meanness, he contrived to set in motion to circulate his praises, or to vilify and depreciate his literary opponents; and now when that influence, both for evil and good, has ceased, his works have speedily found their natural level; not, indeed, the lowest, but at the same time by no means an exalted one. A certain dreary and gloomy force which they possess, redeems them from the character of mere common-place; but among the loftier, purer, and more abiding spirits of German literature, there is assuredly no place for the vain bustling, selfish, little Counsellor of Weissenfels. Nor is he excluded from their fellowship by mere mental inferiority;—his moral character unfortunately presents little more than a melancholy picture of vices and meannesses; vanity, personal and intellectual, displaying itself in the most pitiful forms, descending to any meanness or subterfuge by which his literary ascendancy might be preserved or increased; avarice the most gross and contemptible; and an intense selfishness, which renders

him incapable of any genuine friendship or any lasting affection. He was a clever, a talented man, with some strong powers of mind, but in no sense a man of genius; nor do we believe that he has ever written a line which could draw forth a tear or remain imprinted upon the memory. The effect of his writings is to produce a feeling of oppression and uneasiness, and we struggle to escape from them as from the pressure of Ephialtes. As a reviewer he is most tolerable, for there his caustic and biting style, which was the perfect reflection of his temper and habits, always gives point at least and bitterness to his critiques;—but even in that field Müllner never could be permanently useful or influential; his blows, though forcibly given, fell as often upon the innocent as the guilty, for it was not truth, but personal feelings and interests, that directed them, and the elevated and lofty principles which he occasionally advocated produced no conviction when coming from such a quarter. The devil, it is said, can cite Scripture for his purpose, and probably with great effect, so long as he maintains his incognito; but from the moment we catch a glimpse of his hoof, his homilies are hardly likely to be listened to with much attention.

Müllner, who was born 18th Oct. 1774, received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school of Pforte, near Naumburg. In ancient languages he made some progress, but with modern he never acquired any extensive acquaintance: English he never learned at all, and with French he only became acquainted at a late period, like Falstaff, on compulsion. In music, which he attempted, he failed. On the other hand, his ability in skating, swimming, chess playing, and dancing, were undeniable. At the age of 19 he left Pforte for the university of Leipzig, which was at that time beginning to be distinguished for the ability of its philosophical teachers, with the view of devoting himself to the study of law. His first-published work was a novel, the title of which (*Incest*) is not calculated to create a favourable impression as to its contents, and the leading idea of which he afterwards repeated in his "*Twenty-ninth of February*." He left Leipzig in 1797. In 1802 he married Amelia von Lochan, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, though somewhat of a masculine and overbearing character, and in the course of the same year he obtained his doctor's degree. Various comedies and farces, from his pen, none of them of any distinguished merit, and most of them adaptations from the French, appeared from 1806 down to 1812. In 1812, however, he made his debut as a tragedian in his *Twenty-ninth of February*, and *Guilt*, and in 1814 appeared his last dramatic works, *King Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*.

The *Twenty-ninth of February* was suggested, as indeed the play itself sufficiently shows, by Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*. The opening is certainly powerful, but long before the catastrophe arrives the charm is dissolved, the terrible strained to the utmost has lost its terrors. The conception of one day in the year, an infernal holiday devoted to the devil, on which some frightful crime must be committed, and of a fated being, a hereditary murderer, who upon this occasion must perform the crime which devotes him to the infernal gods, simply

" Because he *criminally* sought to check  
 The rolling of that wheel, that from th' abyss  
 Of dark futurity draws up the chain  
 Of evil consequence." . . . .

in other words, because he did not "do his spiriting gently," and assent to the notion that every event of his life was foredoomed, and his will fettered by an inevitable necessity, is so intrinsically absurd, that no ability could long disguise its revolting character. It is enough to have such nightmare dreams once in a lifetime; and after being visited by them on the "Twenty-fourth," it was rather too much to have the same ghastly phantasmagoria played off on the "Twenty-ninth of February."

*Guilt* proceeds on the same idea of an arbitrary and implacable destiny. It was written at a time when the enthusiastic admiration of Calderon was its height in Germany, and it is an attempt to combine what seems perfectly inconsistent, the gloomy spirit of the northern nations, and of a deeply tragic and superstitious plot, with the airy grace, the loquacious eloquence, and gorgeous ornament of Calderon's versification. It looks like a caricature of the *Devocion de la Cruz*.\* Of the motives which influence the characters, of their unnatural conduct, or the improbability of the incidents, it is in vain to speak, when the plot itself is based upon the unnatural, and the whole is misty as a landscape of Ossian.

In *Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*, a still stranger *pasticcio* is attempted. For here, in addition to Calderon's versification, we have Shakspeare's quibbles and conceits, his fools and gossiping servants; here an idea from King John, then another from Macbeth, and all this combined with the old worn-out idea of Fate, and of another fraternal contest, literally copied from Schiller's *Bride of Messina*, and with characters, who, under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, would assuredly one and all of them run a considerable risk of being declared incapable of managing their own affairs. Truly may we say of such representations of life,

"The earth has bubbles, as the water hath,  
 And these are of them."

The bubble, however, soon broke: the popularity which *Guilt* and the *Twenty-ninth of February* had obtained, perceptibly declined with *Yngurd*, and disappeared entirely with the *Albaneserin*. Yet the high character which Müllner had acquired as a "Kraftmann," or one of the "Powerful," his acquaintance with the stage and its concerns, his unquestioned power of bitter and satirical invective, enabled him long to maintain, as a journalist, the empire which he had undoubtedly forfeited as a tragedian. Reciprocity, we suspect, is nearly as powerful a motive in criticism as in commerce; and Müllner seems to have set out from the first with the fixed resolution (so far as it could be carried into effect without endangering his personal safety,) of decrying all those who dissented

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\* Here the idea of fratricide, arising from the unfortunate attachment of two brothers to the same lady, (an idea for which Schiller had done all that poetry could do, in the *Bride of Messina*), and arising, as in the "Twenty-ninth of February," from the operation of the same blind and immutable destiny, is again the moving principle of the piece.

from his poetical views, or denied his dramatic superiority, and of applauding to the very echo such as were willing to applaud again. Against Tieck and others, whom he used contemptuously to call the Florentines on the Elbe, he displayed the bitterest animosity, arising probably from the severe but most just observations made by Tieck upon his plays in the *Dramaturgische Blätter*; and this animosity he carried so far, as to indulge in the most insulting personal observations upon the daughter of Tieck, whom he laboured by every means in his power to hold up to ridicule in his journal. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that the article in the *Foreign Review* on the subject of his plays, by far the severest visitation he had yet encountered, (and which we may inform Professor Schütz, without betraying too much of the secrets of "the Trade," was not written by "Sir William Fraser,") must have been deeply annoying to him. Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, however, he affected the profoundest indifference, and even printed a translation of the critique in his *Mitternachtsblatt*. The business-like style in which he carried on this system, the mean and petty arts to which he had recourse, we certainly could not have believed, had we not perused the impartial narrative of Professor Schütz, who, though he estimates rather more highly than we are inclined to do Müllner's literary powers, speaks with merited severity of his weaknesses and meannesses. He reviewed, and of course, praised his own works in extravagant terms without ceremony, contributed biographies of himself to the different lexicons, in which he was gravely compared with the most illustrious names of Germany; nay, so far did his craving for admiration go, that, as the Professor says,—

"He used regularly to go several times a week to the Three Swans, the principal inn in Weissenfels, to inspect the list of visitors, and if among the number he found any of literary celebrity, who had not come to pay their respects to him in due form, they might be assured they would have occasion to regret it when the next review of any of their works appeared."

Speaking of the success of his "Schuld," the Professor observes,—

"He used every means to nourish and keep up the enthusiasm which it had excited: he wrote a tale under the title of Hugo and Elvira, on the same subject, in Schick's Vienna Journal for 1813; composed numerous anonymous laudatory eulogies of it; procured many in the same strain from other quarters, and thus extended the reputation of his poem, partly by his spirited replies to those critiques which had appeared contrary to his wishes, partly by theatrical critiques and reviews which he managed to procure, and partly, also, by establishing literary connexions with foreigners, which produced translations of his works into French, English, and Hungarian, as well as many reviews of his plays."

Conducted on such principles, it may be readily imagined that Müllner's editorial labours, however much they might be calculated to amuse, or to gratify the passions of literary partizans, were little likely to advance the cause of good taste, or to exercise any abiding influence upon literature. The *Litteraturblatt*, (1820 to 1824,) *The Hecate*, (1823,) and the *Mitternachtsblatt*, (1826 to 1829,) are all written in that clever, caustic, partial, semi-blackguard style, which frequently excites laughter, and sometimes even admiration of the wit with which the shafts of

the author are pointed, but at the same time leaves upon the mind a feeling of pity for the man who could descend to prostitute his talents to purposes so unworthy, or the attainment of objects so temporary. What, for instance, are we to think of the heart of a man, who, for the sake of a vulgar joke, could descend, in his *Hecate*, to jest on the subject of the suicide of a friend :—and who, in speaking of the unhappy death of Louisa Brachmann, whose premature end had been occasioned by the result of an unfortunate attachment, could sneer at her as a German Sappho? The hasty and vehement spirit which envenomed his criticisms pervaded also his ordinary intercourse with society; he quarrelled with his booksellers, his friends, his wife, with every one, in short, on whom he could expend his bitterness without danger. His treatment of his wife, indeed, was brutal to a degree scarcely conceivable. It may be conceded that, like many ladies of literary talent, her tastes were too masculine, her temper too unbending; that she wanted the true charm of women, feminine softness, a retiring and unobtrusive simplicity of feeling. “What calmness cannot effect,” says Schiller in his *Power of Women*, “will never be gained by impetuosity;” and so it had proved in the case of Müllner’s marriage. The Amazonian qualities of his wife were certainly little calculated to conciliate kindness, nor was her reputation, it would appear, altogether faultless;” but respect for her sex and for himself should have dictated at least the outward show of kindness, and would, at all events, have prevented a scene, such as Schütz describes as taking place in autumn, 1827, and in the catastrophe of which, we feel assured our readers will rejoice. The pair quarrelled one day after dinner; from words they came as usual to more impressive arguments; Müllner, who had a plate of grapes before him, a fruit of which he was excessively fond, seized it up, threw it out of the window, and, advancing to his wife, *kicked her with his foot* in a very tender part. This, however, proved to be the “unkindest kick of all” for himself, for being, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, and rather short withal,\* he found he had lifted his foot too high, and was laid on his back by the violence of the recoil. Here he lay for some time senseless, the back of his head having come severely in collision with the floor, and this domestic scene was followed by an illness of some duration. Nay, from that time he was constantly subject to swimming of the head and nervous attacks of different kinds, so that it is not improbable his fall was remotely the cause of that apoplectic stroke of which he ultimately died. The Professor completes the picture of his domestic character by exhibiting him as at once an epicure and a miser, only restrained from separating from his wife because he doubted where he might find a cook who could so well unite rigid economy with the gratification of his appetite; constantly ready to accept of invitations from all his friends, but taking good care not to return them in Weissenfels; nay, when they came to Weissenfels allowing them actually to pay for him at the occasional pleasure parties or excursions which might take place; and scarcely allowing his family the necessities of

\* He calls himself in one of the numbers of the *Mitternachtsblatt*, a pocket edition of the poets.

life. This attention to the main-chance, and his lawyer-like qualities in making a bargain, enabled him to deal more successfully with those who, according to Lichtenberg's description, drink their wine out of the skulls of authors, namely the booksellers. All of them quarrelled with him, but when the matter came into court, it was always found that Müllner had taken care that the contracts should be so framed that the unfortunate bibliopoles had no chance whatever. They used to say of him, says the Professor, when they spoke of him to their friends, "*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*" But it is tedious to prolong so disagreeable a picture. It would be a melancholy thing if true genius were often found united with such a destitution of moral qualities; it is melancholy even that in any mind, open to the beauties of nature and refined by education, such vices and meannesses should be found so prominent. But it may teach us how often literature, when adopted as a profession from motives of mere gain, or the acquisition of temporal power and influence, as in the case of Müllner, instead of suppressing the natural evils of such a disposition, tends to aggravate them, by the meanness and sycophancy on the one hand, and the tyranny and overbearing disposition on the other, which such a profession, adopted with such ends, generates and almost necessitates. Müllner died on the 11th of July, 1830, of an attack of paralysis, at the age of 54.

ART. XII.—Heinrich Zschokke's *ausgewählte Dichtungen, Erzählungen, und Novellen. Vollständige Sammlung in einem Bande.* (Henry Zschokke's selected Poems, Tales, and Novels.—A complete collection in one volume.) In 2 parts. 8vo. Aarau. 1830, 1831.

IN a former number of this journal, (No. VIII. p. 675,) we introduced this clever novelist to our readers, on the publication of a French translation of his *Swiss Tales*, and at the same time took the opportunity of giving, from another source, some amusing traits of his personal character and habits. We apprehend that the popularity which he has acquired in France, evinced by the numerous translations of his *Swiss History* and novels, both before and since the date of our former notice, has produced a re-action upon his fame in the countries where his works first saw the light. That Zschokke must be an exceedingly great favourite both in Germany and Switzerland, and indeed regarded as a sort of classic in his line, cannot admit of a doubt, when we see the same process applied to his works which in England and France is confined to the works of their first-rate authors. We allude to those *editions in one volume* which the ingenuity of publishers has devised, professedly to suit the purses and the convenience of the many, but really, we suspect, for the especial benefit of oculists and opticians. Be that as it may, we have here, compressed into one goodly sized tome, of between twelve and thirteen hundred double-column pages, the *Belletristische Schriften*, as they are called, of M. Zschokke, and its appearance fairly enough justifies us for taking some farther notice of him.

It is somewhat curious that this writer's productions should have been transplanted into France with so much success, while in this country they are very little known, except through the medium of the French translations, no English version, to the best of our knowledge, having appeared of any one of them. Why this should be the case we cannot tell, and indeed, generally speaking, we are a good deal at a loss to make out the rule by which German works of imagination are culled for the English public. Many altogether worthless have been carefully rendered into our vernacular tongue, whilst numbers possessing real intrinsic merit, as well as peculiarly adapted to British taste, lie neglected. We thus especially miss some of Lamotte Fouqué's and Van der Veldt's romances. Zschokke's tales are, we were about to say, upon the whole, better suited to French taste; but we must pause to explain the specific difference of taste between the two nations, to which we at this moment refer. In the hurry-fraught atmosphere of the busy British Islands, no novelist has, we conceive, a chance of popularity, who does not abruptly and irresistibly command the attention and sympathy of his readers. In France, on the contrary, as well as in Germany, except at seasons of engrossing political excitement, readers seem content to labour through an immensity of sentimental, philosophical and religious disquisition, not only when intermixed with the story, but even preliminarily, and to acquire an interest in the hero or heroine through a minute acquaintance with the opinions, and the very deliberately developed characters of those personages. Now a decided addiction to such religio-sentimento-philosophizing, both intermingled and introductory, is the quality we were going to ascribe to Zschokke as fitting him rather for the meridian of Paris than that of London. But even whilst explaining the fact, recollections have arisen to check the hasty conclusion. Our author began his career, some forty years ago, we believe, with a tragedy of the then German school, and of the kind that seizes most suddenly and powerfully upon the sympathy or the curiosity of spectators and readers. We speak of *Abellino*, the story of which was by the late Monk Lewis wrought into the romance of "The Bravo of Venice;" this tragedy is, however, excluded from the present selection.

We learn from the auto-biographical sketch, prefixed to this volume, that Zschokke was a native of Magdeburg, early left an orphan, educated by relations, and a very unhappy, unloved and therefore unloving boy;—that when crossing the Alps in order to visit Italy, being accidentally detained, he was persuaded to abandon his Italian scheme and to take charge of a school;—that having brought the said school from a deplorable into a flourishing condition, he was rewarded with the honor of citizenship;—but that his pedagogic labors being interrupted by the French invasion, he was thenceforward employed in administrative offices by the governments of divers Swiss Cantons, until, disgusted by the absurdity of the Senate of Berne, which differed from him upon several points of policy, he withdrew to private life, marriage, newspaper-editing, and novel-writing. This account exhibits Zschokke as a good and sensible man, if not as a statesman.

born to sway the destinies of nations. But it is in his capacity of novelist that we have to do with him. In this his merits are delicate discrimination, and correct delineation of the nicer shades of character, and a simple, natural pathos that touches the heart; his faults are a small matter of prosiness, of common-place about his persons and incidents, (notwithstanding a magnanimous disregard of probability in the construction of some of his stories,) and a laughable ignorance of the manners of foreign nations which he attempts to paint; added to these, we think we can discover a tone of exaggerated philosophy, an extravagant antipathy to the common forms of society, and a caricatured satire of the higher classes. But as, either from recollection of our juvenile delight in Aballino, or from a natural propensity to German simple-heartedness, we have a decided *penchant* for Zschokke, in which we would fain induce our readers to participate, we had rather illustrate his good than his bad qualities. For that purpose we shall give a sketch of one of his tales; and passing over the mystically devout galley-slave Alamontad, and the philosophical Harmonius, who believes in the doctrine of transmigration, upon the unanswerable ground that the same soul, had, at due intervals of time, animated a bird, a dog, and a beggar girl, who all alike loved him, and the last of whom he married, we shall take the truly German *Todte Gast*, or "Dead Guest."

In a small German town called Herbesheim, a tradition prevailed that once in every hundred years, during Advent, appeared a supernatural visitor, known by the name of the Dead Guest, who amused himself with wringing the necks of new-married brides; and the year 1820, completing the fated century, was to bring for the third time so formidable an apparition. In the autumn of that year a Herbesheim youth named George Waldrich, who had run away from school or college to join, as a volunteer, in the war against the French, and had since entered the regular army, returns to his native town, in command of the troops quartered there, and is billeted upon his former guardian, Bantes, a rich and kind-hearted, but whimsical manufacturer. Here the runaway schoolboy is not recognised in the *mustachioed* officer, who, on his part, as little recognised his childish playmate Frederica Bantes, in the beautiful girl seated with him at the dinner table, and enjoys the pleasure of hearing himself reprobated as a scapegrace by the father, and gently but earnestly defended by the daughter. Some prettily playful scenes lead to the disclosure of Waldrich's name to Frederica; (the mother a quick-witted excellent person, had early discovered her *ci-devant* ward,) but the young people again become as brother and sister, and no prospect of romance appears.

The slow and minutely detailed progress of affairs, is, however, somewhat precipitated by some old-fashioned customs of the house. All birthdays were regularly celebrated by a grand family dinner, before which every body made a present to the king or queen of the feast, and after which every body kissed the same august personage for the time being. The kisses exchanged between Waldrich and Frederica upon the birthday of the former, who has become a prime favourite even with his formerly cross guardian, effect much in opening the eyes of the

soldier and the maiden to the unfraternal nature of their mutual feelings. Frederica's birthday produces stronger results. After receiving her presents, the lady sits down to table, and, lifting her napkin, finds upon her plate a diamond ring and necklace, with a letter. From this last it appears that her father has engaged her to the son of the wealthy and noble banker, *Herr von Hahn*, and that her intended, being in too delicate health to travel in the bad weather then prevailing, had sent his offerings with this *billet doux*, instead of presenting them in person.

- Father Bantes, who expected the utmost joy from this nuptial announcement, is confounded at the general gloom that ensues. His wife, however, too adroit to oppose him, says little, and that little approvingly, whilst Frederica begs hard to see her bridegroom at least before she is required to accept him. The kisses of this day complete the misery of the lovers. An explanation soon afterwards occurs between them, and Frederica pledges her word never to marry young Hahn.

Meanwhile Advent approaches; Herbesheim is absorbed in discussions touching the Dead Guest, and, although the colder and more enlightened profess their contempt for the superstitious fear, love-making is, provisionally and temporarily, well nigh suspended; and the shrewd Mrs. Bantes, who clearly discerns her daughter's horror of an unseen bridegroom, urges the general apprehension as a plea to obtain a respite. The rational manufacturer derides her superstitious folly, but her words nevertheless are not altogether without effect; followed up, as they accidentally are, by a circumstantial narrative of the old tradition. During the gossip of the fashionable world of Herbesheim assembled one evening at Bantes' house, it appears that the old legend is generally forgotten, the only thing really known, being, that in the Church Register the deaths of three brides are recorded in the year 1720 with the additional words, "With their faces turned to their backs, as 100 years ago—God have mercy on their poor souls!" Waldrich hereupon declares that he learned the story in his childhood from a grey-headed forester, and at the request of the company relates it.

Late in November of 1620, when Frederic, Elector Palatine and elected King of Bohemia, was flying from the superior and victorious arms of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, three betrothed brides of Catholic Herbesheim amused themselves one evening with wishing their bridegrooms could earn the rewards, especially the title, offered as the price of the heretic usurper's head. Whilst they chatted they saw thirteen men, evidently fugitives, and as evidently one of superior rank to the rest, gallop up to an adjacent inn; and at the same instant their three bridegrooms rushed into the apartment with the tidings that one of the thirteen was the proscribed Frederic. The girls, with one accord, declared that they would not marry, unless their bridegrooms' swords were dyed in the heretic usurper's blood. The bridegrooms went to earn the prize. At dawn twelve men rode away from the inn; the thirteenth lay murdered with three wounds. The landlord declared that his Dead Guest was *not* Frederic, but, as a presumed heretic, the body was buried in a lay-stall. The bridegrooms had not been seen since the murder, and the pining brides regretted their sanguinary

mandate. On the third evening of their unaccountable absence, a stranger visited Jacobea, with whom the idea of killing Frederic had originated. The stranger was a very tall, thin, pale man, dressed in black, and covered with jewels. He announced himself as the Count of Graves, and brought a letter from her truant bridegroom, stating, that having murdered the wrong man, he considered his bride as lost, and would never return. Jacobea wept bitterly, and at first would not be comforted. But in a few days the honied words of the Count, and his offer of his hand and title, so thoroughly consoled her, that an evening was fixed for the betrothing, after which ceremonial the new bridegroom was to be allowed the unusual indulgence of an hour's nocturnal visit to his bride's chamber. The Count had played the same game with the two other forsaken brides, each keeping her approaching exaltation secret. Different hours of the same evening were fixed for the several betrothments and subsequent *tête-à-têtes*; and the next morning the three girls were found with their necks twisted; the Count, his equipage, and his presents had vanished. The victims were buried at the same time, and during the funeral a tall figure separated himself from the train of mourners, walked towards the lay-stall, and vanished on the spot where the Dead Guest was buried.

An hundred years afterwards, in 1720, a Count Altenkreuz, similar in appearance, allowing for change of fashions, to the Count of Graves, had visited Herbesheim; had similarly seduced the affections of three affianced brides, and obtained secret admittance to their several chambers on one and the same night. The next morning each maiden was found with her neck twisted; and the disappearance of the Count and presents, and the scene at the funeral, were renewed.

The narrator of this tale, at which every body professes to laugh, is soon afterwards called away upon regimental business. In his absence Mrs. Bantes obtains from Frederica a confession of her love and engagement, which she immediately reports to her husband; lets him storm out his passion, and then persuades him to take no precipitate step, and wait to see if the rich banker may not perhaps supplant the poor officer.

All this is scarcely arranged ere the first Sunday in Advent dawns, and is ushered in with such stormy weather as makes every one think of the Dead Guest. Immediately after morning service a report spreads through the town that the Dead Guest actually is at the inn of the Black Cross. Terrified workmen and servants bring the news to Bantes, who ridicules the idea, until his sober-minded, intelligent book-keeper assures him that a very tall, thin, pale stranger in deep black, with abundance of gold chains and sparkling rings, certainly did arrive in a splendid equipage at the Black Cross during the worst of the storm. Then the sound common sense of the practical man is so far staggered, that he allows it to be a strange, an inconceivable coincidence.

In the evening the ladies go to a party, whither Bantes is to follow them as soon as he has settled some accounts which he keeps, it should seem, for Sunday afternoons. At dusk, just as he has finished his business, he is alarmed by a shriek from his maid servant—his counting-

house door opens, and in walks an exact personification of the Dead Guest. Bantes is startled at the sight, and when the stranger announces himself as young Hahn, come to marry Frederica, his agitation becomes excessive. Seeing, we all know, is believing, and the old manufacturer can no longer doubt the tale. Superstitious terrors now wholly possess him; in imagination he already sees his child's beautiful face twisted to the back of her white neck, and thinks only of getting civilly rid of the treacherous phantom. For this purpose, betraying no suspicion of his visitor's identity, he reveals his daughter's newly discovered love for, and secret engagement with Waldrich, as insurmountable obstacles to the projected marriage. The stranger receives the information with a smile, clearly indicating that the bride of another is the very victim he seeks; and when he still presses to be introduced to Frederica, to be even allowed a *tête-à-tête* with her, the father's agony becomes unbearable, and he escapes from the present infliction by agreeing to its renewal upon the following morning.

Many circumstances tend to confirm Bantes in his newly conceived idea, not the least being the obstinate incredulity of his wife and daughter, who will not be persuaded but what the stranger really is young Hahn. Next morning the old man goes forth to consult the Mayor and other constituted authorities of Herbesheim, upon the means of expelling the fearful stranger, and on his return home, sees, through the window of his best drawing-room, his devoted Frederica in earnest *tête-à-tête* conversation with the Dead Guest, whom she is actually suffering to kiss her hand.

Bantes, over-powered with terror, rushes into his wife's room, reproaches her with exposing her child to such horrible dangers, passionately repulses her assurances that the stranger really is the young banker, and is fairly driven out of his senses, when Frederica presents herself, declaring young Hahn to be an amiable excellent man, and informing her mother that he will return to dinner. Bantes insists that he shall not come to dinner, will not listen to the explanations his daughter endeavours to give him, and at length, in his despair, pledges his word to her that she shall immediately marry Waldrich, if she can and will deliver him and Herbesheim from the presence of the Dead Guest, Hahn, or whatever the stranger may be.

It is probably needless to explain that the supposed Dead Guest actually is Hahn, accidentally in mourning, and who, having a private attachment, had come to Herbesheim, rather with a view to escape marrying Frederica without offending his father, than to complete his engagement, and that Waldrich, who knew him, had ascribed his personal appearance to the Dead Guest merely with a rival's malice. There are some really comic scenes of the terrors of the believing and disbelieving Herbesheimers.

This tale affords as fair a specimen of Zschokke's talent as an abstract can, where much of the success depends upon minute touches. Several others in this volume are equally amusing; and we must observe before concluding, that those we have seen translated into French, meaning especially Alamontade, and the Princess of Wolfenbüttel, are, in our opinion, amongst his worst.

ART. XIII.—*La Morte di Carlo I, e L'Ettore, Tragedie Improvvisate dal Signor Tommaso Sgricci, e raccolte dagli Stenografi.* (The Death of Charles I, and Hector, extemporary Tragedies of Signor T. Sgricci, taken down by short-hand writers.) Florence. 1825.

WE ought to apologize to our readers, for not having earlier noticed this little volume, which we have not happened to meet with till just now, and which is, we think, of considerable value to the literary world. To those who have never heard an *improvvisatore*, it affords the means, in some measure, of appreciating the very peculiar gift so frequently met with, in a greater or less degree, both in Italy and Portugal; inasmuch as they have here more than an average sample of such extemporaneous poetry, in two tragedies taken down from the lips of the *improvvisatore*, by short-hand writers. It is indeed impossible that they should hence form any idea of the rapturously enthusiastic admiration almost always excited by such effusions of instantaneous inspiration, since much of this must be ascribed to the poet's powers of declaiming, to the circumstances of his exhibition, and to the influence of that singular sympathy, which, independently of extraordinary talent, enables an individual to sway the emotions of a multitude, much in the same way that a very hearty laughter compels us to laugh with him though we know not at what, and that our jaws irresistibly distend at the sight of a yawn. But the publication before us derives in our opinion additional value from this incapacity to awaken such an enthusiastic disposition, by thus enabling those who have formed part of such enraptured audiences to appreciate the degree to which sympathy, and circumstances extraneous to the poetry, biassed their judgment of its merits.

A more favourable specimen of *improvised* strains, (if we may thus Anglicize the Italian, for which we have no English verb,) could not, we believe, be found. Not only does a tragedy require genius of a far higher order than a sonnet or a few stanzas, but Signor Sgricci is allowed to be the first of modern *improvvisatores*; and even in reading his productions we ourselves are fully conscious of his immeasurable superiority to all those we have heard, and who, we must say, constantly disappointed us, notwithstanding the deafening plaudits they elicited from our fellow auditors. In our opinion those *improvvisatores* merely dressed the common-places of poetry in the musical sweetness of Italian words, according to the laws of metre and rhyme. This is doubtless much to do extempore; but it is to be remembered, that the structure of the Italian language, its almost invariable vowel terminations and the regular conjugation of its verbs, afford a wonderful facility in rhyming, further increased by the absence of the strict laws which fetter English genius. In illustration of this we may observe, that in Italian not only are identical syllables, such as *invent*, and *prevent* allowed as fair rhymes, but a word may rhyme to itself, provided there be any sort of difference in its use or acceptation. Thus, according to the laws of Italian poetry, "love," the noun, might rhyme to "love" the verb; and if the adjective "lovely" were more germane to the matter, instead

of distorting his idea to make the refractory noun or verb answer his purpose, like a luckless English versifier, the free and happy Italian songster would just write the first syllable "love" at the end of the line where he wanted it, and transfer the "ly" to the beginning of the next, as is done in prose to make the most of space and paper.

We have no desire by these observations to depreciate the well-merited fame of Signor Sgricci, but make them simply from the love of truth, and a wish to explain that a gift almost common in some countries does not actually raise its possessors to rank with the Dantes and the Miltons. Sgricci's talent is, as we have said, of a higher order, and certainly very extraordinary. That any human being should, within a few minutes of a subject being proposed to him, arrange the conduct of his fable, conceive his characters, and proceed to pour forth, for nearly two hours, a stream of dramatic poetry expressing sentiments adapted to the several personages introduced, is really wonderful, and that Tommaso Sgricci has done this is indisputable. His *Morte di Carlo I.* was *improvisated* at Paris, before an audience, comprising the first critics and philosophers of that capital, whose great object was to satisfy themselves that the *improvisatore* could derive no help from memory in his astounding performance. The execution of Charles I., as the subject of a tragedy was thought to answer the desired end; but in doing so it involved the poet in unnecessary and unusual difficulties; since he could hardly be supposed familiar enough with English history to treat such a subject as it ought to be treated. Accordingly Carlo I. is not a historical play; it is merely a tragedy upon the murder of an excellent king by an atrocious conspirator, to which personages the names of Charles and Cromwell are given. Charles, who for so many years and in so many battles fought stoutly for what he deemed his rights, is here the *beau ideal* of sentimental royalty, willing to lose crown and life, rather than cause the shedding of one drop of his rebellious people's blood. Cromwell is simply Moliere's *Tartuffe* in tragedy. Charles is not a prisoner negotiating with and tried by his captors: as an independent though menaced king, he is betrayed by Cromwell into signing a paper which, some how or other, causes him to be tried by the parliament for something or other. Cromwell's treachery being discovered, Charles makes his last exit, escorted by Scotch troops, to break through the rebel forces and escape to France, when he is caught and beheaded before we hear of the issue of the trial.

We have not room for such an analysis as might enable our readers to judge of Sgricci's dramatic merits; (though what we have said, in pointing out his deviations from history, may give them some notion of the style of his plot, and its conduct;) but as a specimen of his poetical powers we shall translate part of one of the scenes that seems to have most deeply impressed his French auditors. It is between Henrietta, who is brought back from France, and her confidant Isabella.

"*Isabella.* My queen, behold the day of triumph ripens,  
Behold the moment of our victory!  
The faithful bands of Douglas fill the city;

Impetuously rushing on the palace,  
Soon from death's satellites they'll snatch the king.

*Henrietta.* My gentle friend, the throbbings of my heart  
Speak other language. Into thy true breast,  
Oh let me pour the terror that subdues me!  
I dare not tell my husband. 'Twere too cruel  
To add imaginary pains to his,  
So many and so real. Iron souls  
Have they, who joy t' enhance th' afflicted's sorrows;  
Yet of this hidden torture I, perforce,  
Must ease my heart.

*Isabella.* Speak on, my queen. No bliss  
Has earth for me like tempering thy tears,  
By mingling them with mine.

*Henrietta.* Hither returning,  
Weary and panting with the tedious way,  
And quite subdued by tenderness and pity,  
Which, as I met my consort, woke within me,  
Almost resistlessly mine eyelids closed.  
Yet doubtfully, and scarcely closed they were,  
Ere shaken were the curtains of my bed—  
Shaken and opened—then me seemed—me seemed  
Or 'twas so—that before me present stood  
A royal dame, of countenance majestic  
As melancholy. Brow, and eyes, and hair  
That hung dishevelled, shone resplendently  
In mystic light. Hast thou observed the moon  
With a circumfluous white crown in Heaven?  
Such she appeared. She looked on me, and smiled  
A smile of anguish—So, 'twixt clouds and rain  
Glimmers a pallid sunbeam. Then my hand  
She took, to her unmoving gelid breast  
Pressing it, and my heart throbbed at the touch  
With deathly palpitation. Thus she spoke:  
'Lady, perchance in early youth thine eye  
Has tearfully on my sad image dwelt,  
Placed in the palace of thine ancestors.  
Once Scotland's queen was I, and of the fair  
Was fairest deemed by an admiring world.  
The thought, the sigh, of every royal heart,  
Of each exalted soul, I was—I saw  
Flashing upon my brow three kingdoms' crowns,  
And gloried in't, and my presumptuous folly  
In youthfulness bewildered me. From God  
I turned away, wand'ring deliriously  
In worldly paths. Thus long from precipice  
To precipice I strayed—lost my heart's peace,  
Mine own esteem—and all—all, save that virtue  
Which, buried in the inmost heart, awaits  
I't place and season o'er the conquered senses  
Her empire to recover. In my heart  
She spoke, misfortune her interpreter—  
Me this abhorrent land received. A dungeon  
For twenty winters was my palace. Then;—  
She said, and pausing grasped with both her hands

Her beauteous head, from off her beauteous neck  
Lifted, and placed it in my hands—

*Isabella.* Oh horror!

*Henrietta.* Soul-stricken by the terrors of the vision  
I started from my pillow, and mine eyes  
Bent on my husband's picture. To the neck  
It was illumined by the sun's glad beam:  
The head was wrapt in shadow, and appeared  
As from the shoulders it were separated."

We must observe, that in translating this scene, we have omitted a great many lines that lengthened the speeches without supplying additional images or sentiments, or giving increased intensity to those already produced. We are not sure that the *Ettore* is not the better piece of the two; but it has not the same certainty of extemporaneousness; and indeed in its best passages we recognised so much plundered property of our friends Homer and Virgil, as would expose any other poet than an *improvisatore* to the reproach of plagiarism.

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ART. XIV.—*Heldenbuch. Ein Denkmal der Grossthaten in den Befreiungskriegen von 1808—1815* Von Christian Niemeyer. *Sechste Auflage.* (The Book of Heroes. A Monument of the Great Deeds of the Wars of Liberation from 1808—1815. By C. Niemeyer, 6th Edition.) Leipzig, 1831.

THIS volume has fallen short of the anticipations with which we opened it; but the fault lies in the title, which provokes unreasonable anticipations. Who could help conceiving the Book of Heroes to be a species of anthology of feats of individual heroism, of splendid and desperate deeds? In short a collective tale of chivalry, blending the sober charms of truth with the fascinating interest of romance, and the excitement of poetical exaltation? For this we looked, and were disappointed. The book is simply a history of what the author calls the wars of liberation, and we can have no objection to such a history except its delusive title, which we now understand to mean that all who fought against Bonaparte in those wars, were so many heroes.

Setting aside the title and consequent disappointment, the work has merit, and we hardly wonder at its having already reached a sixth edition. It is a partial, certainly, but often a very lively record of seven memorable years, that bore upon their blood-stained wings the destinies of generations yet unborn, throughout Europe at least. The historian devotes his labours chiefly, to the celebration of his compatriot heroes, and who shall blame him? It is for Germans he writes, and German philosophers; politicians, moralists, and poets, all alike proclaim that the sentiment most important to be, shall we say impressed upon, or awakened in, Germany, at this present time, is a German patriotism; a patriotism which shall embrace the various states constituting the German empire, as one whole; and teach Prussians and Austrians, Bavarians and Saxons, to deem themselves fellow-countrymen. Niemeyer, however, likewise bestows praise upon the allies of the Germans; and especially

does more justice to England's great Captain than is usual upon the Continent. An instance of inaccuracy occurs, however, with regard to the Duke of Wellington, which somewhat shakes our confidence in our author's correctness upon points less within our own powers of detection. He has converted a compliment to the British soldiers, into an arrogant boast. The Duke is well known to have said, "Whenever I get into a scrape, my brave army gets me out again;" which modest words Christian Niemeyer has altered to; "If I fall into a difficulty, as every man sometimes must, my brave companions are sure that I shall know how to extricate myself!"

Several of the battles here recorded are described with great spirit, especially those of the Russian campaign, of Fleurus, Quatre-bras, and Waterloo, as also the pursuit of the routed French by the Prussians, after the latter. But all these are so familiarly known to the reading public, by various late publications, that we incline to select, as a specimen both of the matter and manner of the *Heldenbuch*, the suppression of the Tyrolese struggle for independence, condensing the early part, and translating the narrative of Hofer's fate.

It will be recollected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age,

"a frank-hearted pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero.

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzic, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them, in his little hat, to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connexion with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men

within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's birth-day, the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital. The gratified Emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honour, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Ruska and Barhou, who, with their detachments, were endeavouring to force their way into the *Passeyer thal*. The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevitably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

"Pater Donay of Schlanders, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confidant, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch imperial Chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Buagney d'Hilliers despatched 1,500 foot and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visitors were, said 'I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct.' The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part, and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed 'Yes, such I was.' Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family was separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua.

At Mantua Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of the Emperor

Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

"He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldierly pride he refused to do either, saying, 'I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand.' He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begged him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, 'Alas! my unhappy country!' He then boldly gave the word 'Fire.' But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massacred by the French, as Palm had been before him.

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The Emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen Volunteer sharp shooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyer of his father and his country.'

The volume is illustrated with portraits of most of the Generals opposed to Napoleon, but we are sorry to say the faces delineated do not tend to heighten our interest in the exploits detailed. If however we are to draw conclusions from the likeness of which we are most competent to judge, the Duke of Wellington's, we may cherish a hope that the deliverers of Europe were not quite such ugly, stupid, or mad brutes, as they appear in the plates before us.



## MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XV.

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### BELGIUM.

THE Revolution in Belgium has, like that in France, been a most calamitous event for literature, whatever may be its ultimate political benefit. Very few works of any importance have appeared since its commencement.

As may easily be supposed, several books have been written on the events of the Revolution. There are two of them, however, which deserve to be mentioned, rather on account of the authors than of the works themselves.

The first of them: *Les Quatres Journées de Bruxelles*, (1 vol. 8vo.) is written by the famous general, Van Halen, who has been denounced in the Memoirs of Marshal Suchet, as guilty of forgery, treason, and desertion, in Spain. This same person, after having been commander-in-chief of all the troops of Belgium, was a second time accused of treason, and tried judicially. The object of his book being to disculpate himself, the author has, as might be expected, introduced too many facts relative to himself, and very little information as to the Revolution. In other respects it displays a spirit of tolerable impartiality.

The second work, entitled, *Précis des Opérations Militaires pendant les Quatre Memorables Journées de Septembre*, is written by a species of Gil Blas, whose adventures would afford materials for a romance of some interest. Educated for the military service, he abandoned it for a paltry situation in the civil service at Ostend, urged by motives which it is not quite convenient to disclose. A whale happening to be stranded on that coast, he contrived to purchase it, without any one knowing where the money came from; he then set up a carriage with two horses, kept several servants, and made a prodigious noise in both East and West Flanders. Soon afterwards, his resources failing him, he determined on making a tour with his whale; he proceeded to Paris, where he gained a great deal of money, got into debt, obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honour—God knows how, and was preparing to travel over the rest of France, when the Revolution broke out in Belgium. Professionally an adventurer, and naturally enterprising, he returned to his own country, was named captain of artillery, soon afterwards rose to the rank of major, and ended also by being accused of high treason and tried by a court-martial. His book contains little more than a description of the military operations round Antwerp, although the title made us look for a great deal more; it is written with some degree of liveliness, but unfortunately, his partiality is too notorious to allow much credit to be attached to his statements.

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Mr. Moke, of whose character and talents as a novelist we have spoken in a former number, (No. XIII. Art. XV.) with the praise which we thought they

deserved, is about to publish a new historical romance under the title of *Herman, ou les Cherusques*, descriptive of the manners and customs of those courageous but barbarous tribes which overturned the Western Empire.

The same author has also in the press an important work (from which the romance we have just mentioned is an off-shoot, like M. Sismondi's *Julia Sévère*, from his History of France,) on the *History of the Franks*, the first volume of which will soon appear.

*A Life of Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders*, translated from the Latin of Gualbertus, a monkish chronicler of the middle ages, whose work has been hitherto buried in the immense collection of the Bollandists, has just appeared at Bruges. It contains some important and valuable materials for the history of the Belgic *Communes*.

## DENMARK.

AN extremely witty critique has recently appeared on some of the most recent productions of Danish literature, and on two literary journals,—(*Den flyvende Post*, and *Kjøbenhavn's posten*,—the latter an imaginary one,) under the title of “*Gjengangerbreve*,” or Letters addressed by Knud Sjællandsfær, (Canute the Zealander,) to Messrs. Heiberg and Hauch. The name of the supposed writer is that under which the celebrated Baggesen wrote several of his works; the author of the Letters, therefore, appears as Baggesen *redivivus*, who, from his lofty eminence on Olympus, still communicates to his countrymen, in very beautiful verses, his ideas on poetry and literature. Few productions of this kind have made a greater noise, since the beginning of this century, than those Letters; they have already produced a degree of literary activity, the fruits of which will not fail to manifest themselves in due time. What has given additional zest to the production is, that the author has contrived to keep his own secret so well, that no one has yet detected him; consequently, curiosity is still upon the rack.

Mr. Andersen, published a new Collection of Poems at the commencement of this year, which may be considered the only literary almanack that has appeared for 1831. Several young poets and artists had united to set a new one on foot, but for want of encouragement were obliged to abandon it. The fact is, that in Denmark the art of engraving is but in its infancy, and while hundreds of the German almanacks, and a considerable number of English ones, (especially the *Forget-me-not*,) are circulated on account of the beauty of the embellishments, not a single Danish one has been able to stand the competition.

The first volume of Mr. Molbech's *Anthology of the Danish Lyric Poets, from Ewald to the present time*, has recently appeared; the work will extend to three or four volumes. A separate *Life of Ewald*, by the same author, has also been just published.

A pamphlet by Mr. Lornsen, “On the Connection of the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein with the Danish States,” published in November last, has

given birth to a number of others, *pro* and *con*, all written in German. Two of these, one by Mr. Schmidt Phiseldeck, and a reply to him by an anonymous adversary, deserve notice, as exhibiting some striking facts. Besides the question of a constitution for these duchies, another has been revived, whether Sleswig belongs to the Kingdom of Denmark, or to the German Empire? which had been satisfactorily answered in 1815, in a pamphlet entitled "*Das wahre Verhältniss des Herzogthums Schleswigs zum Königreich Dänemark.*"

Besides the three great libraries at Copenhagen, there are now public libraries established not only in all the Danish provinces, but also in the most distant countries which own the Danish sway. Three libraries have been just founded in Greenland, Iceland, and the Faro Islands, to which many patriotic Danes have contributed, and some valuable additions have been made from England.

Among the Danish journals which began with this year, that entitled *Den Danske Bie*, (The Danish Bee,) already occupies a distinguished place in the public estimation, both from its literary merits, and its elegant external appearance.

## FRANCE.

THE celebrated Abbé Grégoire, constitutional Bishop of Blois, died on the 27th of May last. He was born on the 4th of December, 1750, consequently was in his 81st year. This remarkable man, who distinguished himself as much in the career of literature as in that of politics, was bred to the church, and became curate of Embermenil, in Lorraine, in 1776. At the breaking out of the revolution, being chosen one of the deputies of the clergy, to the states-general, he was one of the first to unite himself with the deputies of the *tiers-état*, and to take, along with them, the famous oath at the Tennis Court. He was one of the most active members of the National Assembly, of the Legislative Assembly, and the National Convention. At the time that Louis XVI. was put upon his trial, Grégoire was absent along with three of his colleagues, having been despatched on the mission of organizing the administration of the department of Mont Blanc, (previously a part of Savoy,) then recently united to France. His colleagues had prepared a letter to the Convention, announcing their concurrence in the vote for the king being punished with death; he refused to sign this until they consented to efface the word *death*. The letter therefore simply voted for the king's condemnation, without naming any punishment; and it is to be remarked that shortly before that period, Grégoire himself had made a motion in the Convention for the entire abolition of capital punishments. Under the Directory he became a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and under Buonaparte, he was admitted, after a lapse of time and with some difficulty, into the senate. Two works, which he published about that time, *Mémoires sur le Concordat*, and *Ruines de Port-Royal*, gave great umbrage to the first consul. He was one of the *three* senators who voted against Napoleon's assumption of the purple, and the only one who opposed the restoration of nobility and of titles. His republican principles, however, must have yielded in some degree subsequently, as he accepted from the emperor the title of count. He voted for Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, but was not received into favour on the restoration of the Bourbons, being marked (although not exiled) as a *regicide* on account of his vote on the king's trial.

This also became the ground of his exclusion from the Chamber of Peers, from the Institute, and from the Chamber of Deputies, to which last he was returned in 1819 for the department of the Isère.

Although to an Englishman there may be points in his public and political career which appear of a somewhat doubtful character, it must be confessed that few men have passed through the ordeal of the difficult times in which he lived with a more unstained reputation, or better deserved the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him when his remains were consigned to the tomb.

Although a zealous Catholic, and one who never shrunk from the profession of his faith, even at that period of the revolution when France had nominally disavowed the religion of Jesus, and it was almost unsafe for any one to avow himself a Christian, he was tolerant, to the fullest extent, of the opinions of all who differed from him in their religious creed. He very early took a warm interest in the amelioration of the condition of the Jews, and in 1778 published an Essay on the subject, which was translated into most of the European languages, and caused him to be regarded with the most affectionate feelings by that dispersed and degraded race. He was perhaps the staunchest advocate in France for the abolition of the slave-trade, and wielded his pen on several occasions with great effect in behalf of the oppressed Negroes. Every scheme for improving the mental, physical, and social condition of his own countrymen, found in him a most zealous advocate, and *à contre* he showed himself the most ardent and uncompromising opponent of all plans that, according to his conviction, had an opposite tendency. To conclude—there have been few men to whom such a character as the following could be applied with any degree of truth; applied to him the voice of his countrymen has proclaimed that it rather falls short of the truth. “A warm heart, an ardent temperament, a lofty understanding, a passion for study, and a prodigious memory, formed in him one of those rare assemblages which nature, in her greatest bounty, is sometimes delighted to produce, in order to exhibit in one man the happy alliance of talent, learning and virtue.”

His literary productions are very numerous, but a large portion of them were written upon subjects and occasions of temporary interest. His *History of Religious Sects*, which is the most voluminous of his works, went through several editions; the last, very considerably enlarged, was only very recently completed. Various other treatises on subjects of ecclesiastical discussion and history exhibit his profound acquaintance with all the studies connected with his profession. A life of Bishop Gregoire, if written with any ability, cannot fail to prove an interesting and acceptable present to the public.

Under the title of *La Littérature Française de la Jeunesse*, Mademoiselle Henriette Amey, of Geneva, has published a work of no small value to the juvenile as well as grown-up amateurs of French literature. She has traced it back to its infancy, and followed its course through all its different stages to the revolution in 1789. She has occasionally rescued from oblivion authors forgotten by their contemporaries, as well as by posterity, and brought again into notice the names and works of several which, we fear, were hardly worth the trouble of revival. But she writes conscientiously, and never offends against good taste. Her criticism is always guided by good-sense, delicacy, and propriety, and her style is not less remarkable for its elegance than for its vigour of expression.

The length of her critical observations is not always proportioned to the importance of the works themselves. Those on Brantome, for instance, are very long, those on Massillon extremely short. But Corneille, Voltaire, and

Rousseau, are all painted in a manner which shows how deeply their qualities have been felt and appreciated.

Mademoiselle Amey proposes to publish a sequel to the present work, which will include the French authors from the revolution to the present time. She will then bring the *classiques* and the *romantiques* face to face, appreciate the merits of each school, and those of their partisans, with freedom and independence. If she succeeds in completing her plan, Mademoiselle Amey will be doing an immense service to both Frenchmen and foreigners, and we sincerely hope that the success of the present volumes will encourage her to proceed.

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The friends of Greek literature will be glad to learn that the first livraison of the edition of Henry Stephens's *Thesaurus Lingue Græcæ*, which was announced in our tenth number (p. 721) as in preparation, has just made its appearance. A notice prefixed gives an account of the numerous improvements which have been made in it. It is still calculated that the extent of it will not exceed 28 or 30 livraisons, of about 320 pages each; in small folio. The work is published by Firmin Didot at Paris, and subscriptions are received for it by the publishers of this journal.

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**NFCROLOGY.**—France has just lost one of her most distinguished artists, M. MELLING, draftsman and architect of the Sultana Hadige, and of Sultan Selim III., and subsequently landscape-painter of the king of France's cabinet, died at the beginning of this month (July) at the age of 68, the victim of a long and painful disease. He was a native of the duchy of Baden, and very early exhibited a decided turn for landscape-painting; he left his father's house while quite young, in order to devote himself entirely to the study of the fine arts. After travelling in different countries of Europe, he undertook a voyage to Asia Minor, and from thence repaired to Constantinople, the picturesque beauties of which had never yet found an artist capable of doing them justice. M. Melling was so much captivated by the attractive novelty of the subjects which the Turkish capital presented, that he determined to fix his residence there; favoured by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, he found occasion for the constant exercise and development of his talent. After several years' residence at Constantinople he formed a plan by which he contrived to distribute, among a series of 48 pictures, every picturesque point of view and interesting object which the city and the banks of the Bosphorus presented, connected with each other as parts of one whole, but each offering a distinct and complete view by itself.

This collection of pictures, of a very large size, which he brought with him subsequently to Paris, and afterwards copied in water-colours with remarkable talent, drew the attention of the French artists upon him. It is a collection quite unique in its kind, worthy of a place in the richest cabinet, and which, from the faithful representation of the subjects, the excellent distribution of the drawings, the mellowness and truth of the local colours, will always be an object of admiration to connoisseurs.\*

Since the completion of this first-rate work, which occupied three-fourths of his lifetime, M. Melling devoted his attention to a series of views of the Pyrenees, and the adjoining departments, in which he was assisted by his beloved daughter, Madame Clerget, the worthy heiress of her parent's virtues

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\* These views are still in the possession of Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz of Paris, who had them engraved for the "*Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople*," a most splendid work, of which we gave an account in the third number of this Journal.

and talents. Of the work for which these views were engraved, (*Voyage Pittoresque dans les Pyrénées Françaises*,) we have already given an account in our fifth number.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a memoir was read by M. Humboldt, on the great Botanical work published by him, in conjunction with Messrs. Bonpland and Kunth, and on many subjects of general science, particularly on Climate, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Volcanic Geography. He pointed out, at some length, the various disturbing causes, which have modified, in the distribution of heat over the globe, the non-parallelism (inflections) of isothermal lines.

A committee has been appointed by the Academy of Sciences for examining and reporting on all works sent to the Academy, on the subject of the *cholera morbus*.

## GERMANY.

**NECROLOGY.**—**NIEBUHR**, *the Roman History*.—Berthold George Niebuhr, the son of Carsten Niebuhr, the Arabian traveller, was born at Copenhagen, on the 27th of April, 1776, but he was removed from that city, while yet an infant, in consequence of his father's appointment to the post of administrator at Meldorf, the principal town of a canton of Southern Ditmarsh, in the Duchy of Holstein. A constitution, originally delicate, was weakened, rather than otherwise, by the injudicious cares of a too fond mother. From his infancy he manifested a strong predilection for studious pursuits, and when only thirteen years of age, was already master of several languages. He was inexpressibly delighted with the reading of the poets, especially those of antiquity, and used to shut himself up for whole days in order to get through with a Greek tragedy. His father, however, sent him to Hamburgh, to be initiated into commercial pursuits; there he was honoured by the notice of Klopstock; from thence he went to the University of Kiel, where he studied law, and to that of Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to natural philosophy and chemistry, without diminishing his attachment to philosophy, which always continued to be his favourite pursuit. In this he had been encouraged by the celebrated friend of his father, the poet Voss, to whom German literature is indebted for enriching it with translations of the noblest and most elevated productions of classical antiquity.

After spending eighteen months in Scotland and England, and familiarizing himself with English institutions, he returned in 1801 to Denmark. Shortly after he was appointed secretary and sub-librarian to the minister of finance, Schimmelmann, and his advancement was so rapid, that in 1805, at the period of his first marriage, he was one of the directors of the Bank of Copenhagen. His first productions were administrative and financial reports. Meanwhile, however, he began to feel dissatisfied with the political situation of Europe, and with the conduct of the Danish government; he dreaded the effects of the conquests of Napoleon, and published a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, to which he added notes directed against the ambition of the modern Philip. The views of the Prussian government of that day according with his own, and the complaisance of Denmark towards Napoleon exciting his disgust, he was induced to abandon the service of the latter and to enter into that of Prussia. Scarcely, however, had he repaired to Berlin and received the appointment of director of the commerce of the Baltic, when the battle of Jena obliged him to take to flight, along with the rest of the court,

and successively to take refuge at Königsberg, Memel, and Riga. In 1808, the King of Prussia sent him to Holland, to negotiate some commercial transactions with that country, and he incurred some danger by communicating with the agents of England. When he returned to Berlin, a regenerating ministry, under M. de Stein, had the direction of affairs. Niebuhr was consulted by them in all their generous projects: his *Memoirs on the Roman Colonies* paved the way for a system of agricultural colonization, and his profound views contributed to the establishment of the University of Berlin. This was the period when he became the friend of Savigny, of Buttmann, of Spalding, and of Heindorf. Niebuhr read lectures on Roman history in the University, and the success attending them was probably the main incentive to the publication of the two first volumes of the *Roman History*, in 1811 and 1812, which were, in fact, little more than the substance of his lectures. In 1813, when the disasters of the Russian campaign liberated Germany from the yoke of Napoleon, Niebuhr took an active part in quickening the patriotic movement, edited a journal in conjunction with Arndt, and was employed by the king in negotiations with the English government. In 1814 he was strongly opposed to the union of Belgium with Holland, his acute and penetrating spirit foreseeing the consequences which have since developed themselves, and of that unnatural junction. In 1815 he lost his father and his wife, nearly at the same time, and found consolation in the composition of his interesting memoir of the former, and shortly after in exerting his influence in favour of the defenders of the national cause, whom the absolutists were then beginning to calumniate, because they called for a fulfilment of the royal promise of the Constitution. This conduct created him many enemies; his credit was shaken in consequence, and while he might have aspired to the highest offices of the state, his only recompense was an honourable exile. Prince Hardenberg, to whom he had given umbrage, sent him to Rome, to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, and settle the relations of the See of Rome with the new Catholic subjects of Prussia. Niebuhr had just before that entered into a second matrimonial union with the grand-daughter of the celebrated physician Henster. Before his departure, he published, in conjunction with Heindorf and Buttmann, a reprint of the *Fragments of Fronto*, which had been discovered by the Abbé Mai. In passing through Verona, he himself discovered there the *Fragments of Gaius*. At Rome, where he remained seven years, he was enabled to devote his attention, in a great degree, to those favourite pursuits, his taste for which had been one of the inducements with him to accept the mission. The general esteem which surrounded him, his family affections, and some fortunate discoveries, all contributed to diffuse an indescribable charm over his existence while he resided there. In 1823, in consequence of the state of his wife's health, which was seriously injured by the climate of Rome, he sent in his resignation as ambassador, and, followed by the regrets of his Holiness, who highly esteemed him, and of all the literary society of Rome, he set out on his return to Germany. He stopped for some time at St. Gall in Switzerland, in the monastery of which he discovered the fragments of Merobaudes; from thence he proceeded to Heidelberg, and afterwards to Bonn, where accidental circumstances induced him finally to fix his residence. From that time, indeed, till the day of his death, he was only twice absent from it, the first time to go to Berlin, and the second to pay a visit to his eldest sister, in Holstein. It is only due to truth to declare, that Niebuhr's presence at Bonn mainly fecundated the germs of prosperity which existed in that recently-established university. He gave there, without being attached to any particular chair, courses of lectures on Greek and Roman history. With no pretensions to eloquence, and wholly unpretending in his manner, Niebuhr, notwithstanding, captivated the attention of his auditors; he possessed more

than most men, the art of moving them solely by the interest of the subject. He carried his zeal so far as to establish prizes for questions of philology, the funds for which were supplied out of his own pocket. But his principal occupation was the continuation of his Roman History; to the composition of the third volume he devoted the whole of the winter of 1824; but having then applied himself to the revision of the first two, the result was such a complete change or rather remodelling of them, that he determined to suspend the publication of the third, and it has never yet made its appearance. Of the second and third editions of vol. i., published in 1827 and 1828, we have given an account in our *fourth* and *ninth* numbers.

Niebuhr was preparing to bring out the Second Volume when a violent fire broke out in the upper part of his house, which destroyed a great quantity of his papers. Again had he to recommence his labours, to combine fresh researches with the publication of the *Byzantine Authors*, the new edition of which he had originated, and was most zealous in forwarding its progress.

Scarcely had he recovered from the effects of the burning of his house, and the labour of replacing and completing the publication of his second volume, when a fresh source of uneasiness arose, the French Revolution of July, the principle of which he approved, threatened to spread over the whole of Europe, and menaced the asylum which he had chosen for his old age. . . . His constitution had never been strong, his health had always been delicate, and his nervous irritability was such as seriously to influence his disposition and his opinions of persons, which were changeable, and at times bordered on caprice. The combination of so much anxiety, so many losses, and so much labour, acting on such a disposition, was a great deal too much for him, and he sunk under the weight. On the 16th of December he wrote to M. Golbery, the French translator of his Roman History, *I am going on in the midst of continual obstacles; the late events have impaired my faculties, and weakened my memory to a degree of which it is impossible for me not to be sensible.* Before his correspondent's answer could arrive, Niebuhr was no more. On the 25th of December he returned home very much affected by reading the report of the pleadings of MM. Martignac and Sauzet in favour of the French ex-ministers, then on their trial. A slight fever just showed itself, joined to a catarrhal affection; the disease made rapid progress, and on the 2d of January last, at two in the morning, Niebuhr breathed his last. Nine days after his widow followed him to the tomb, and their four children, thus left orphans, were immediately received into the houses of their friends, and afterwards removed to Holstein, to be placed under the protection of their nearest relatives.

The lamented death of Niebuhr, it was feared, would occasion some delay in the great collection, which he was editing, of the Byzantine Historians. It is therefore with much pleasure we learn that this important undertaking will experience no interruption on this account, but will proceed, chiefly owing to his provident care and forethought, with the same regularity as before.

*Leipsic Easter Fair, 1831.*—The Catalogue of the Fair exhibits 2920 new works, besides foreign works, maps and charts; and musical productions. This exhibits a very considerable diminution of literary produce, compared with the Catalogue of Easter, 1830.

Of the articles enumerated in the last Catalogue, recent events have given birth to several large works and a considerable number of pamphlets. Of these, besides translations, there are Letters on Paris, by Raumer, the historian, who happened to be there during the three days in July; Pamphlets on the Revolutions of France, Poland, Belgium, Brunswick, Saxony, Hesse, Switzerland, and on the dissatisfaction which exists in Hanover, Bayaria, and Hol-

stein. Among the best political tracts of general interest we may mention that of Welker on the Liberty of the Press, and a Dissertation by Eschenmayer on Capital Punishments.

There are several important *historical* works, besides the continuations or commencements of several large collections, such as Heeren and Uckert's History of European Nations; Cotta's Library of Universal History; Politz's Collection of Foreign Modern Historians. Hamner has published the 8th volume of his Ottoman History, and Wilker the 7th of his History of the Crusades. We have a work by Hulmann, on the Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Middle Ages; a History of the Netherlands, by Leo; History of Ferdinand I. by Buchholtz; History of the Hungarian Diet, by Mailath; History of the year 1829, by Schirach.

On *Philosophy and Education* we find Boader's Philosophical Works; Carren's Psychology; Fichte's Life and Correspondence, Vol. 2; Glaukow's History of Pedagogy, &c. &c.

Among *Voyages and Travels and Geographical Works* there are Lelewel's Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Phœnicians in the Atlantic; Memmcke's History of the West Indian Archipelago; Ermann's Magnetic Observations on Asiatic Russia; Prokesche's Recollections of Egypt and Asia Minor; Burger's Tour in Upper Italy, principally with reference to Agriculture; Horn's Tour in Germany, &c.

In the *Fine Arts and Belles-Lettres* there have been published the 4th and last No. of Boisserée's Cathedral of Cologne; Rumohr's Researches in Italy; Wendt on the principal epochs of the History of the Fine Arts. We have Poetry by Chamisso and Heine; Novels by Madam Schopenhauer and Wilibald Alexis, &c. &c.

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## ITALY.

DR. GILI, Professor of Natural History in the University of Sienna, has recently published, in a Letter to Professor Gazzari, a List of the Minerals collected by him in a Mineralogical Tour through Tuscany, undertaken at the express desire of the Grand Duke. The species of minerals and the rocks indicated in this catalogue are such, so far as Professor Gili has ascertained, as have not hitherto been discovered by other naturalists, in the same localities, although it is known that many of them, at least, are to be found in other parts of Tuscany.

The author has divided the Tuscan continent into twenty-seven sections, twenty-five of which refer to vallies, and the other two to mountains, in the following manner:—

- |                                  |                               |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Valle Tiberana.               | 15. Val d'Arno inferiore.     |
| 2. Valle Transappennine.         | 16. Val di Cecina.            |
| 3. Valle di Serchio.             | 17. Val di Cornia.            |
| 4. Valle di Sararezza.           | 18. Val di Pecora.            |
| 5. Valle di Magra.               | 19. Val di Mersa.             |
| 6. Val d'Arno Casentinese.       | 20. Val d'Arbia e Ombrone.    |
| 7. Val di Chiana.                | 21. Val d'Orcia.              |
| 8. Val d'Arno di sopra.          | 22. Val d' Ombrone inferiore. |
| 9. Val di Siene.                 | 23. Val d'Albegna e Ossa.     |
| 10. Val di Grene.                | 24. Montamiata.               |
| 11. Val di Bisenzio e d'Ombrone. | 25. Val di Fiora.             |
| 12. Val d'Elsa.                  | 26. Val di Puglia.            |
| 13. Val di Nievole.              | 27. Monte Argentario.         |
| 14. Val d'Era.                   |                               |

As to the Tuscan islands, the author has arranged and distinguished them as follows:—

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|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Giannutri e Formiche. | 4. Elba, Palmaiola e Cerboli. |
| 2. Giglio.               | 5. Pianosa e Gorgona.         |
| 3. Monte Cristo.         |                               |

This catalogue, which contains nearly 300 minerals, is interesting, not only to the lovers of natural history, but to all who employ the products of the mineral kingdom in the arts and manufactures.

A Geographical Dictionary of Tuscany is announced as about to appear. It is intended as an accompaniment to the great map of *Inghirami*, and will form 3 vols. in 8vo.

The only Italian translation that has yet appeared of Lord Chancellor Brougham's Essay on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science, was published this year by *Pomba*, of Turin, and forms part of his Universal Library for General Instruction.

The same bookseller announces a General Biographical Dictionary, in 12 vols. 8vo.

## RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER Ephumovitch Izmailov, the editor of the journal entitled the *Blagonamernui*, died at St. Petersburg, January  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the present year, in the 50th year of his age. His literary reputation rests chiefly upon his Fables and Tales, which were first published in 1804, since when they have passed through several editions. Although they do not possess any great claim to originality, being chiefly imitations from other languages, they are greatly esteemed for their easy and agreeable style, and for the ingenious characteristic traits they contain. He also wrote one or two prose tales, and contributed many articles to various periodicals.

On the  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the same month, died also at St. Petersburg, Baron Delvig, editor of the "*Sævernii Tsvæti*," and the "*Litteraturnaya Gazeta*." The former of these publications is the most popular of all the Russian Annuals, nor undeservedly so, as its volumes contain contributions from some of the best writers, and many articles of great interest. To the preceding necrological notices may be added the name of Kozlovsky, the veteran Russian composer, who also died at St. Petersburg, February 27 (March 11); also that of Semen Bronevsky, author of a "*Geographical and Historical Account of the Caucasus*," 2 vols. 1823, who died at his estate near Theodosia, in the Crimea, December 27, (January 8, 1831,) at the age of sixty-seven.

A small posthumous volume of Poetry by the late Professor Merzliakov, consisting of Songs and Ballads, published a few months ago, is one of the most successful attempts by any modern writer at imitating the national ballad style. Without the rusticity, these pieces exhibit all the simple feeling of their originals; they retain their beauties apart from their defects, and will add fresh lustre to the memory of their author, who may be cited as one of those instances where the impulse of native talent has surmounted the difficulties of unpropitious circumstances. Merzliakov was born at Perm in 1778, where his father was a petty tradesman; at the age of fourteen he addressed an Ode to the Empress Catharine on the conclusion of the Peace with Sweden; and was by her order placed in the University of Moscow, in which he was afterwards appointed Professor of Eloquence and Poetry (1807). Both as a judi-

cious critic, and as the translator of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, his merits are undeniable; nor is he unworthy of the distinction of a public monument, a subscription for which has been set on foot.

A new literary journal, entitled the "Telescope," was commenced at Moscow at the beginning of the present year, and if we may judge from the few numbers that we have as yet seen, bids fair to become a spirited and useful periodical.

Among the historical works that issued from the Russian press last year, was a new edition of Bantiesh-Kamensky's History of Little Russia, 3 vols. 8vo. with a Map and Plates. It is a performance of considerable interest and importance, contains much curious matter, both statistical and ethnographical, and has been greatly improved by the author.

As might be expected, the number of translations from other languages has been by no means inconsiderable; some of the principal ones are, Bandtke's History of Poland; Schlegel's History of Ancient and Modern Literature; several of Van der Velde's and Zhokke's Novels; Victor Hugo's Hernani, by Rotchev, the translator of Shakspeare's Macbeth; and Hajji Baba in England.

Pushkin's long and eagerly expected new Dramatic Poem of Boris Godunov has at length appeared, and for the beauty of its language and the rich vein of poetry that pervades, is generally allowed to be superior to any of his former productions.

## ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

At the last general meeting, in May, of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the following Orientalists were appointed to superintend the works specified below, as about to appear, under the auspices of the society:—

Georgian Grammar . . . . .	M. Saint Martin.
Mandchou Dictionary } . . . . .	M. Abel Remusat.
Chinese Dictionary } . . . . .	
Abulfeda . . . . .	M. Reinard.
I. King . . . . .	M. J. Mohl.
Vendidad Sade . . . . .	M. Burnouf.
Yu Kiao Li . . . . .	M. Klaproth.
Laws of Menu . . . . .	M. Stahl.

M. Remusat has also resumed, with fresh activity, his inquiries into Buddhism, and announces the speedy appearance of an extensive memoir on the subject; his principal object being to show how far the researches of Europeans have extended on this sect, and to point out what still remains to be done to place the principal dogmas of its followers in their proper light.

M. Abel Remusat, the celebrated Orientalist, has been engaged for many years in collecting materials relative to the Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Medicine, and the other practical sciences of the Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars. Hitherto the natural productions of these vast countries have been very imperfectly known. The works of this description, which are numerous in China and Japan, will form the basis of M. Remusat's, which will form 2 vols. in 4to.

# LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1831, INCLUSIVE.

## THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

- 1 La Bible, traduction nouvelle, avec l'Hebreu en regard, accompagnée des points voyelles et des accens toniques, par S. Cahen. Pentateuque, Tome I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- 2 Meditations Religieuses, en forme de discours, pour toutes les époques, circonstances et situations de la vie domestique et civile; traduites de l'Allemand. Tome III. 1re partie. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
- 3 Tableau du Christianisme, contenant le précis de la vie de Jésus Christ et des mœurs de ses vrais disciples; par Arvisenet. 32mo.
- 4 T. Scott, la Sainte Bible, renfermant l'ancien et le nouveau testament avec des notes explicatives, etc. 2de Liv. Epître aux Romains. 4to. 4s.
- 5 Macholley, Meditations chretiennes. 12mo.
- 6 De Mey, Le Christianisme en action en face de ses persécuteurs, ou reflexions et modèles à l'usage des chrétiens, etc. 8vo.
- 7 Fetzner, D. Deutschland und Rom, seit der Reformation D. Luthers. 2 vol. gr. 8vo. Frankfurt. 1l. 6s.
- 8 Paulus, D. aufklärende Beiträge zur Dogmenkirchen-und Religions-geschichte. gr. 8vo. Bremen. 9s.
- 9 Reichlin-Meldegg, D. von, Geschichte des Christenthums. 2 vol. 8vo. Freiburg. 18s.
- 10 Hengstenberg, Dr. Beiträge zur Einleitung ins alte Testament. 1r Bd. gr. 8vo. Berlin. 4s.
- 11 Snabedissen, D. die grundzüge d. philosophischen Religionslehre. gr. 8vo. Cassel. 7s. 6d.
- 12 Melancthon, S. Ph. Werke, in einer auf den allgemeinen gebrauch berechneten Auswahl. Herausgegeben von Dr. Köthe. 6 the. 8vo. Leipzig. 12s.
- 13 Hartmann, Dr. historisch-kritische Forschungen über die Bildung, das Zeitalter und den Plan der 5 Bücher Moses. gr. 8vo. Rostock. 1l.
- 14 Hoffmann, Dr. Horæ Belgicæ. Pars 1a. 8vo. Breslau. 3s.
- 15 Neubig, Dr. die philosophische und christliche Gotteslehre. gr. 8vo. Nürnberg. 8vo.
- 16 Pauli, der Brief an die Römer, erläutert von W. Benecke. gr. 8vo. Heidelberg. 9s.
- 17 Grimm, Dr. Hymnorum veteris ecclesiæ XXVI. interpretatio theotisca. 4to. maj. Göttingen. 5s.
- 18 Hartmann, A. T., Die enge Verbindung des Alten Testaments mit dem Neuen, aus rein biblischem Standpunkte entwickelt. gr. 8vo. 1l. 2s. 6d.
- 19 Niemeyer, A. H., Theologische Encyclopädie und Methodologie. 8vo. 8s.
- 20 Theomela oder Hallelujah. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.
- 21 Chrysostomi Selecta. Gr. et Lat. de edit. novæ consilio præfatus est, et Annot. subjecit J. van Voorst. 2 vols. 8vo. 17s.
- 22 Kuinoel, Dr. C. T., Commentarius in Epistolam ad Hebræos. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

## LAW, JURISPRUDENCE, AND ADMINISTRATION.

- 23 Collection des Lois Maritimes antérieures au 1r siècle, par T. M. Pardessus. Tome II. 4to. 1l. 13s.
- 24 Dictionnaire des justices de paix, par E. Linehampt. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- 25 Noël, Recherches historiques sur l'origine du notariat dans le ci-devant duché de Lorraine, etc. 8vo.
- 26 Perrot, Atlas Administratif du royaume de France, indiquant les divisions territoriales du service des divers administrateurs, etc. 4to. oblong. 20s.
- 27 Marc Barreau, Principes du droit de la nature et des gens. 18mo.

- 28 Claveau, de la Police de Paris, de ses abus, et des reformes dont elle est susceptible, avec documens anecdotiques et politiques, pour servir à l'histoire judiciaire de la restauration. 8vo.
- 29 Ernest de Blossville, Histoire des colonies pénales de l'Angleterre dans l'Australie. 8vo.
- 30 Füger, J. das adeliche Richteramt. 3 vol. Wien. 1l.
- 31 Clossius, W. F. Hermeneutik des römischen Rechts. gr. 8vo. Leipzig. 6s.
- 32 Fleischhauser, G. C. die deutsche privilegirte Lehn- und Erbaristokratie. gr. 8vo. Neustadt. 10s.
- 33 Franke, Dr. das Recht der Notherben und Pflichttheilsberechtigten. gr. 8vo. Göttingen. 13s.
- 34 Horst, G. H. van der, Dissertatio Philosophico-Juridica de Juribus summi imperantis circa sacra. 8vo. 5s.
- 35 Lampredi, Prof., Del Commercio dei Popoli Neutrali in tempo di Guerra. Milano. 8vo.
- 36 Giordano, Saggio Filosofico di Giurisprudenza, col confronto della legge Romana e della vigente legislazione, ove si esponcano i principii delle stesse leggi colle questioni più importanti sull' interpretazione di esse; si sviluppano le cause che han dato luogo alle tante variazioni tra l'antica e moderna legislazione, coll' agguinzione delle comuni teorie de' giureconsulti ricevute nel loro. 2 tom. 8vo. Napoli.

### MORALS, EDUCATION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

- 37 Rapet, Considérations sur l'éducation; suivies de l'exposé d'un plan propre à réunir les avantages des éducations publiques et particulières, etc. 8vo.
- 38 Bulletin de la Société des Etablissements charitables. Tome 1. Nos. 2, 3. 3vo. 5s.
- 39 Schubert, Dr., die Geschichte der Seele. 2 Bde, gr. 8vo. Tübingen. 1l. 1s.

### MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

- 40 Colin, Cours de Chimie, à l'usage de M.M. les élèves de l'école militaire de St. Cyr. 8vo.
- 41 Erreurs dévoilées des physiciens modernes dans l'explication des phénomènes, examen critique du traité de Chimie de M. Thenard, etc. 8vo. 5s.
- 42 Berzelius, Traité de Chimie traduit par A. Jourdan. Chimie minérale, Tome IV. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- 43 Fischer, D., Handbuch der Mineralogie. 8vo. Wien. 12s. 6d.
- 44 Schubarth, Dr., Elemente der technischen Chemie. 1 Bd. 1ste Abthlg. gr. 8vo. Berlin. 1l.
- 45 Ephemeriden, Kleine astronomische, für das Jahr 1831. Herausgegeben von Harding und Wiesen. 8vo. Göttingen. 3s.
- 46 Guder mann, C. G. Grundriss der analytischen Sphärik. gr. 8vo. Köln. 4s. 6d.
- 47 Salomon, J., Lehrbuch der Arithmetik und Algebra. 8vo. Wien. 13s.
- 48 Rose, H., Handbuch der analytischen Chemie. 1r Bd. gr. 8vo. Berlin. 14s.
- 49 Vogel, Dr., Lehrbuch der Chemie. 1r Bd. gr. 8vo. Stuttgart. 15s.
- 50 Poisson, Nouvelle Théorie de l'Action Capillaire. 4to. 15s.
- 51 Abhandlungen der Königl. Akademie der Wissenschaften zu Berlin. Aus dem Jahre 1827. 4to. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- 52 Perelli, Corso di Matematiche, ad uso delle Scuole Militari. 4 tom. 8vo.

### NATURAL SCIENCES.

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THE  
**FOREIGN**  
**QUARTERLY REVIEW.**

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ART. I.—*Actenmässige Darstellung merkwürdiger Verbrechen.*  
Von Anselm Ritter von Feuerbach. (Remarkable Criminal  
Trials from the Original Documents. By Anselm Chevalier  
von Feuerbach.) 2 Bde. Giessen. 1828, 1829. 8vo.

It is a story told, we think, of George Selwyn, that after remonstrating with a friend on the bad taste of being present at an execution which was expected to take place in the course of the day, he was shortly afterwards detected in a slouched hat and great coat in the immediate neighbourhood of the scaffold. The case is much the same with the perusal of the annals of crime; all the world declaims against such reading, and yet all the world secretly yields to its deep and fascinating interest. We are not of course speaking of such publications as the Newgate Calendar, or similar collections, where the attention of the reader is confined to the more immediate details of the crime itself, and to the catastrophe of the tragedy, omitting all the motives or struggles which had occupied the preceding acts,—every thing in short which gives a moral interest to what was in itself painful or degrading. Such publications, we are satisfied, are calculated only to demoralize, or at best to furnish a coarse and vulgar excitement to the mind. But the case is otherwise, when the records of crime, selected and arranged by men of legal skill and philosophical acuteness, are laid before the public, in such a shape as to form so many accurate and contiguous pictures of the human mind under circumstances of strong excitement and temptation, to illustrate the mode in which crime is stripped of its disguises and brought forth to light and punishment, and to reduce to some order the anomalies or difficulties which embarrass the science of evidence. It is in itself an operation of no common interest, to watch the progress of a chain of evidence from its commencement to its conclusion; to see how, link by link, it stretches itself out before the eye of the spectator, first feeble and disjointed, then gradually becoming firmer and more compact; how at times it seems suddenly to snap asunder, and all the past labour of the legal anvil to

be rendered void ; how some unexpected accident again reclass the fragments, and knits the whole together, till at last, complete in all its parts, it winds itself with an iron grasp round the accused. But a far more interesting exhibition is the picture which such a work exhibits of the secret counsels of the heart, disclosed with a nakedness of truth which we look for in vain in works of fiction, and with that minuteness and certainty which history can but seldom obtain. For history in general is but a distant echo of the vague opinions and conjectures of the time as to events, the true motives of which were coucealed, perhaps, scarcely rendered clear to the actors themselves by any self examination, and, at best, suspected only, not avowed or established. " Where the most complete historical account," says Schiller, in his preface to the intended republication of Guyot de Pitaval's *Causes Célèbres*, " fails to afford us any satisfactory information as to the ultimate causes of a particular event, or the true motives of the actors, the records of a criminal proceeding often reveal to us their inmost thoughts, and expose the most secret machinations of evil to the day." It is, indeed, the torch of justice, which, when held up by a steady and experienced hand, best illuminates the dark chambers and winding avenues of the mind ; and its strong arm which most effectually drags forth to the light the passions by which they are haunted : a grisly host—like that which Mammon showed to Sir Guyon before the gates of Pluto.

" On the other side, in one consort there sat,  
 Cruel Revenge and rancorous Despight,  
 Disloyal Treason and heart-burning Hate ;  
 And gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight,  
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite ;  
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,  
 And found no place where safe he shroud him might,  
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,  
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from human eye."

In the contemplation of this play of the passions there painted in all the terrors of truth, those who feel how much all of us partake of one common and fallible nature, and how little even the best of us can understand what is in us, or answer for our principles under the pressure of strong temptation, must find subjects for meditation, or lessons of moral and religious wisdom. Sometimes they may watch the slow growth of crime in a mind naturally gentle and benevolent, but warped by misfortune or disappointment ; in others, where the soil was of a more noxious kind, they may see it, like Satan's palace in Pandemonium, rising at once " like an exhalation ;" and sometimes too, as if to refute the old notion that all crimes are gradual, and that no one has at once

reached the extremity of guilt, they will witness instances where, in beings who had through life preserved a high character, and apparently with justice, some sudden convulsion, shaking the mind from its balance, has developed the lurking principle of evil: as strange and frightful sights "that in the ooze were bedded," and over which the waters of the ocean in its ordinary flow had rolled tranquilly for years, may be suddenly stirred up from the bottom by an earthquake, and cast upon the shore.

This species of interest will be found to a certain extent to attach to all collections of Trials, arranged upon any refined or comprehensive principle; but it is chiefly in those of the Continent that materials suited to the purposes of philosophical observation or classification are found in sufficient abundance, or with sufficiently satisfactory and circumstantial details. In as far certainly as regards the investigation of motives, or the gratification of that curiosity with which such aberrations of mind are regarded by the student of human nature, they manage these things better in France and Germany; though it may be much more doubtful whether, in practice, their system of judicial investigation is not carried to a length inconsistent with justice to the prisoner, or the purity of the law itself. In England no attention is paid to any thing beyond the circumstances *directly* connected with the commission of the crime; what has been heard or seen by the witnesses present at the time or immediately before; and if these throw no light upon the motives of the prisoner, the law takes no further steps to clear up the doubt. No inferences are drawn from the past to the present; the former life of the prisoner, his general character, habits, and inclinations are excluded from consideration. But in Germany, with which we have at present to do, the inquiry stretches backward over an indefinite period; the accused is traced perhaps from his cradle to his prison; his early passions and youthful errors, as well as his matured opinions and habits, are all considered as so many circumstances from which presumptions as to his guilt or innocence of the particular charge against him may be drawn. In this way, although much must necessarily be left to the discretion, good-sense, and perspicacity of the judge, whether any or what weight is to be given to such presumptions, and although instances of gross abuse arising from judicial blindness or wilful prejudice do not unfrequently occur, from the admission of much that is not evidence at all in any legitimate sense, it cannot be denied that the ample and circumstantial detail which is the result of these comprehensive examinations gives to the annals of German Criminal Jurisprudence—as contributions to the natural history of crime—a completeness and connection, a regular and progressive interest, which it is in

vain to expect from the reports of similar proceedings in our own country. Added to this, the distance of the scene of action, like distance of time, produces a certain softening effect upon the atrocities with which we are conversant, and what would have been read with a mixture of interest and disgust had it happened in St. Giles's or Tottenham Court Road, becomes invested with a character of romance when the scene is laid on the banks of the Rhine, or in the recesses of the Black Forest.

The present collection is the work of Feuerbach, one of the most distinguished of the German jurists, who was one of those employed in 1804 to prepare a Criminal Code for Bavaria, and who now holds with distinguished ability the office of President of the Court of Appeal in the circle of Retz. His situation, therefore, was one which fortunately divested him of all concern in the mere preparation or getting up of criminal causes, (a matter which, from the way in which such preparation is usually carried on, is of no small importance in reference to the impartiality of those engaged in it, or their fitness afterwards to deal with the evidence so collected,) and enabled him to come to the consideration of the subject only when the proof had been matured and concluded, while it authorized him also to deliver his own sentiments without reserve as to the views of those tribunals by which in the first instance the case had been tried. The remarks which he occasionally makes, whether relating to the legal or moral character of the offence, or the nature of the proof and the sufficiency of the evidence, are in general equally distinguished by good feeling and good sense, and characterized by that independence which might be expected from the successful opponent of the torture, and the advocate of so many other improvements in the law of his country. The chief defect in his book is, that in narrating the different trials he does not follow the natural order in which the circumstances presented themselves to the judge, which has always the effect of stimulating curiosity by leaving the reader in the same uncertainty with the judge until the final issue; but on the contrary, that in the outset he generally lets us into the character of the accused by anticipating matters which were not revealed until long after in the course of the proof. In this particular we shall take the liberty of departing from Feuerbach in the extracts we have to make, and follow the natural order in which the events of each particular case unfolded themselves in the course of the examination.

The very first case in these volumes is one of an extraordinary nature; a pendant to that of the Marchioness of Brinvilliers, and scarcely inferior to it in complicated atrocity, though the heroine moved in a humbler walk of life.

In 1808, a widow, about fifty years old, resident at Pegnitz, and bearing the name of Anna Schonleben, was received as housekeeper into the family of the Justiz-Amptmann Glaser, who had for some time previous been living separate from his wife. Shortly after the commencement of her service, however, a partial reconciliation took place, in a great measure effected through the exertions of Schonleben, and the wife returned to her husband's house. But their reunion was of short duration, for in the course of four weeks after her return she was seized with a sudden and violent illness, of which in a day or two she expired.

On this event Schonleben quitted the service of Glaser, and was received in the same capacity into that of the Justiz-Amptmann Grohmann, then unmarried. Though only thirty-eight years of age, he was in delicate health, and had suffered severely from the gout, so that Schonleben had an opportunity of showing by the extreme care and attention which she bestowed upon his comforts, her qualifications for the office she had undertaken. Her cares, however, it seemed were unavailing; her master fell sick in spring, 1809, his disease being accompanied with violent internal pains of the stomach, dryness of the skin, vomiting, &c. and he died on the 8th May, after an illness of eleven days. Schonleben, who had attended him with unremitting attention during his illness, administering all his medicines with her own hand, appeared inconsolable for his loss,—and that of her situation.

The high character, however, which she had acquired for her prudence, care and gentleness as a sick-nurse, immediately procured her another in the family of the Kammer-Amptmann Gebhard, whose wife was at that time on the point of being confined. This event took place on the 13th May, shortly after the entry of the new housekeeper, who made herself particularly useful, and mother and child were going on extremely well, when on the third day after the birth, the lady was seized with spasms, internal heat, violent thirst, vomiting, &c. In the extremity of her agony she frequently exclaimed that they had given her poison. Seven days after her confinement she expired.

Gebhard, the widower, left without any one to take the management of his domestic affairs, thought that, in the meantime, he could not do better than retain in his service the housekeeper, who, during his wife's illness, had distinguished herself so much by the zeal and assiduity of her attentions to the invalid. Some of his friends attempted to dissuade him from retaining an inmate, who seemed by some fatality to bring death into every family with which she became connected; but Gebhard, who was not of a superstitious turn, laughed at their apprehensions, and Schonleben remained in his house, now invested with almost unlimited authority.

During her residence here, many circumstances occurred, which, though at the time they excited little attention, were subsequently recollected and satisfactorily established. These will be hereafter alluded to: meantime we proceed to that which first directed suspicion against her. Gebhard had, at last, by the importunity of a friend, who (from what ground he did not explain) had advised him to dismiss his housekeeper, been prevailed on to take his advice, and had communicated as gently as possible his resolution to Schonleben herself. She received it without any observation, except an expression of surprise at the suddenness with which he had changed his mind, and the next day was fixed for her departure for Bayreuth. Meantime she bustled about as usual, arranged the rooms, and filled the salt-box in the kitchen, observing that it was the custom for those who went away to do so for their successors. On the morning of her departure, as a token of her good will, she made coffee for the maids, supplying them with sugar from a paper of her own. The coach, which her master had been good-natured enough to procure for her, was already at the door. She took his child, now twenty weeks old, in her arms, gave it a biscuit soaked in milk, caressed it, and took her leave. Scarcely had she been gone half an hour, when both the child and the servants were seized with violent retching, which lasted for some hours, leaving them extremely weak and ill. Suspicion being now at last fairly awakened, Gebhard had the salt-box examined which Schonleben had so officiously filled. The salt was found strongly impregnated with arsenic. In the salt barrel also, from which it had been taken, thirty grains of arsenic were found, mixed with about three pounds of salt.

That the series of sudden deaths which had occurred in the families in which Schonleben had resided, was owing to poison, now occurred to every one as clear; and they almost wondered how so many circumstances could have passed before their eyes without awakening them to the truth. During her residence with Gebhard, it appeared that two visitors who had dined with her master, in Aug. 1809, were seized after dinner with the same symptoms of vomiting, convulsions, spasms, &c. which had affected the servants on the day of Schonleben's departure, and of which the more unfortunate mistress of the family had expired; that on one occasion she had given a glass of white wine to Rosenhauer, a servant who had called with a message, which had occasioned similar symptoms, so violent indeed as to oblige him for a day or two to confine himself to bed; that on another, she had taken a lad of nineteen, Johann Kraus, into the cellar, where she offered him a glass of brandy, which, after tasting and perceiving a white sediment within it, he declined; that one of the servants, Barbara Waldmann, with whom Schonleben had frequent quarrels,

after drinking a cup of coffee, was seized with exactly the same symptoms as her companions : and what, perhaps, appeared the most extraordinary of all, that at a party given by her master on the 1st Sept. having occasion to send her to his cellar for some pitchers of beer, he himself, and all the guests that partook of it, five in number, were almost immediately afterwards seized with the usual spasms, sickness, &c., which seemed to accompany the use of those liquids whenever they were dispensed by Schonleben.

Although from the long period which had elapsed since the death of those individuals, whose fate there was reason to suppose had been so prematurely accelerated by this smooth-faced poisoner, there was no great probability that any light would be thrown upon these dark transactions by an inspection of the bodies, it was resolved on at all events to give the matter a trial. The result of this ghastly examination, however, was more decisive than could have been expected ; all the bodies exhibited in a greater or less degree those appearances, which modern researches into the effects of poisons have shown to be produced by the use of arsenic ; and in one of them in particular, that of the wife of Glaser, the arsenic was still capable of being detected in substance. On the whole, the medical inspectors felt themselves warranted in concluding, that the deaths of at least two individuals out of the three had been occasioned by poison.

Meantime Schonleben had been living quietly at Bayreuth, seemingly quite unconscious of the storm which was gathering around her. Her finished hypocrisy even led her, while on the road, to write a letter to her late master, reproaching him with his ingratitude in dismissing one who had been a protecting angel to his child ; and in passing through Nurnberg, to take up her residence with the mother of her victim, the wife of Gebhard. On reaching Bayreuth she again wrote more than once to Gebhard ; the object of her letters evidently being to induce him again to receive her back into his family. She made a similar attempt on her former master Glaser, but without success. While engaged in these negotiations the warrant arrived for her apprehension, and she was taken into custody on the 19th Oct. On examining her person three packets were found in her pocket, two of them containing fly-powder, and the third arsenic.

For a long time she would confess nothing ;—evading with great ingenuity, or resisting with obstinacy every attempt to obtain from her any admission of her guilt. It was not till the 16th April, 1810, that her courage gave way, when she learned the result of the examination of the body of Glaser. Then at last, weeping and wringing her hands, she confessed that she had on two occasions administered poison to her. No sooner had this

confession been uttered, than she fell to the ground "as if struck by lightning," says Feuerbach, and was removed in strong convulsions from the chamber.

We shall condense into a short connected statement the substance of the numerous examinations which this wretch subsequently underwent, and of the information acquired from other sources by which, her statements were in many particulars modified, and in some points refuted. Born in Nurnberg in 1760, she had lost both her parents before she reached her fifth year. Her father had possessed some property, and till her 19th year she remained under the charge of her guardian, who was warmly attached to her, and bestowed much care on her education. At the age of nineteen, she married, rather against her inclination, the notary Zwanziger, for such, not Schonleben, was her real name; the loneliness and dullness of her matrimonial life contrasted very disagreeably with the gaieties of her guardian's house; and in the absence of her husband, who divided his time between business and the bottle, she dispelled her ennui by sentimental novel-reading, weeping over the sorrows of Werter, and the struggles of Pamela and Emilia Galotti. The property which fell to her on her coming of age was soon dissipated by her husband and herself in extravagant entertainments and an expensive establishment, and a few years saw them sunk in wretchedness, with a family to support, and without even the comfort of mutual cordiality or esteem,—for the admirer of Pamela, whose sympathetic heart had bled for the Sorrows of Werter, now attempted to prop. the falling establishment by making the best use she could of her personal attractions, (which hideous and repulsive as she appeared at the time of her trial, she described as having once been very considerable,) while her husband, as mean and grovelling in adversity as he had been assuming and over-bearing in prosperity, was a patient spectator of his own dishonour. Perhaps it was consoling to him, as it appeared to have been to his wife, that she "had the delicacy," as she styled it, "to confine her favours to the higher classes of society." At all events, shortly afterwards he died, leaving his widow to pursue her career of vice and deceit alone. During the time which intervened between the death of her husband, and that when she first entered the service of Glaser, her life had been one continued scene of licentiousness and hypocrisy. Devoid of principle from the first; mingling chiefly with others who, though of respectable or exalted rank, were as destitute of it as herself; forced to pretend attachment where none was felt; to submit where she would willingly have ruled; sometimes laughed at or treated with ingratitude where she was really labouring to please;

a wanderer on the earth for twenty years without a resting-place or a sincere friend; she became at last a habitual hypocrite, to whom falsehood seemed to be actually more natural than truth. Rage and disappointment at her fate, and a bitter hatred against mankind, seemed to have gradually been maturing in her heart; till at last all the better sympathies of her nature were poisoned, and nothing remained but the determination to better her condition at the expense of all those ties which humanity holds most sacred. When and how the idea of poison dawned on her—whether suddenly, or by degrees, her confessions did not explain; but there is every reason to believe that this tremendous agent had been employed by her previous to her appearance in Glaser's house. Determined as she was at all hazards to advance her own interests, poison seemed to furnish her at once with the talisman she was in search of;—it punished her enemies, it removed those who stood in her way;—its operation afforded her the means of rendering her good qualities conspicuous in her affected sympathy for the sufferer;—nay, administered in smaller quantities by her experienced hand, it was equally effectual in preventing a second visit from a disagreeable guest, or annoying a fellow servant with whom she had a quarrel. By long acquaintance poison had become so familiar to her, that she seemed to look on it as a useful friend; something equally available for seriousness or jest; and to which she was indebted for many a trusty and secret service. When the arsenic which had been taken from her pocket was exhibited to her some months afterwards at Culmbach, she seemed to tremble with delight; her eyes glistened as she gazed upon it, as if she recognised a friend from whom she had long been separated. Of the crimes which she had perpetrated, too, she always spoke as of slight indiscretions, rendered almost necessary by circumstances,—so completely by repetition had murder itself lost its character of horror.

From the first moment she had entered the house of Glaser, the idea of obtaining an influence over his mind, so as to secure him as her husband, had occurred to her. That he was then married was immaterial: poison would be the speediest process of divorce. First, however, the victim must be brought within the range of her power; hence her anxiety to effect the reconciliation of the pair, and the return of the wife to her husband's house. The plan succeeded, and within a few weeks after her return, Zwanziger commenced her operations. Two successive doses were administered, of which the last was effectual. "While she was mixing it," she said, "she encouraged herself with the notion that she was preparing for herself a comfortable establishment in her old age." This prospect having been defeated by

her dismissal from Glaser's service, she entered that of Grohmann. Here her common mode of revenging herself upon such of her fellow servants as she happened to dislike, was to mix fly-powder with the beer in the cellar, in the hope of creating illness, though not death; and of this beer it happened more than once that some of the visitors at Grohmann's table also partook. These, however, were mere preparati<sup>o</sup>ns "to keep her hand in;" the victim for whom her serious poisons were reserved was her unfortunate master. Here also she had for some time indulged the hope of a matrimonial connexion; infirm and gouty as he was, she thought she would obtain such an ascendancy over him as to induce him to descend to this alliance; when all at once her hopes were blasted by hearing of his intended marriage with another. For some time she tried by every means in her power to break off the connexion: but her arts proved ineffectual, and Grohmann, provoked by her pertinacity, had mentioned to a friend that he could no longer think of retaining her in his service. The wedding day was fixed;—all hopes of preventing the marriage were at an end;—and nothing now remained for her but revenge. In five days afterwards Grohmann fell a victim to poison.

From this service Zwanziger passed into that of Gebhard, whose wife soon shared the fate of Grohmann; for no other reason, according to her own account, than because that lady had treated her harshly, and occasionally found fault with her management of the house. Even this wretched apology was contradicted by the facts proved by the other inmates of the house. The true motive, as in the preceding cases, was, that she had formed designs upon Gebhard similar to those which had failed in the case of Glaser, and that the unfortunate lady stood in the way. Her death was accomplished by poisoning two pitchers of beer from which Zwanziger from time to time supplied her with drink. Nay, even her husband was made the innocent instrument of his wife's death by administering the same liquid to the invalid. Even while confessing that she had thus poisoned the beer, she persisted in maintaining that she had no intention of destroying the unfortunate lady;—if she could have foreseen that such a consequence would have followed, she would rather have died!

During the remaining period, from the death of Gebhard's wife to that of her quitting his service, she admitted having frequently administered poisoned beer, wine, coffee, and other liquids, to such guests as she disliked, or to her fellow servants, when any of them had the misfortune to fall under her displeasure. The poisoning of the salt box she also admitted; but with that strange and inveterate hypocrisy which ran through all her confessions,

she maintained that the arsenic in the salt barrel must have been put in by some other person.

The fate of such a wretch could not of course be doubtful; she was condemned to be beheaded, and listened to the sentence apparently without emotion. She told the judge that her death was a fortunate thing for others, for she felt that she could not have left off poisoning had she lived. On the scaffold she bowed courteously to the judge and assistants, walked calmly up to the block, and received the blow without shrinking.

We come next to a case of a very singular nature, to which Feuerbach gives the name of "The Unknown Murderer, or the Police at fault." It is interesting chiefly from the complete perplexity in which the reader is left at the conclusion, as to the agent or the motives which led to the crime, after his curiosity has been raised by glimpses of light which seem for a time likely to lead to the truth, but prove at last to be mere *ignes fatui*, successively disappearing, and leaving the matter involved in the same darkness and mystery as before.

The event to which we allude took place in 1817, in the town of M— —. In that place resided a goldsmith named Christopher Ruprecht, aged upwards of sixty: rich, illiterate, quarrelsome, covetous; rude in speech, vulgar in his habits, whose chief indulgence consisted in frequenting low ale-houses, and mingling in such haunts with the most disreputable of the lower classes. His selfishness and his repulsive manners had alienated from him all his relations, with the exception of a sister and a daughter, who was married in the town, and who still continued, as much from interest perhaps as affection, notwithstanding his peculiarities of temper, to visit him regularly.

Ruprecht had for some time past selected, as the favourite inn in which he chose to take his ease, a small ale-house at the end of a dark winding lane, which, from its gloomy situation, bore the appropriate title of Hell. About half-past eight o'clock on the evening of the 7th of February, 1817, he repaired thither according to custom, took his seat among the circle which generally assembled round the inn fire on the first floor, and in his usual petulant and ill-tempered style, joined in the conversation, which was prolonged till past ten o'clock, when Ruprecht despatched the landlord to the ground floor for a farther supply of beer. As the landlord was reascending the stairs, a voice from the passage below was heard inquiring if Ruprecht was above; and on the landlord answering (without turning his head) that he was, he was requested by the person below to desire him to come down. No sooner was the message delivered to Ruprecht, than he rose and

hastily left the room. A minute had hardly elapsed when the company heard distinctly from the passage below, loud groans, followed by a sound as of a heavy body falling in the passage. All hurried down stairs to the number of eleven. Ruprecht was found lying near the house door still alive, but covered with blood flowing from a large wound on his head; his leather cap at a little distance, which had been cut through by the blow. The only sounds which he uttered, when lifted up, were "The villain,—the villain with the axe." And once afterwards, "My daughter, my daughter." She was immediately sent for; but his mind apparently wandered, and he did not recognise her.

No trace of the assassin appeared in the neighbourhood; no weapon was found in the passage or near the door. The wound, when examined, was found to be one inflicted with a sharp instrument—to be about four inches long, extending along the top of the head, but sinking towards the back, upon the left side of the skull, and deeper at the bottom than the top. That it had not been given in the passage seemed pretty clear; first, from the circumstance that a lamp always burned there, and servants were constantly crossing and recrossing; secondly, that to have inflicted such a wound, the blow must have fallen with great force from behind and from above; while the lowness of the roof, which any one might touch with his hand, would have rendered it impossible for the murderer, in such a position, to have raised his arm so as to have directed his weapon with any force against his victim. From the position, too, in which Ruprecht was found, immediately behind the house-door, which was open, the probability was, that the fatal blow had been given without the door, and that Ruprecht, after receiving it, had been able to stagger back into the passage. The house, as already mentioned, stood at the extreme corner of an obscure lane, to which there was no access from the other side. Two steps led to the door in front, and on the left side of these steps was a stone seat, about two feet in height, and standing on these steps, apparently, the murderer had awaited him, and when the goldsmith came to the steps in front of the door, directed his blow at him from this "bad eminence" behind.

With what weapon the blow had been inflicted was not so clear. The unconnected expressions of Ruprecht seemed to point at an axe as the instrument; but the opinion of the medical inspector rather was, that the blow had been given by a heavy sabre, and by an experienced hand.

In the mean time all that could be done further was to wait in hopes that the wounded man would so far recover his senses as to be able to throw some light upon this atrocious deed. On

the evening of the following day, he appeared sufficiently in his senses to warrant the judge in commencing his examination. The wounded man's answers were given in monosyllables. He was asked,—“Who struck you?” “Schmidt.” “What is this Schmidt—where does he reside?” “In the *Most*.”\* “With what did he strike you?” “A hatchet.” “How did you know him?” “By his voice.” “Was he indebted to you?” He shook his head. “What was his motive?” “Quarrel.” From the state of exhaustion in which he appeared to be, the judge did not interrogate him further at the time as to the nature of the quarrel. To the first and second interrogatories, which were repeated, he again distinctly answered “Schmidt,—wood-cutter.” And he gave the same answer to similar questions put to him afterwards, in presence of the officials, by his daughter, sister, and son-in-law.

Who then was Schmidt, whom the dying man had denounced as his murderer? Schmidt is as common a name in Germany as Smith in England; and accordingly it turned out that there were three Schmidts in the town, all wood-cutters. One of them, Abraham Christopher Schmidt, resided in the Hohen Pflaster; the other two, who were brothers, lived in the street called the *Most*, or the *Walch*, to which the wounded man appeared to have alluded. With regard to the first, it was ascertained that he laboured under the charge of having been in early youth connected with a gang of thieves, and having been imprisoned in consequence;—the second, who went by the name of the Great Schmidt, had been an old acquaintance of Ruprecht's, but had ceased to be so in consequence of having given evidence against him in an action of damages;—the third, who was distinguished from his brother by the name of the Little Schmidt, was also an acquaintance of Ruprecht's, but one with whom he had never appeared to be on good terms.

Before proceeding to the arrest of any of these individuals, Ruprecht, who had in the meantime undergone the operation of trepanning, was again examined. When asked, in addition to the former questions, to which he gave the same answers,—which of the Schmidts he meant, the Great or the Little, he made some attempts to speak, but failed. When asked again whether he resided on the *Most*,—he was silent. Was it upon the Hohen Pflaster? He answered with difficulty, but distinctly, “Yes;” and then relapsed into insensibility.

As he thus wavered between the inhabitants of the *Most* and that of the Hohen Pflaster, it was evident that all the three Schmidts

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\* The name of a street in the town, also called the *Walch*.

must be taken into custody. They were accordingly apprehended, with the view of being confronted with the wounded man, and the murderer, if possible, identified by him. When they were brought into his room, Ruprecht was sensible, but unable to lift up his eyes, so that the main object of the interview was baffled. There were differences, however, in the behaviour of these individuals, which, while they tended to avert suspicion from two of them, directed it with increasing force against the third. The two brothers appeared perfectly composed;—they spoke to Ruprecht, called him by name, and expressed their sympathy for his situation. Not so the Schmidt of the Hohen Pflaster. He seemed agitated and restless;—when asked if he knew the person in bed, he first said he did not,—then that it was Ruprecht, and that he knew him well;—first, that he remained with his mother-in-law, on the evening of the murder, till eleven; then, that he had left his house at nine, and gone instantly to bed. He protested his innocence and ignorance of the whole matter, and appealed to the testimony of his mother-in-law, his wife, and his neighbours. His evident agitation, and his contradictions, which he did not make any farther attempt to reconcile, appeared to the judge sufficient grounds for subjecting him to the provisional arrest, and on the 10th of February he was committed to prison.

On the following day all hope of eliciting further information from Ruprecht was put an end to by his death. After the interview already mentioned he never recovered his senses.

Subsequent investigations tended to increase the suspicions against Christopher Schmidt which his behaviour on the first occasion had awakened. On inspecting his house, the handle of his axe, near the blade, was found to be streaked with red spots resembling blood. The truth of the report as to his former imprisonment for theft he did not attempt to deny; though he alleged that he had been merely made the innocent instrument of conveying the stolen property into town.\* His inconsistencies and contradictions on his first summary examination were still more startling and irreconcilable than those into which he had run when confronted with Ruprecht. When asked to explain how he knew the wounded man to be Ruprecht, since he stated he had never seen him before,—he gave no other explanation except that he had heard before of the accident which had befallen him, as it was the general theme of conversation at the Boar.\* To the question where he had been on Friday night, he first answered that he had been along with his wife and child in the

\* A little ale-house, in which he stated he had been the day after the event.

house of his mother-in-law, where they were accustomed to work in the evenings, to avoid the expense of light at home, till 9 o'clock, when he had taken his child home, and gone to bed, where he had remained till next morning at seven; that his wife had not returned till ten, having had to work a little longer with her mother, and entrusted the child to his care. "But," said the judge, "yesterday you said you did not return till eleven o'clock."—"Yes, at eleven—I returned with my wife." "A few minutes ago you said you returned at nine, and that your wife remained behind you; now how do you explain this?" "My neighbours will testify I returned at nine. My wife remained for a short time behind me—she returned after ten, when I was asleep;—she must have come in by using the key of the street door."—"The key of the street door, you said a little ago, was in your mother's possession, in the house;—how could your wife, who was at her mother's, have used it to obtain admission?" "She had the key with her. I said my wife returned along with me at nine o'clock, assisted me to put the child to bed, then took the house key off the table, and returned to her mother's. She came back at eleven o'clock at night." "Just now, you said at ten." "I was asleep; it may have been ten."

These irreconcilable contradictions as to the hour at which he himself had returned,—which he sometimes stated to be nine, sometimes eleven;—as to his returning alone or in company with his wife; as to the hour at which she had returned, and the mode by which she had obtained admittance;—his previous imprisonment; his conduct when confronted with Ruprecht; and during his examinations his downcast and suspicious look; his anxiety to avoid any lengthened explanations; the spots upon his axe; the dying expressions of Ruprecht as to the name and residence of his murderer; all these, taken together, formed a most suspicious combination of circumstances against Schmidt.

On the other hand, the very grossness of these contradictions seemed to lead to the inference that they must have proceeded rather from want of memory, of intellect, or self-possession, than from a desire to pervert the truth. It was unlikely that any one but a person whose intellectual faculties were weakened or disordered either by natural deficiency or temporary anxiety and fear, or both, should in the course of half an hour vary his account of the time at which he returned home, from nine to eleven, from eleven to nine; or at one moment represent himself as returning alone, the next in company with his wife. The report of his relations and neighbours proved that such was the character of Schmidt; that his dulness of intellect almost amounted to idiocy, and that his serious, quiet, sheepish manner, had procured

him the nickname of "Hammela," or the sheep. It was not difficult, then, to believe that a man who, according to these accounts never was able under any circumstances to express himself clearly, or almost intelligibly, when suddenly apprehended, confronted with a dying man, imprisoned and examined, called upon to explain contradictions, should at once lose the little remnant of composure or intellect that remained to him, and answer without understanding the questions put to him, or the answers which he gave. For instance, his answer to the question how he recognised Ruprecht, whom he had never seen, illogical as it was, is intelligible enough when the character of the respondent is kept in view. All he meant to say probably was, that he knew that the person before him was Ruprecht, because he had heard before of the assassination, and that the wounded man was lying in the house where he had been brought to be confronted with him. As to the time and manner of his return, too, a confusion might not unnaturally arise in the mind of one so simple, between the hour at which he had himself returned, and that when his wife had last returned from her mother's house; and although even then contradictions existed, many of the circumstances which at first sight appeared inconsistent in his narrative might be explained by supposing the true state of the case to have been this.—that he and his wife had left her mother's together at nine, with the child, and gone home; that after her husband and the child were in bed, his wife had, as he stated, returned to her mother's to finish her work, and had finally returned home between ten and eleven o'clock.

This was in fact substantially proved by the investigation that followed. His mother-in-law, Barbara Lang, stated that the husband and wife were accustomed to pass the evening in her house to save fire and light; that they had left the house about half-past nine, accompanied by the child; that her daughter had afterwards returned, and remained with her for about an hour and a half, when she went home. Cunegunda, the wife of the accused, though she represented the hour at which they left her mother's house as earlier than that which her mother had indicated, agreed with her in other particulars. She had accompanied her husband and child home, had seen them in bed, and then taking with her the only light they had in the house, had gone back to her mother's. On her return after ten, she had been let in by the woman of the house, had found her husband asleep, and neither of them had left the house afterwards till next morning. Barbara Kraus, the landlady, had seen Schmidt return home on Friday evening, accompanied by his wife, who bore a light, and carrying his child on his arm, as she thought, between

eight and nine o'clock: she had opened the house door to them, and Schmidt, as he walked up to his room, had good-humouredly wished her good night. She at first stated that she had not again opened the house door to his wife that night; but upon the question being reiterated, she admitted she might have done so without recollecting, her attention being at the time very much occupied with other matters.

Though there was some discrepancy between these witnesses as to time, that was easily accounted for without any suspicion of falsehood in the case of persons who had no clock or watch in the house to refer to, and particularly in a long and dark night in February. The only question was which had made the nearest approach to the truth—a question of considerable importance in reference to the possibility of the guilt of the accused. Taking a medium between the different periods, and supposing Schmidt to have reached his house accompanied by his wife about a quarter past nine, and to have been again found in bed on her return about half-past ten, the intervening period of an hour and a quarter was the whole time during which it was possible the crime could have been committed. The blow had been given by all accounts at a quarter past ten; the ale-house, where it took place, was at the distance of about a mile and a quarter from Schmidt's house, and the path of a murderer going to or stealing home from the scene of his crime, is seldom the most direct one. Supposing, however, that there was time enough to have reached the spot, completed the crime, and returned, which was barely possible, was it likely that a murder so cool and treacherous would be perpetrated by one who had been laboriously and industriously toiling for the support of his family the whole evening by his mother-in-law's fire—who had peaceably returned home and gone to bed with his child—that a being so slow and sluggish in his intellect, so incapable of acting with decision in the ordinary affairs of life, should all at once, as if the scheme had long been matured, seize the instant when his wife had left the house, to spring up, hurry to a distance, lie in wait for, and deliberately murder a fellow being, and then be found quietly asleep at home in the course of a quarter of an hour after the crime was perpetrated? This, if the testimony of his wife was to be believed,—and there existed apparently no reason to doubt its truth,—was, to say the least, in the highest degree improbable.

But the red spots upon the handle of his axe? How were these to be accounted for? The accused answered that if such spots existed, of which he knew nothing, they must have proceeded from a swelling in the hand, produced by heat, which had burst the day before. But the swelling, it was answered, is upon the *right* hand;

the stains are on the upper part of the handle near the blade, which is held in the *left* hand; if the stains had been occasioned by blood flowing from the swelling on the right, they must have been on a different part of the handle entirely, near the bottom. The accused replied that he was what is generally termed left-handed, and that in hewing, contrary to the usual practice, he held the lower part of the handle in his left hand, and the upper in his right; a statement which was corroborated by his mother and others who were acquainted with him. Farther, the medical officer of the court, on examining the stains, expressed his doubts whether they were really stains from blood at all, since they appeared to rub out more easily than they would have done if they had proceeded from such a cause. On this ground of suspicion, therefore, it was evident nothing could now be rested.

The examination of the axe showed farther, that it could not well be the weapon with which the wound had been inflicted. The wound caused by the blow of an axe striking straight down, and not drawn along like a sabre cut, was not likely to be longer than the edge of the blade itself. But here the length of the edge was only three and one-third inches, the length of the wound four inches, while the cut in the leather cap which had been divided, was four and one-third inches in length. The form of the wound in the head, too, which at both ends came gently to a point, seemed irreconcilable with the broad and equally defined incision all along, likely to be made by the blade of an axe.

Even the slender support afforded to the accusation by the charge of a previous imprisonment for theft, was next removed. The prisoner's vindication of himself was found to be substantially correct;—while his good character for sobriety, industry, simplicity, and good nature for years past, was established by a mass of evidence.

Thus, one by one, the grounds of suspicion which had at first appeared to be assuming so firm and compact a form, crumbled away; and though Christopher Schmidt was not yet finally liberated, it was evident that as matters stood his speedy acquittal from the charge was certain. But as the cloud of suspicion passed off from Christopher, it gathered for a moment round the heads of his namesakes, the Great and the Little Schmidt, inhabitants of the Walch Street.

Both of these individuals, as already mentioned, had been acquainted with Ruprecht; and so far at least as occasionally carousing together went, had been for a time among his usual boon companions. Their intimacy, however, for it never seemed to have amounted to friendship, had been suddenly put an end to in consequence of a quarrel, in which Ruprecht got involved with

the surveyors of his district, Friedmann and Götz, in the course of which the goldsmith, having publicly made some unfounded and abusive charges against these official persons, was convicted upon the evidence of his former acquaintances, the Schmidts, and sentenced to a short imprisonment on bread and water. Ruprecht had retaliated by an action of damages against Götz and Friedmann, which was still in dependence at the time of his death. Was it possible, then, that these persons had made use of the Schmidts, who had previously given them the benefit of their testimony against Ruprecht, as instruments of their revenge against their pertinacious opponent? Possible certainly;—but in the highest degree improbable: for the surveyors appeared throughout the whole proceedings with Ruprecht to have acted with the greatest discretion and forbearance; and their general character was that of men utterly incapable of any act so atrocious, particularly from a motive so inadequate. Not less satisfactory was the report as to the character of the supposed actors, the Schmidts, who were remarkable in their neighbourhood for their industrious and honest conduct, while the proof as to their not having committed the crime was finally placed beyond a doubt by the evidence of several witnesses, who spoke to the fact of their having returned home early on the night of the murder, and not having left the house till next morning.

Two other circumstances at this time occurred, as if to show the endlessness of this search after Schmidts:—the one that two other Schmidts were discovered, not indeed living in the town, but in the suburbs, and one of them the woodman generally employed by Bieringer, Ruprecht's son-in-law; but against neither of these was any trace of suspicion found. The other circumstance was, that it was now ascertained that Ruprecht had not only varied in his accounts as to the residence of his supposed assassin, but that in some of his conversations with his relatives, when asked if he knew who had injured him, he had answered in the negative. Perhaps then the whole was a mere vision growing out of the confusion of his mind at the time, and his mixing up the idea of a woodman's axe, which he naturally enough imagined had been the instrument of his death, with the recollection of the two woodmen, the Schmidts, who had played so conspicuous a part in the proceedings at the instance of the surveyors.

Long indeed before this conclusion had been come to, it had occurred to some of the official persons that they were proceeding on a wrong scent, and that the actors in the villainy were to be found nearer home.

When Ruprecht was found in the passage immediately after the blow, the expressions he used, it will be recollected, were—

"Villain, with the axe!" And shortly afterwards, "My daughter!—my daughter!" These had been naturally interpreted at the time into an expression of his anxiety to see her: but circumstances subsequently emerging seemed to render it doubtful whether his exclamation did not bear a less favourable meaning.

The matrimonial life of Bieringer and his wife, it appeared, had been long a very unhappy one. Her husband for a time constantly complained to his father-in-law of her love of dress, and her quarrelsome temper; which on one occasion had reached such a height, that she had been subjected to an imprisonment of forty-eight hours for disturbing the peace of the neighbourhood. This last remedy had been found more efficacious than the previous complaints, and from that time down to the death of Ruprecht, the couple had lived on tolerable terms.

Not so, however, Ruprecht and his son-in-law. Bieringer, who was a man of some education and refinement of manners, had never concealed the dislike with which he regarded the vulgar propensities of his father-in-law; and this, added to his complaints against his wife, had so irritated the old man, that he never spoke of Bieringer but in terms of violent hostility. But a few days before his death, he had called him, before his own servant, a damned villain, whom he would never speak to even if he were on his death-bed. Actuated by these feelings towards him, Ruprecht had for some time past determined to make a will, by which his property, which he was to leave his daughter, was to be placed entirely beyond the controul of her husband; and this intention he had announced, about two months before his death, to his daughter, and more lately to his apprentice Höguer, to whom he assigned as his reason his determination to disappoint that villain his son-in-law. Nay, within a few hours of his murder, he had sent for Höguer to assist him in arranging his papers, and had fixed the following Sunday for completing the long-projected testament. This intention he had announced in the hearing of his servant. From some one of these sources his determination might have been communicated to Bieringer; a sufficient motive for the removal of the testator would thus have been furnished; and unquestionably there was a singular coincidence in point of time between the conversation of Friday afternoon and the murder at night, which favoured the suspicion that they might stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect.

When the intelligence of his father-in-law's being wounded was first brought to the house of Bieringer, he observed to his wife coldly, and with an appearance of ill-humour, that she must go over to see her father, to whom something had happened, adding, "we have nothing but plague with him." The conduct of the daughter

when she came into the alehouse seemed to some of the spectators to display a want of real feeling. One of her first concerns was to see whether her father had his keys about him, and having ascertained that he had, she took possession of, and walked away with them. With the removal of her father from the inn to his own house, all her lamentations ceased. She appeared, as some of the witnesses stated, scarcely to treat him with ordinary kindness, and to give grudgingly, and of necessity, what was necessary for his comfort.

While the investigation was proceeding against the Great Schmidt, she displayed a singular anxiety to increase the suspicion against him, by reporting conversations with her father which no other person had heard; in which, besides pointing out Schmidt Woodman as his murderer, he was made to add "he was a large man." Her own husband, Bieringer, it is to be observed, was very small in stature. She made great efforts to be allowed to be present when Schmidt was confronted with her father, alleging, as her reason, that she wished to remind him of the omniscience of God, which might, perhaps, lead him to confession; for the others she was assured were innocent of the crime.

These attempts to throw suspicion on one who was clearly proved to have had no concern with the murder, the other suspicious circumstances in the conduct of the daughter, the situation in which Bieringer stood with his father-in-law, and the temptation to make away with Ruprecht, arising from the intended execution of the testament, left at first a strong impression on the mind of the judge that Bieringer, or some emissary of his, would be found to be the murderer.

Here also, however, as in the former cases, the grounds of suspicion vanished, one by one, into thin air.

That the words "my daughter!" uttered by Ruprecht, truly denoted nothing else but his anxiety to see her, appeared from the fact mentioned by his sister Clara, that such was his constant practice when any thing unpleasant or vexatious happened to him, and also from the evidence of the landlady of the Hölle, who stated that she herself had first suggested sending for his daughter, to which he assented by an affirmative nod of his head. Bieringer's coldness and indifference when the news of the accident were delivered to him, were such as might have been expected from one who, for a long time before, had been on terms of mutual dislike with his father-in-law; but by no means easily reconcilable with the supposition that he was himself, mediately or immediately, his murderer. The inferences arising from the depositions of the first witnesses as to the insensibility evinced by the daughter, were entirely neutralized by the evidence of others, who described

her conduct as dutiful and affectionate in the highest degree; even the taking the keys from her father's person appeared to have been done at the suggestion of the surgeon who was present, and who imagined that the murder might have been committed as a preliminary to robbery. Her accusation of Schmidt might have been founded on expressions really used by her father, whose mind it was now plain had often wandered after the blow. And the anxiety with which she followed it up was natural, and even laudable, supposing her to have once adopted the idea that Schmidt was the murderer. Even the ground-work of the whole suspicion, namely, the supposed motive arising from the intended execution of the testament by which his wife's fortune was to be placed beyond Bieringer's controul, was completely shaken; for it was found that there was not even probable evidence that ever such an intention had reached his ears. His wife stated that she had never communicated to him her conversation with her father, which, from the indifferent terms on which they lived, and the consideration that it would have been an advantage to her had her father lived to carry his intentions as to his will into effect, appeared extremely probable; nor had Högner, his other confidant, divulged it to any one. The maid, who had been present during the interviews with Högner on Friday afternoon, equally disclaimed having ever spoken of it. His brother and sisters had never heard of Ruprecht's intentions. Finally, there was distinct evidence that Bieringer himself at least had not been the murderer, because at a quarter past ten, when the murder was committed, he was proved to have been quietly seated in the parlour of the Golden Fish. The result of the preliminary investigations on the whole was to satisfy the judge that no real ground of suspicion existed either against Bieringer or his wife.

Even after all these failures the investigation was not abandoned. The servant who had been called upon to point out the name of any person who had done business with Ruprecht shortly before his death, mentioned that three persons, appearing to be of the regimental band, had been in Ruprecht's house on the morning of the murder. On inquiry, it was ascertained that this statement was correct, and the three men, who turned out to be oboe-players in the band, were forthwith taken into custody. It appeared, from their own admission, that one of them, Pröschl, had procured a loan of twenty-two florins from Ruprecht shortly before; that the creditor had become clamorous for payment, and that the debtor, accompanied by the other two, Mühl and Spitzbart, had called on Ruprecht on the Friday morning, with the view of obtaining some delay; and that Ruprecht had fixed the following morning for accompanying Pröschl to his brother-

in-law, from whom he said he expected to receive the money. Add to this, the opinion, which from the first had been expressed by the inspecting physician, that the blow seemed to have been inflicted by a sabre; and there was enough to warrant the judge in thinking that here, at last, he might have stumbled upon the real murderer. Here also, however, the rising fabric of evidence was at once overturned by a clear proof of alibi on the part of one and all of the suspected assassins.

And here, at last, justice was obliged to give up the pursuit; nor has any light been since thrown upon this strange story.

Omitting many cases of deep interest, and some of them of a very extraordinary complexion, though the extreme atrocity of their peculiar features renders them painful, we shall conclude with a case of a most singular nature, both from the circumstances with which it was attended from first to last, the character of the party implicated, and the result with which it was attended. The few remarks we have to offer in regard to it we shall incorporate with the narrative itself.

In 1805, Francis Salis Riembauer was appointed to the situation of assistant clergyman in the church of Upper Lauterbach. He had filled a similar situation for several years before, in various other churches. He had brought with him to Lauterbach a high character for intelligence and polemical ability, as well as for the fire and unction of his discourses, and the extreme sanctity of his life and conversation. His appearance was prepossessing, his stature tall, the expression of his countenance serious but mild, his conversation eloquent and instructive. A peculiar appearance of humility seemed to characterize all his movements; he walked in general with his head sunk down, his eyes half closed, his hands reverently folded on his breast. His sermons were composed in a strain of enthusiastic piety; the necessity of an absolute separation from this world, and an exclusive devotion to the things of another, were inculcated with earnestness and perseverance. He was supposed by his simple flock to stand in direct communication with the world of spirits, who were said to haunt him in his chamber, beset him in his walks, and move from right to left when he raised his finger. If Riembauer did not himself promote these superstitious notions, he at least did nothing to discourage them, but accepted with his usual appearance of mild indifference the homage which was paid to him.

His high reputation, however, though general, was not universal; most of his hearers thought him a saint, but some doubted. A report had at one time been in circulation that his former colleague at Hofkirchen had warned his successor that he was little

better than a wolf in sheep's clothing; and some of the more prudent among the rude forefathers of the hamlet rather discouraged the visits, which he paid with singular punctuality to the female part of their families, for the purpose of confession or penance. His extreme mildness of demeanour and humility of aspect appeared to them overacted; and the refined and spiritual character of his doctrines somewhat inconsistent with the conduct which he shortly afterwards adopted.

At Thomashof, in the neighbourhood of Ober Lauterbach, lived a family of the name of Frauenknecht, consisting of the farmer (an old man who died shortly afterwards), his wife, and two daughters, the elder, Magdalena, then about 18 years of age, her sister, Catherine, six years younger. The whole family were distinguished for their probity, industry and hospitable disposition, while Magdalena added to these good qualities a more than usual share of personal attractions. With this family Riembauer had very soon established a particular acquaintance. They were naturally flattered by the visits of one superior to themselves in situation and education, and still more distinguished by the sanctity of his character. But Riembauer carried his condescension farther than seemed consistent with the dignity of his priestly office; for not content with merely visiting the family, he used to give his personal assistance to the old farmer in his field labours, and to perform all the duties of a common servant. Those who entertained an unfavourable opinion of him before, drew additional arguments in support of it from this singular conduct; but Riembauer proved to the majority of his flock, by the authority of Epiphanius and of church councils, that nothing was more common in the primitive times of the church than this union of the spade with the crosier, and that there was something praiseworthy in recurring to that patriarchal simplicity. About the end of 1806, the parishioners were informed that he had purchased Thomashof from the Frauenknechts for 4000 florins, and shortly afterwards he transferred his residence to that farm, still retaining his clerical office and performing its duties with the same zeal and spirit as before, but combining them with agricultural labours, in which he was assisted by the family of the Frauenknechts, who, notwithstanding the sale, continued to reside upon the farm.

The eldest daughter, Magdalena, was to remain as cook in his family, and with this view she was sent to Munich in the beginning of 1807, where she remained for six or seven months in the house of the Registrator Y—. In June, 1807, Riembauer himself went to Munich, for the purpose of passing his examination as candidate for a church, which he did with great credit to himself.

Shortly afterwards (in the beginning of 1808) he obtained the situation of priest at Priel, sold off to advantage the farm which he had purchased from the Frauenknechts, and removed with them, Magdalena having now completed her culinary education in Munich, to his new residence.

Shortly before his removal to Priel, an event had happened in the neighbourhood which at first created a strong sensation, though the utter mystery in which it was involved seemed to have first baffled and finally extinguished all curiosity on the subject. Anna Eichstädter, the daughter of a carpenter at Furth, had engaged herself as servant to a clergyman in the neighbourhood, towards the end of October, 1807. She had obtained permission, however, from her new master, to pay a visit to her relations before finally entering upon her service. As a pledge for her return, she had left with him her silver neck-chain and other articles of some value. It rained in the afternoon when she set out, and at her request he lent her a green umbrella, on the handle of which the initials of his name, J. D. were engraved. Several days elapsed, but she did not return. Among others whom she had mentioned she intended to visit, was Riembauer, with whom she said she had been acquainted while she had been in the service of his former colleague at Hirnheim. To him, accordingly, her new master wrote, after some days had elapsed, mentioning that if she felt reluctant to return to his service she might at least send back his umbrella. Riembauer replied that he had seen neither the one nor the other, and expressed some astonishment that such an application should have been made to him. Months passed on, but Eichstädter did not appear. The investigations which were resorted to threw no light upon her disappearance; her previous character appeared to have been somewhat light, and her reputation for virtue more than doubtful, but nothing came out which could afford any explanation of her fate. The common conjecture was, that she had either been drowned, or had fallen into the hands of a notorious robber and murderer, who was executed about a year afterwards. Gradually, however, the matter ceased to be talked of, and her fate, even by her relations, was forgotten.

It was some months after her disappearance that Riembauer removed with the Frauenknecht family from Thomashof to Priel. This association, however, was not destined to be of long continuance; the widow Frauenknecht died on the 16th of June, 1809, after a short illness, and her daughter Magdalena followed her five days afterwards. The younger daughter, Catherine, who had never been on good terms with her sister or with Riembauer, had left the family a short time before. After the deaths of her

mother and sister, she had lived as a domestic in different families, in all of which she was remarkable for the singular melancholy, the air of anxiety and restlessness which marked her conduct; solitude seemed irksome to her; to sleep alone at night was an object of terror, and these feelings seemed rather to increase with years than to become less lively. Sometimes she let fall expressions as to some woman whom she could not get out of her head, and whose figure, she said, followed her wherever she went. With these, too, at times, the name of Riembauer was joined, as having had a principal part in those scenes by the remembrance of which she appeared to be haunted. To some of her intimate friends she ventured at last to be more explicit—she stated in plain terms that Riembauer had been the murderer of a woman at Thomashof in 1807, that she had herself been unwittingly a witness to the deed, and that this atrocity had been followed by other crimes, which till that moment had been unsuspected.

At last, in 1813, she laid her information formally before the Landgericht at Landshut, to the following effect:—That during the period when her sister Magdalena and Riembauer were both in Munich in 1807, the one in the service of the registrator, the other preparing for his examination, a woman presented herself suddenly at Thomashof. She announced herself as a niece of Riembauer, and being informed that he was then in Munich, demanded the key of his room, which she, Catherine, who was the only person then in the house, at first refused. On the arrival of her mother, however, the key was given to her, and she immediately proceeded with it to the room, which she searched as if the house had been her own. She remained that night, and next morning, when she went away, stated that she had not found her money as she expected, but that she had left a sealed packet for the priest.

On Riembauer's return, which took place about eight days afterwards, he merely remarked, on being told of this domiciliary visit, that it was a niece of his to whom he owed some money. About the 2d of November, in the same year, Catherine and her mother had returned from the field somewhat later than Magdalena and Riembauer; when they drew near the door of the house, they thought they heard in the upper floor a singular noise—whether laughing, weeping, or groaning, they could hardly distinguish; as they entered, however, Magdalena flew to meet them with the frightful intelligence, that a stranger, representing herself as a niece of Riembauer, had arrived shortly before; that Riembauer, after taking her up to his room, had come down on pretence of getting her some refreshment, and taken his razor,

and that she had followed him up stairs, and through the key-hole had seen him draw near to the unfortunate woman with expressions of endearment, and suddenly plunge it into her throat. Even while Magdalena was thus speaking, the groans of the victim and the voice of Riembauer, loud and threatening, were distinctly heard from above. As if fascinated by the terrors of the scene, Catherine ran up stairs, and saw through the key-hole the priest kneeling over the body of his victim, from which the blood flowed in streams, and which was still heaving with a convulsive motion.

Overpowered with fear, she rejoined her mother and sister in the room below. Shortly afterwards the door of the upper room opened, and the priest came down, his hands and sleeves dropping with blood, the razor still in his right hand. He went into the room to her mother and sister, told them that the woman had constantly persecuted him for money on account of a child which she had borne to him; that she had just been demanding from him 100 or 200 florins, and threatening him with exposure in case of refusal; and that not having the money, he had no other alternative left but that of silencing her complaints and her testimony for ever. The mother at first threatened him with the immediate disclosure of the murder; but at last, moved by the desperation of Riembauer, who had seized a rope and announced his resolution of committing suicide, they consented to keep the murder secret, and to assist him, if necessary, in the disposal of the body.

The place chosen for this purpose was a little room adjoining the stable, where a hole was dug by Riembauer for its reception. At midnight on the 3d of November, Catherine said she was awakened by the noise, and saw from the door of her own room Riembauer descend, dragging the body behind him still dressed, and with the head hanging down. Coming down afterwards, she saw him employed in heaping earth upon the body. The spots of blood along the passage he washed out with his own hand; those in his room, which had already become dry, he carefully effaced from the floor by means of a plane, and threw the chips into the stove. A woman's shoe, which the house dog was found dragging next morning about the court, Catherine took up and delivered to Riembauer, though she could not say how he had afterwards disposed of it. The inquiries of their neighbours, some of whom had heard the disturbance which had taken place the evening before, they answered by saying, that some discussion had arisen relative to the purchase price of Thomashof, which had ended in an altercation between them and Riembauer.

From this moment, however, the friendly intercourse which

had subsisted between Riembauer and the Frauenknechts was at an end. Reproaches on the one hand, anxiety and the fear of detection on the other, rendered their residence at Priel irksome to all. Quarrels followed; Magdalena threatened to leave his service, and the fear of exposure began daily to recur more and more vividly to his mind. Immediately afterwards followed the illness and death of her mother and sister. No medical attendant was called during their illness, no clergyman was allowed to approach them, their medicines were all ordered and administered by Riembauer himself. The body of Magdalena after death was found strangely swollen and covered with spots, the blood gushed from her mouth and nose; the apothecary who saw the body after death conceived she had been in a state of pregnancy, and from all this Catherine drew the conclusion that her mother and sister had been poisoned.

Even before the sudden death of her mother and sister, Catherine had been warned by the latter that Riembauer had designs upon her life, and acting upon this advice she had left his house. Subsequently to this he had made attempts to induce her to return to his service, by promises of a large marriage portion, and other advantages; but determined not to trust herself again in his hands, she had declined all his proposals.

The young woman who had fallen a victim to the treacherous attack of Riembauer, she described as a person of about twenty-two years of age, tall and rather handsome; she was dressed in the garb of a peasant, and had brought with her a green umbrella, upon which were marked the initials J. D. This umbrella Riembauer had retained, and it was still in his possession.

The events thus disclosed by Catherine Frauenknecht, on the one hand so strange and (looking to the previous character of the alleged criminal,) so unlikely, were on the other so consistent and well-connected, and the narration given with so much apparent calmness, distinctness, and confidence, that the court before which the information was first laid ordered an immediate inspection of the scene of the alleged murder, the farm house of Thomashof, which, as already mentioned, was now no longer in the hands of Riembauer. The result of the examination was such as to confirm in most of its important features the information of Catherine Frauenknecht. In the room adjoining the stable, as described by her, were found a skeleton and a woman's shoe; in that which had been inhabited by Riembauer stains were detected on the floor which when moistened with warm water were found to be the marks of blood; several of the planks in the flooring were marked with hollows and rough edges, as if a plane had been applied to them; and Michael, one of the neighbours, recollected

being applied to for the use of a plane by the members of Frauenknecht's family about six years before.

The result of this inquisition led to the immediate arrest of Riembauer. His apprehension seemed to excite in him neither surprise nor fear. If he was guilty of the atrocities ascribed to him, he was at least far too cool and circumspect either to betray any tokens of emotion, or to make his case worse by affecting ignorance of matters which he knew were capable of being proved. His policy, if such it were, was of a higher kind, and the course he adopted only reconcilable with the notion either of perfect innocence, or of the most hardened and calculating guilt. He admitted almost every thing which had been stated by Catherine Frauenknecht, but he gave to the whole a turn consistent with his own innocence of the murder.

Though he had heard nothing of the substance of Catherine's deposition, he did not affect to doubt that the death of Anna Eichstädter was the cause of his apprehension. He admitted at once that he had been acquainted with her (though he denied that their acquaintance had been at all of a criminal nature) while assistant at Hirschheim; that in consequence of the confidence she reposed in him she had placed in his hands fifty florins of her savings, and had begged to be taken into his service, which he had promised to do in the event of her future good conduct. Since he left Hirschheim he had neither seen nor heard anything of her, except that while at Pirkwang she had twice sent messages to him for part of the money in his hands. In 1807, while he was in Munich, she had made her appearance one day at Thomashof, and to the great annoyance of the Frauenknecht family, had communicated to them the promise which had been made to her, that she should be taken into his service as cook. This intelligence rankled in their minds, and they determined by every means in their power to prevent it. It was about eight days after the death of old Frauenknecht that Riembauer, one evening in the twilight, returned to Thomashof from Lauterbach, where he had been performing a service for the dead. Meeting no one in the passage, he walked straight up to his room, where he found the door open. On the floor lay a figure extended and motionless, and on approaching it he found, to his consternation, that it was the lifeless body of a woman. He ran into the room above, where he found Magdalena and her mother clinging to each other and trembling like aspen leaves. They wept and conjured him to be silent. They then informed him that the same woman who had visited them at Thomashof in summer had again made her appearance that evening, and demanded admittance into his room, insisting that she was to be received into the house as cook, and that the

Frauenknechts would soon be sent about their business. This statement led to reproaches; reproaches to blows. The stranger either struck or attempted to strike Magdalena, who thereupon had seized Riembauer's razor and inflicted on her a mortal wound. On hearing this story he had kindled a light, and, entering the room again, recognised in the murdered woman Anna Eichstädter. He at first protested that he would instantly leave the house—that he could not remain longer in their society; but at last, overcome by their tears and entreaties, he was rash and, as he now deeply regretted, guilty enough, to agree to remain and to assist them in concealing the crime, which he had come too late to avert. He had accordingly dug a grave for the body in the stable, and had interred it at midnight, as described in the information of Catherine Frauenknecht. The poisoning of Magdalena and her mother he entirely denied.

Such were the conflicting accounts given by Catherine and Riembauer as to the circumstances. According to both it was obvious that a murder had taken place at Thomashof, and that Eichstädter had been the victim; the remaining question was, by whom had it been committed?—by the pious Riembauer, hitherto looked upon as a pattern of goodness—or the young Magdalena, whose character for gentleness in the neighbourhood was scarcely less established? In either view of the case there were doubts to be cleared up. If, according to Riembauer's statement, Magdalena was the murderess, the cause assigned seemed insufficient to account for so sudden and complete a change of disposition, or so desperate and atrocious a deed; while the improbability was increased by the consideration that while Magdalena was of a slight and feeble frame, Eichstädter was tall, in good health, of great corporeal strength, and a complete overmatch for her opponent. On the other hand, Catherine's story was not without its difficulties. At the period to which her evidence related she was only twelve years of age, and the self-possession which she had displayed, and the minuteness of her details, indicated an unusual and almost surprising degree of presence of mind and retentiveness of memory. She herself admitted that Riembauer and she had never been on good terms. Her statement that she had heard the words of the deceased from the upper room, when by her own account her throat had been cut some time before, seemed to be of a most improbable nature; and finally, there was as yet a want of any sufficient motive which could account for the deed, on the supposition that Riembauer was the murderer. As to the charge of poisoning, that rested only on her impression, arising from circumstances which, though suspicious, were certainly far from being conclusive against Riembauer.

The reason, however, which, according to Catherine's account, he had assigned to her mother and sister for the intrusion of Eichstädter, suggested the propriety of an immediate inquiry into Riembauer's former life and moral habits, and a minute investigation into these particulars, from his youth, during his successive residences at Heerwahl, Oberglein, Hofkirchen, Hirnheim, Sollach, Pfarrkopf, Pondorf, Pirkwang and Priel, was set on foot. While this was proceeding, it was found that a regular system of subornation had been begun by Riembauer even in prison; that he had written letters to several of his acquaintances, endeavouring to prevail upon them to give evidence that Magdalena had, during her life-time, confessed the murder of Eichstädter; and to his own servant, Anna Weninger, directing her immediately to destroy the umbrella alluded to in the previous detail.\* No sooner did he find by the change in his attendants that these attempts had been detected, than he solicited an interview with the judge; told him voluntarily that under the influence of a melaucholy to which he was subject he had written certain letters, the contents of which he did not know; and begged him, should they be found to contain any thing injurious to him, to ascribe it entirely to the influence of that state of mind under which they were written.

The result of the investigation into the previous life of the priest strongly confirmed the evidence of Catherine, by showing that Riembauer's pretensions to sanctity were totally without foundation; that in all or most of his previous residences the proofs of his licentiousness were still extant; while he had more than once resorted to the most infamous means to prevent the consequences of his crimes from coming to light. It was proved that a criminal intercourse had subsisted between him and Eichstädter, begun while he was chaplain at Hirnheim, and continued from time to time down to 1807; that a child, born at Ratisbon, and baptised under a false name, had been the fruit of this connection; that some months before her disappearance he had visited her at Ratisbon; that she had been seen on that occasion to accompany him part of the way on his return, along with her child; and that they had parted in anger, and with gestures of a menacing nature.

The improbability of Catherine's story, arising from the previous character of Riembauer, was thus at once removed; while a sufficient motive for the murder of Eichstädter—the necessity

\* In one of these letters addressed to a priest of his acquaintance, he enforces his request that he would give evidence in his favour by the following considerations:—  
“For the sake of our brotherly love; for the sake of my friends, who are in trouble on my account; for the sake of the priesthood, upon which a stain would be cast; and for the sake of true believers, to whom it might be a stumbling-block.”

of getting rid of one who was dunning him for money, and apparently threatening him with exposure—was now furnished by the disclosure of their connection and its consequences. The main difficulty, too, in the information of Catherine, arising from the apparent impossibility of her hearing the words of Eichstädter under the circumstances stated by her, was obviated by the concurring opinion of the medical men, who agreed that in the event of the head being strongly bent forwards and downwards, it was perfectly possible that the words of Eichstädter might have been distinctly heard, notwithstanding the previous separation of the wind-pipe. On the other charges against Riembauer, the alleged poisoning of Magdalena and her mother, little further light was thrown. It was established, however, that Magdalena, like many others, had undoubtedly fallen a victim to his seductions, and that at the very moment when this consummate hypocrite was undergoing his examination at Munich, in 1807, the unfortunate young woman, who, as already mentioned, had come there on pretence of learning cookery, was recovering in the very same house after the birth of a son.

While the chain of evidence was thus winding itself closer and closer round the criminal, his calmness, his self-possession, his dexterity in evading such questions as he did not choose to answer, his ingenuity in reconciling his contradictions and inventing plausible theories, moral and physical, in support of his own version of the murder, seemed only to increase with the weight and force of the presumptions against him. He generally replied to the questions put to him with a bland smile; if at times he broke out into an expression of some warmth, he would beg pardon for the vehemence into which he had been hurried by a sense of wounded honour; sometimes he would laugh aloud at the lies which he said the devil had invented against him; sometimes, when pressed by an awkward inquiry, he would diverge into a strain of metaphysical subtlety, or endeavour to divert the attention of the judge by passing hastily to some other topic. When confronted with the witnesses, he attempted to influence their evidence by leading questions; by appeals to their compassion or their fears; by artful but apparently straightforward examinations of the circumstances; by dissertations on the risk of error and the heinousness of rash testimony. When these arts failed to shake their evidence, he would relapse into his old preaching tone—exclaim “*Quis contra torrentem?*”—appeal to the Holy Trinity for his innocence, and protest that he was a defenceless sheep attacked on all hands by devouring dogs. Nothing was extracted from him which materially tended to strengthen the extrinsic evidence against him: although he varied his story in particulars, he ad-

hered pertinaciously to his leading point—that Magdalena was the murderess, and that he had been guilty of no other offence than that of having concealed the crime from motives of compassion.

In this ineffectual struggle, during which the priest had undergone no less than *eighty* examinations, *two years* had passed on, and justice seemed fairly at a stand. Having failed to act on the understanding of the criminal, the judge proceeded, in a way calculated to astonish an English reader, and which we confess we find it difficult to reconcile even with the admitted rules of the German criminal law, to operate upon his imagination. The scene, it must be admitted, was got up with some knowledge of stage effect. On All Souls' day, the day on which, eight years before, the murder had been committed, a new examination was ordered. It began at four o'clock in the afternoon, and being directed to all the mass of evidence hitherto collected, and the contradictions and improbabilities of Riembauer's story, was prolonged till *mid-night*. The judge addressed himself next to the conscience of the prisoner, and after concluding an impassioned appeal, he suddenly raised a cloth from the table, under which lay a skull placed upon a black cushion. "This," said he, "is the skull of Anna Maria Eichstädter, which you may still recognise by the two rows of white teeth\* in the jaws." Riembauer rose instantly from his chair, stared wide upon the judge, retired a step or two so as to hide the object from his eyes, then resuming his habitual smile and his accustomed tranquillity, he pointed to the skull, and replied—"My conscience is calm. If that skull could speak, it would say, Riembauer was my friend; he was not my murderer." A second attempt to extract some admission from him was not more successful. When they held the skull before his eyes, he betrayed strong internal agitation; but again he mastered himself, and once more repeated—"If the skull could speak, it would confirm the truth of my story."

So ended this abortive attempt to effect by intimidation what they had failed to obtain by the legitimate mode of examination—an attempt which for a moment almost placed this wretched hypocrite in the situation of a persecuted man. Feuerbach details this judicial melodrama without observation, as if the whole were equally justifiable on legal and moral grounds. To us, we confess, it appears wholly indefensible on either. If the German governments have now abolished physical torture as a means of eliciting evidence, on what ground is this moral torture to be vindicated? Is a man less likely to utter rash or dangerous admissions (of which the law in other cases refuses to avail itself) when the shock is

\* The deceased had been remarkable for the beauty of her teeth.

administered to his imagination, weakened and harassed by a long previous examination, and a confinement prolonged for years, than when his body is subjected to physical pain? Above all, how can such devices be justified under a law which, even in permitting the necessary examinations, expressly lays it down that no questions, either captious (meaning thereby such as may involve the party in admissions without his perceiving their tendency) or suggestive in their nature, are to be put to the prisoner; nay, that the name of an accomplice, or any special circumstance connected with the fact, but not yet proved, shall not be suggested to him, otherwise the confession so obtained shall be of no effect!—(*Peinliche Gerichts Ordnung*, Art. 56.)

The inexpediency of such mummeries is not less obvious than the injustice. As a means of eliciting the truth they are almost worthless, for their effect depends chiefly on the state of the nerves and the early associations of the prisoner. When they are calculated to act at all they are likely to operate against the innocent with scarcely less force than the guilty; for in most cases the object of them, though he may be innocent of the specific fact charged against him, is generally so far mixed up with it as a spectator of the scene, or connected in some way with its actors, that unless he be a person of peculiarly strong nerves there can be little doubt that such an exhibition at midnight, after an examination of eight hours, and a confinement of two years, would shake his mind from its balance, and might give birth to expressions or signs of emotion which would be interpreted against him. On the other hand, the hardened criminal, against whom it would have been most legitimate to adopt such a means of extracting the truth, is proof against them. Take any shape of superstitious terror that we will, "his firm nerves will never tremble;" and he only becomes more resolute in his denials by perceiving the weakness of a proof which required to be eked out by such illegitimate means.

So it was with Riembauer. For *two years longer* did he contrive to baffle all the efforts of his judges. The record of the proceedings in October, 1816, already filled forty-two folio volumes. At last, however, his firmness gave way, and the cause of the change was nearly as singular as the other circumstances of this remarkable case.

On the 20th Nov. 1816, a Jew of the name of Lammfromm,\* was executed for murder, at Landshut. Riembauer saw him led to execution from his window, and was observed to be much moved by the composure and cheerfulness with which he met his

\* Lammfromm, "Gentle as a Lamb," a strange misnomer.

death. On expressing his wonder at the Christian way in which the Jew had terminated his career, he was told, (what was the fact,) that from the moment he confessed his crime he had attained a calmness and cheerfulness of mind which had supported him in his prison, and accompanied him even on the scaffold. This information seemed to have produced a great internal conflict in the mind of Riembauer; for some days he was restless and ate little; on the 26th he demanded an audience. It was the hundredth. If he came with the intention of confession, however, he seemed to have altered his mind; he fell on his knees, said he was weary of his existence, that he was haunted by a thousand phantasms in his prison; that when he attempted to pray, his voice was drowned by the sound of a funeral drum:—every thing, in short, except that he was guilty of the crime charged against him. Again the judge took the trouble to go over the manifold contradictions and inconsistencies of his story, and pressed upon him, that the visions which preyed upon his mind arose from his own troubled conscience, and that his only chance of relief lay in a full and open confession. Then at last his obstinacy gave way; he begged the protection of justice for his children, and for his servant Anna Weninger; “And now,” added he, “this is my confession:—Catherine has in many particulars told what was not true, but in the main she has spoken the truth. I am the murderer of Anna Eichstädter.”

We shall not enter into the details of the assassination, which was attended, according to Riembauer's own account, with circumstances of the most revolting and treacherous cruelty. Suffice it to say, that the motive to the act was that which had been alluded to by Catherine Frauenknecht:—that indignant at Riembauer's supposed preference for Magdalena, whom she had in vain attempted to prevail upon him to dismiss, and at his refusal to supply her demands on account of his child, Eichstädter had made a last attempt to effect these purposes by her sudden appearance at Thomashof; that she had enforced her demands by a threat of immediate exposure;—that Riembauer had pretended to yield to her importunities and quitted the room on the pretext of getting her some refreshment, during which time he had prepared himself with the weapon with which the murder was committed. “I thought,” said he, “of the doctrine of Father Benedict Stattler in his *Ethica Christiana*, which holds it to be lawful to take away the life of another when there exists no other way of preserving our reputation; for reputation is more valuable than life itself. And we may defend it against an attack, as we should defend ourselves against a murderer.” “Of one, or both of us,” reasoned Riembauer, “the hour is come;” and tranquillized by the doctrine

of the Jesuit, he re-entered the room, seized his victim, and completed his crime with a barbarity, the details of which we willingly pass over. Horrible as the concluding incident however is, from the unnatural blending which it exhibits of the language at least of religion with the details of the most remorseless guilt, it is too characteristic of the (almost self-deceiving) hypocrisy of the criminal to be omitted. As his victim lay struggling beneath him, he exhorted her to repentance, and gave her absolution, as he observes, in case of necessity! "While she lay on the ground, I administered to her spiritual consolation, till her feet began to quiver, and her last breath departed. I know no more," continued he, "of this sad story, but my deep grief and silent lamentation, and that I have often since *applied* masses for her soul." How completely does this last expression reveal the idea which this wretch had of the rites of religion, when he talks of applying a mass or two, as an apothecary would of applying an ointment or a plaster!

Of this singular trial, the sentence will probably appear to English readers not the least remarkable feature. After the evidence already alluded to, arising from the deposition of Catherine Frauenknecht, corroborated as it was by the real evidence of so many other circumstances, and finally by the confession of Riembauer himself, could any one doubt that the punishment awarded must have been that of death? And yet, although the case was successively considered by the tribunals of the first and second instance, the ultimate sentence, which was more severe than the first, was only imprisonment for life: the reason assigned for not inflicting the higher punishment being, that Riembauer was not a person whose previous bad character was notorious, or who had been proved satisfactorily by evidence, *independently of his own confession*, to be a person likely to be guilty of the murder!

It is difficult to look to the sentence following upon such circumstances as we have detailed, without being led to think of the strange differences which exist in the views of our own and of the German law in reference to matters criminal. Here is an inquisition, in the first place, which, while it should undoubtedly have been brought to a close in a few months at farthest, extends over a period of four years;—where, under a system which prohibits in theory even a leading question, the most unjustifiable means of influencing the imagination are practically adopted, as if they were in no way struck at by the operation of the law;—where finally, to a mass of proof in itself nearly sufficient, the confession of the criminal is added, thereby removing all doubt; and where, after all, the sentence finds that the criminal is not proved to be guilty in such form and manner as the law of Bavaria holds necessary for

the infliction of the punishment of death. The first observation which would occur to an English reader naturally would be—if the evidence be insufficient to prove him guilty of the murder, how it is sufficient to warrant any punishment whatever? Riembauer was not brought to trial for general bad conduct, licentiousness, &c. but upon a specific charge. If that charge be not proved, why is any punishment inflicted? If the charge of murder be proved, and if that crime when proved be punishable with death, on what principle is any lesser punishment to be awarded?

Our Scotch readers, who must recollect that their own verdicts of *Not Proven* are in substance analogous to this middle term of the German jurisprudence, since they are in fact the means of affixing a moral stigma to the accused, which to a certain extent is punishment (and punishment which to a refined mind may be attended with no ordinary suffering), in cases where it is admitted that the evidence does not justify a conviction and consequent punishment, may not perhaps be much startled at such compromises in the abstract; but our English readers will perhaps be surprized to learn, that though the question has been long and earnestly debated in Germany, whether a degree of proof not sufficient to authorize the infliction of the punishment applicable to the offence when established *selon les regles* shall be sufficient to authorize a lesser degree of punishment; and although the old opinions on the subject have been assailed with great force of reasoning by many of the ablest jurists of that country, and among others by Feuerbach himself, the law still continues to be, that a man accused of murder or any other crime may be guilty to the effect of authorizing the infliction of the punishment of imprisonment, but not guilty to the effect of authorizing the last punishment of the law.

But laying out of view this principle, and looking at the law of Bavaria as it stands, the judgment in Riembauer's case scarcely appears less unaccountable. What the law requires in the case of confession is, that, in order to conviction, the confession shall correspond with, or be corroborated by, other circumstances of proof; and further, that the accused shall either be of notoriously bad character, or shall be proved by the circumstances, established independently of his confession, to be a person able and likely to commit the crime.

To the general principle which, in order to a conviction, requires that the confession shall be supported by other evidence, we are inclined, though it is opposed to our own practice and to the first impression one forms on the subject, to assent. Singular as it may appear, instances are not uncommon (nay even in these two volumes they are frequent) of persons accusing themselves of crimes inferring death; sometimes with the view of distracting the

attention of the judge from a crime which has been really committed, and of involving him in a long and fruitless investigation;\* at others from a suicidal resolution arising from melancholy; sometimes to effect a removal from a particular prison to one where it is supposed the chance of escape is greater;† at others to procure a mitigation of present confinement, and to please the officers of justice, as in the famous case of Fonck, to which we may on a future occasion allude, where the cooper Hamacher, who had been apprehended on suspicion, was prevailed on to get up a pretended confession of his own guilt and that of his master, apparently from no other motive but that of procuring his own liberation from prison. For these reasons, then, we do not quarrel with the German law for holding that a confession unsupported by other evidence is not enough; but can any one look at the evidence, and doubt that in Riembauer's case all that the law required existed in its fullest extent?—the previous bad character; the existence of a sufficient motive for the crime; and finally a *semiplena probatio* at least, independently of the confession, of the facts relative to the murder itself, consisting first of the real evidence arising from the examination of the spot, then of the testimony of Catherine, and also of Riembauer's own brother, who, after the confession, came forward and admitted, that Magdalena had before her death, told him the story of the murder nearly in the same terms with her sister.

The extracts we have made will give the reader some idea of the extreme interest of the contents of these volumes. Many of the other trials which they contain are not less remarkable: and we confess we look forward with much interest to the (half-promised) continuation of the work. On a future occasion we mean to take a glance at the working of *Jury Trial* in the Rhenish provinces, a subject on which a good deal has been said and written in Germany; and with which some very remarkable cases, both in a legal or moral point of view, will be found connected.

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\* See the case of Xavier Reth, No. XI. vol. i.

† See the case of Rauh, vol. ii. p. 464.

- ART. II.—1. *Théorie Analytique de la Chaleur.* Par M. Fourier. 4to. Paris, 1822.  
 2. *Essai sur la Température de l'Intérieur de la Terre.* Par M. Cordier. (Mémoires de l'Académie Royale des Sciences, Tom. VII.) Paris, 1827.

Few questions possess a greater speculative interest than those which relate to the past condition or future fortunes of our globe. Physical Astronomy teaches us that it occupies an invariable place in the planetary system; that it has always revolved, and must ever continue to revolve about the sun, at the same mean distance, and in the same period of time. In its astronomical elements science can discover no trace of a beginning, no symptom of decay, no evidence even of its having ever been different from what it actually is. But when we consider its condition in respect of temperature, the order of the climates, the relative distribution of sea and land, and, in general, of all those circumstances which adapt it to the support of organic life, and the preservation of the existing animal and vegetable species, we are far from being able to recognise the same characters of unchangeableness and stability. On the contrary, the crust of the earth every where abounds with the monuments of great convulsions and physical revolutions. If these revolutions were operated abruptly and by violence, are we secure against their recurrence? If they have been the necessary consequences of the continued operation of physical laws, has that equilibrium yet been attained which admits of no farther disturbance? Such questions as these, if they have no immediate bearing on the present generation, affect at least the future destinies of mankind, and have accordingly formed, in every age of philosophy, a subject of curious and interesting inquiry.

The evidences of convulsion and disturbance, which abound among the superficial materials of the globe, have given rise to numberless theories respecting the cause and the order of that series of revolutions which the earth has successively undergone. Fire, water, the collision of comets, a change in the position of the terrestrial axis, have been in turn assumed as the immediate agents of nature in the production of the imagined catastrophes. One theorist attends only to the disposition of the strata, another to the animal remains which they contain; and each, on stumbling on a plausible explanation of the phenomena with which he happens to be peculiarly conversant, imagines he has solved the problem of the formation of the earth. But the great revolutions of the globe have been produced not by single, but by complicated causes; and cannot be explained merely by the superposit-

tion of rocks, and the species of shells and other organic remains found imbedded in them. They involve considerations of a more abstract nature, and the solution of questions of mechanics and general physics; sciences with which the geologists of bygone times appear to have had very little acquaintance. Hence their systems have so frequently abounded with assumptions and conclusions at variance with the established laws of nature, and their science itself been exposed, not without reason, to be stigmatized as a "series of illusory conjectures." In the course of the last half century, however, geology has been rescued from the hands of the mere mineralogist, and now begins to partake of the certainty of an experimental science. Observations of all kinds have been accumulated; the thermometer has been carried to great depths, and the state of the globe in respect of temperature been examined at many different places; the laws of the propagation and communication of heat, which plays so important a part in every geological system, have been determined by accurate experiments; and the geologist, instead of going back to the primitive chaos, and "travelling out of nature" in search of knowledge, now confines himself to the consideration of observed facts, and traces out their consequences by the rules of inductive reasoning.

On giving an attentive consideration to the actual condition of the earth, the first thing that strikes us as remarkable, is an appearance of a primitive and universal fluidity among the solid materials of the superficial strata. Nor is this fluidity merely indicated by geological appearances; it is in a manner demonstrated by astronomical considerations. The very form of the terrestrial spheroid; the regular disposition of the materials about the centre in elliptical layers, which is proved by experiments on the pendulum; the density of the layers increasing regularly with the depth; all attest that the materials of the globe have been once, and simultaneously, in a state of fusion:—or, at least, in such a state that the constituent molecules have been at liberty to obey the gravitating and centrifugal forces by which they are acted on, and arrange themselves according to the laws of hydrostatics. Now we are acquainted with no other agent in nature than *heat*, capable of producing the liquefaction of the greater part of the substances of which the earth is composed; for as to the hypothesis of an aqueous solution, it has entirely vanished before the mathematical and physical difficulties, or rather impossibilities, with which it is surrounded.

Admitting the existence of an intense heat in the interior of the globe, two theories have been proposed for its explanation. One of these is founded on the supposition of chemical affinities

among the materials of the nucleus, as the action of water on inflammable bases assumed to abound at great depths under the surface. This hypothesis originated with the celebrated Boyle, who ascribed the internal heat of the earth to the decomposition of pyrites, or rather to a species of fermentation going forward in the interior, and it has lately been employed by Dr. Daubeny, of Oxford, as the basis of an ingenious theory of volcanos. The other theory supposes that the original heat which the earth had at its formation, and which caused the fusion of all its elements, is still preserved in the central parts, and that the consolidation of the exterior crust is only due to its slow and gradual dissipation. This hypothesis, as we shall see, affords an adequate mechanical reason for those great convulsions of which the vestiges are so apparent among the superficial strata; and, besides leaving unexplained none of those effects which have been ascribed to the action of chemical heat, it has the advantage of accounting for that universal and simultaneous fluidity which is demanded by the conformity of the figure of the earth with that of hydrostatical equilibrium. In the present state of science it may not be possible to demonstrate the existence of a general high temperature in the interior of the earth, but the data on which the proofs of it must be founded are not beyond the reach of experimental inquiry. If the primitive temperature of the globe was such as to cause the reduction of the whole of its constituent materials to a fluid, perhaps an æriform state, we are warranted by the recent discoveries that have been made respecting the propagation of heat, to conclude that this temperature may not only be still preserved at the centre, but that indications of its existence may even be manifest at accessible depths under the surface. The utmost depths to which we can penetrate are, indeed, inconsiderable when compared with the dimensions of the earth, scarcely extending to a ten-thousandth part of the radius; yet they far exceed the limits at which the annual variations of solar heat cease to be felt, and therefore afford the means of determining the thermometrical state of the earth beyond the influence of any external source of heat. The materials of the earth also receive and part with heat according to fixed and known laws, which enable the mathematician to compute the ultimate condition at which every part of the mass arrives after having been heated in any arbitrary manner whatever. For these reasons the hypothesis admits of a direct appeal to experience; and the question of a central heat, which was started in the remotest ages, and has frequently been revived, is not now, as formerly, merely a question of speculation and conjecture; it has been brought within the domain of analysis, and can be attacked and discussed with precise data.

For the mathematical theory of the propagation of heat through solid bodies, science is mainly indebted to the ingenious labours of the late Baron Fourier, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. This illustrious philosopher and mathematician appears to have made the theory of heat the chief object of his scientific researches during the last twenty years of his life. His great work, entitled *Théorie de la Chaleur*, which was published in 1822, was preceded and followed by a series of important memoirs, which appeared from time to time among those of the *Academy*, all distinguished by comprehensive and philosophic views of the operations of nature, acute reasoning, and great skill and ingenuity in the use of the calculus. They furnish us, indeed, with specimens of some of the finest applications that have yet been made of the mathematical analysis to physical subjects of great difficulty; and it is in them alone that the important question of terrestrial temperature has been analytically discussed with all the requisite details. The problem of the secular cooling of the globe has also been treated by La Place, in the *Connaissance des Temps* for 1823, and the general question of the propagation of heat, by Poisson, in two elaborate memoirs published in the *Journal of the Polytechnic School*. The principal observations relative to the temperature of the interior of the earth have been collected and discussed by Cordier in the *Memoir* whose title stands at the head of this Article. From these sources we will endeavour to present our readers with an outline of the principal results of the mathematical theory of heat, the observations tending to prove the existence of a high temperature in the interior of the earth, and some of the most remarkable deductions following from that hypothesis.

In all applications of mathematics to questions appertaining to physics, certain principles, or *postulates*, must be assumed as the basis of the calculus. These may be either laws of nature deduced from anterior observation and experience, or they may be mere hypotheses which we wish to verify by a comparison of their consequences with known facts. The calculus confers no certainty on the consequences of our assumptions; it is merely the instrument by means of which we are enabled to trace out and examine those consequences in detail. In the present question the principles assumed are three, and relate to the specific capacity, the interior conductivity, and the radiation from the surface of bodies. 1st. That in all solid bodies the increments of temperature are proportional to the increments of heat; 2d. That the velocity of the communication of heat through a solid body, the different parts of which have been unequally heated, depends on the relative temperatures of the molecules; and 3d. That

quantity of heat which traverses every element of the surface, and escapes by radiation, is proportional to the excess of the temperature of the cooling body above that of the medium in which it is placed. These three principles, or laws, are expressed by coefficients, which can only be determined by experience for every particular substance, and which are also found not to continue constant, but to vary with the temperature and other circumstances. By means of them all the questions that can be proposed relative to the transmission of heat through a solid body, of a given form and substance, and its successive thermometrical conditions when placed in a medium of a constant temperature, or exposed to the action of any uniform source of exterior heat, admit of being expressed by differential equations.

It seldom happens in the hands of a skilful analyst, that the investigation of a new subject is not attended by some collateral advantages to science, altogether independent of the particular solution sought after. When Fourier undertook to investigate the laws of the motion of heat, the equations comprehending the solutions even of the most elementary questions of the theory were found to be of so intricate a nature that they could not, by any known method, be reduced to such a form as would allow of any certain results being deduced from them. Various methods of treating equations of this class have since been discovered, both by Fourier and the other geometers who have pursued the same track of inquiry. Numerous theorems have been found for the transformation of functions into exponential series and definite integrals, and the calculus of partial differences has been enriched with new and extensive methods of integration, applying to various questions of natural philosophy which had resisted all previous attempts at solution. We cannot in this place pretend to explain the peculiar methods of analysis to which the theory of heat has given rise: they belong to the very highest departments of mathematical science, and deserve to be considered as an important extension of the discoveries of D'Alembert, and the great analysts of the last century.

The most important and interesting application of the mathematical theory of heat is to the temperature of the terrestrial spheroid; but before any inference can be deduced from the hypothesis of a central heat, it is necessary to consider the effect of the solar rays, which, on penetrating the surface, are converted into obscure heat, and therefore have a constant tendency to elevate the temperature of the envelope. The heat, however, which is produced in this manner, does not indefinitely accumulate in the interior. It makes its way only to a certain depth through the materials of the earth, and escapes from the surface by radiation; and so nicely

balanced are the quantities received and radiated away that at the end of the year no sensible trace remains of the sun's calorific impressions. The mean temperature of the year undergoes no permanent change, though it may oscillate from one year to another within certain narrow limits. Below the surface, the heat descends very slowly, and the diurnal and annual variations are only sensible at inconsiderable depths; at greater depths the temperature is nearly uniform, and equal to the mean temperature of the year at the surface. These facts have been long known from experience; but it was of importance to connect them with the general theory, and determine the precise laws of the periodic motion of the solar heat in the interior of the earth.

Assuming that the materials of the earth possess a conducting power equal to that of iron, Fourier found that the utmost depth at which the annual variations of temperature are sensible does not, in our latitudes, exceed 60 metres, or a little more than 65 English yards. The heat descends along the vertical at the rate of about 30 metres in six months, so that at the depth of 60 metres its impressions are only sensible at the end of a year. When a solid body is exposed to the action of a periodic source of exterior heat, as the earth to the rays of the sun, the depths to which its effects penetrate are proportional to the square roots of the periods, or the times in which it passes through all its variations of intensity. Hence the greatest depth to which the diurnal variations of temperature penetrate the earth is about nineteen times less than that reached by the annual variations, the square root of 365 being 19 nearly. The diurnal variations, therefore, are not sensible below the depth of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards. But the substances which compose the envelope of the earth have in general a much smaller specific conductibility than iron: hence the annual variations must disappear at depths considerably less than 65 yards, and the diurnal at less than  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards. It would be interesting to compare these results of theory with experience, but we yet know too little of the conducting power of the greater part of the materials of the earth; and the observations we possess, though considerable in point of number, have not attained that character of precision which would entitle them to be regarded as tests of theoretical deductions.\* The principal advantage which this

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\* It has been found from the comparison of a considerable number of observations made in various places, that the distribution of heat in the exterior crust of the earth, throughout the northern hemisphere, is nearly as follows:—1st. In the month of August the temperature of the earth decreases in a manner nearly uniform from the surface down to the stratum at which the annual variations disappear, or the *stratum of invariable temperature*. 2d. During the month of September the temperature is nearly uniform from the surface to the depth of about 15 or 20 feet, below which it decreases a

branch of meteorology derives from the application of the calculus is, that the phenomena, formerly anomalous, are thereby reduced to a common theory, and rendered susceptible of numerical estimation.

In treating of the solar influence one of the most interesting points of consideration is the quantity of heat which annually passes from the atmosphere into the earth. This also obviously depends on the conducting power of the materials of the surface. It is proportional to the square root of the product of the capacity for heat referred to the volume, and the permeability. Supposing as before a globe of iron, Fourier found that for the latitude of Paris, the quantity of solar heat which in the course of six months penetrates the earth through an extent of surface equal to a square metre, is equivalent to that which would melt 2856 killogrammes (about 7658lbs. Troy) of ice, or a column of ice having a square metre for its base, and an altitude of about 3 metres. This portion of heat, it will be remarked, is not the whole quantity received from the sun; it is only that which remains after the diurnal and nocturnal radiation, and determines the temperature of the superficial strata. The whole amount of the sun's heating influence, has been estimated by Pouillet, who found, from a number of experiments made with an apparatus contrived for the purpose, that the heat which the sun communicates to the earth in the course of a year is equal to that which would suffice to melt a stratum of ice encompassing the whole earth, and about 14 metres or 46 feet in thickness.

Although the variations of temperature, as has already been mentioned, are only sensible at depths that bear but an inconsiderable proportion to the whole radius of the earth, yet the solar heat is diffused through the entire mass in such a way that each point acquires a fixed temperature depending on its situation. The motion of heat through the interior of the globe is performed in two directions, one parallel to the axis of rotation, the other perpendicular to it. The temperature of the elementary particles arranged in a straight line parallel to the axis is unequal, decreasing as we go from the equator; and of three of these par-

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little to the stratum of invariable temperature. 3d. During the months of October and November the temperature increases as we descend to the depth of 15 or 20 feet; below this it is nearly uniform. 4th. During the months of December, January, and February, the temperature increases in a manner nearly uniform from the surface down to the stratum of invariable temperature. 5th. During March and April the temperature decreases very rapidly to the depth of one or two feet; below this its decrease is less rapid, and it begins to increase before we arrive at the invariable stratum. 6th. During the months of May, June, and July, the temperature still decreases as we descend, but less rapidly, and to a greater depth. Before reaching its limit it begins to increase a little, approximating to the temperature of the invariable stratum. —Pouillet, *Elémens de l'hygiène et de Météorologie*, tome ii. pp. 644, 645.

ticles the intermediate one communicates to the following, or that farther from the equator, more heat than it receives from the preceding. On the other hand, of three elementary particles arranged on a straight line perpendicular to the axis, and passing through it, that is to say, arranged on the radius of a parallel circle, the intermediate one communicates to that which is below it less heat than it receives from the element above it in the same time. It thus appears that each element of the sphere gains a certain quantity of heat in the direction perpendicular to the axis, and loses a certain quantity in the direction parallel to the axis; but the gain in the one case is exactly counterbalanced by the loss in the other, so that the temperature of the particle is preserved invariable.

Hence we easily trace the progress of the solar heat in the interior of the earth. Entering at those parts of the surface which are nearest the equator, one portion of it descends towards the centre, while another is turned away in the direction of the axis, and is dissipated in the regions contiguous to the poles. This lateral communication powerfully co-operates with the oceanic and atmospheric currents in transmitting the heat absorbed in the equatorial regions towards the poles, and consequently in tempering the different climates of the earth.

Considering the sun as the only source of the temperature enjoyed at the earth's surface, we might expect to find the same mean temperature at all places similarly situated in respect of the equator. The mean annual temperature, however, of the different climates, though principally regulated by latitude, is materially affected by divers local circumstances, such as, the configuration and elevation of the ground, the nature of the surface, &c.; and it is to these peculiarities that the notable differences of climates under the same latitude, and even of places not remote from each other, are to be ascribed. The equal distribution of heat over the whole surface of the earth is also interrupted by the elongated form of the earth's orbit, and the greater length of time the one hemisphere is exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays than the other. Though the effects of this cause of irregularity, ought not to be omitted in theory, they are perhaps too small to become sensible to observation; and they do not permanently alter the condition of the spheroid; for we know from the theories of Physical Astronomy that all inequalities of the kind alluded to are ultimately redressed, and that the advantages which the northern hemisphere at present enjoys will, in course of time, be transferred to the southern, through the gradual displacement of the greater axis of the terrestrial orbit. The variation of the eccentricity of that orbit also influences the total quantity of heat derived from the sun, causing it alternately to increase and decrease in periods belonging to the different inequalities, so

that the solar heat is regulated, both in respect of absolute quantity and equable distribution, by the general laws which govern the universe. But the inequalities are all periodic, and the constant tendency of the solar action is to establish an equilibrium of heat through the whole mass of the earth, after which its condition in respect of temperature becomes permanently fixed.

From this theory of the motion of solar heat the conclusions to be drawn are, 1st, that it does not indefinitely accumulate in the interior of the earth, and 2dly, that if there exists no other source of heat, the temperature must gradually decrease as we descend in the vertical, after having passed the stratum which limits the annual variations. We now pass to the consideration of the temperature of the spaces in which the earth performs its revolution, as that temperature affects not only the state of the surface, but also the permanent condition at which the globe ultimately arrives.

The earth, in common with the other planetary bodies, may be regarded as placed within an envelope of which the temperature is uniform and constant, and equal to that which would be indicated by a thermometer placed any where within the sphere of Uranus, supposing the sun and his whole train of planets removed. There are evidently no direct means of ascertaining the temperature of the regions beyond the atmosphere, or even at a considerable height above the earth; but from its connexion with the superficial temperature it may be estimated indirectly, and there are various reasons for supposing it to be little inferior to that which prevails at the terrestrial poles. The rays of light proceeding from innumerable stars, however feeble their impressions, cannot be supposed destitute of a heating influence; and if, as many phenomena lead us to believe, an elastic medium pervades all space, that also, like all other matter, must have a certain capacity for heat. But whether the temperature of the planetary spaces is caused by stellar radiation, or is regarded as belonging to the elastic medium, the mathematical investigation of the state of the surface of the earth proves that there must exist a fundamental temperature independent of the sun or any source of internal heat, otherwise the superficial temperature would be very different, and its decrease from the equator to the poles incomparably greater than it actually is. Were the earth to revolve in a medium *absolutely cold*, the slightest variations of the sun's distance would occasion sensible changes of temperature, and the diurnal alterations would be fatal to organic life. All these effects, it is true, are modified by the presence of the atmosphere, yet the comparatively small variations of temperature which actually take place are incompatible with the existence of a cold in the planetary regions much superior to that which produces the congelation of mercury. On com-

puting the degree of temperature which it is necessary to suppose the medium in which the earth is placed to possess, in order that the thermometrical state of the surface may be such as is actually observed, Fourier found that the existing phenomena correspond to those which would result from the supposition that the celestial spaces have a temperature of about  $-50^{\circ}$ , centigrade division, or  $-58^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit's scale.

This curious result of theory has lately been in some measure confirmed by the calculations of Svanberg, a Swedish mathematician, who, as appears from the annual report made by Berzelius to the Academy of Sciences of Stockholm for 1829, having investigated the same subject by a process of reasoning entirely different from that of Fourier, arrived at the same conclusion, the temperature which he found being  $-50^{\circ}.35$  centigrade, or  $-58^{\circ}.6$  of Fahrenheit.

Some interesting conclusions relative to the thermometrical state of the different planets may be drawn from the supposition of a uniform temperature throughout the spaces occupied by the system. No idea can be formed of the mean temperature enjoyed by each planet, depending, as it does, on the presence of an atmosphere and the nature of the surface; but it is probable that at their poles their respective temperatures are nearly equal, and the same as that which prevails at the poles of the earth. The same temperature also, probably belongs to the surface of the remotest planets; for at their distance the impressions of the sun's rays, even when aided by the most favourable disposition of the surface, are too feeble to produce any great elevation of temperature. Hence we perceive the futility of all those dreary speculations, in which the descriptive astronomers of the last century were so prone to indulge, respecting the prevalence of an unlimited cold at the surfaces of the distant planets. At the *Georgium Sidus*, the cold is in all probability not greater than that to which Captain Parry and his ship's company were exposed during their sojourn at Melville Island.

While regarded as a question of mere speculation and unsupported by any experimental proof, the hypothesis of a central heat was rendered probable from the explanation it affords of many striking physical and geological phenomena. But, considering the tendency of heat to uniform diffusion, it seemed difficult to reconcile its existence with the moderate temperature which prevails at the surface; the geologists, therefore, who have ascribed the actual state of the earth's surface to the agency of fire, have in general contented themselves with assuming its partial or casual action, and its subsequent dissipation into the void spaces of the universe. A more correct knowledge of the laws by which

heat is diffused through solid bodies, and the mathematical investigation of the consequences of these laws, have entirely changed the state of the question. It is now demonstrated that there may exist, not only at the centre of the earth, but even at comparatively small depths under the surface, a degree of heat capable of fusing and retaining in a liquid state the most refractory substances with which we are acquainted.

The following are the most remarkable deductions made by Fourier from the analytical investigation of the hypothesis of an internal heat. Supposing the conducting power of the materials of the earth to equal that of iron, and that the temperature increases by a thirtieth of a centesimal degree for every metre of vertical descent, (about an 18th of a degree of Fahrenheit for every yard, which is the rate of increase indicated by observation,) the enormous heat accumulated in the interior would cause an augmentation of temperature at the surface, amounting only to a quarter of a degree above that which is due to the heating effects of the sun. This small addition to the effects of solar heat is in proportion to the conducting powers of the envelope, all other circumstances remaining the same; consequently as the conductivity of the superficial materials of the earth is considerably less than that of iron, the augmentation of temperature just mentioned is estimated too high, and probably does not exceed the thirtieth part of a centesimal degree. Hence the effects of a central heat are altogether insensible at the surface.

But though the primitive heat, still preserved in the interior of the earth, exercises so small an influence on the superficial temperature, it may be very manifest even at inconsiderable depths; and at the depth of only a few thousand yards may be greater than that of incandescent matter. According to Fourier, if the whole mass of the earth below the depth of twelve leagues were removed, and its place occupied by any substance whatever having a temperature five hundred times greater than that of boiling water, not less than two hundred thousand years would elapse before it penetrated through the envelope and increased the superficial temperature by a single degree. So slowly does heat find its way through substances such as those which form the exterior crust of the earth, that the depth of a few leagues is sufficient to render the impressions of the most intense heat insensible during twenty centuries.

It is a consequence of the differential equation embracing the conditions of the question, that if we suppose a very high temperature to have at one time pervaded the whole mass of the earth, the increase which necessarily takes place in descending along the vertical, must at some distant period of time have been much greater than it now is, and that the rate of increase at pre-

sent varies with extreme slowness. The excess of temperature at the surface above that which is due to the sun's action, also varies according to the same law as the increase in vertical descent, so that it must likewise have been formerly greater: its secular diminution, or the rate at which it diminishes in a century, is equal to its present value divided by twice the number of centuries elapsed since the commencement of the cooling. Computing by this rule, we find that during the last 2000 years the temperature at the surface of the earth has not sunk, through the cooling of the whole globe, so much as the three-hundredth part of a degree. This result, which is entirely independent of the primitive state of the globe, and holds true in every hypothesis that can be formed respecting its original temperature, shows that the earth has now reached a state of equilibrium from which it will not sensibly depart in any assignable length of time. It is curious to perceive the same character of stability impressed on all the great efforts of nature. After a certain time has elapsed, (a very long one indeed in reference to the duration of human life, or the monuments of human labour,) the initial disposition ceases to influence the system, and may be regarded as a circumstance entirely contingent and fortuitous. The temperature of the earth's surface may be considered as equally fixed, and equally unsusceptible of permanent change, as the dimensions of its orbit and the period of its annual revolution.

Although in the present state of the earth the cooling proceeds with extreme slowness, it can never entirely cease till the whole mass has acquired the same fixed temperature. The minute portion of heat which escapes from the surface is even measurable, being expressed in the differential equations of the question. The quantity which is radiated away, through a given extent of surface, in the course of a century, and is dissipated in space, is equal to that which would be required to melt a column of ice having the same surface for its base and an altitude of about three metres. This result depends only on the nature of the surface, and not in any way on the dimensions of the earth, or the materials of which its interior is composed.

Notwithstanding the regular disposition effected by heat in the interior of solids, it does not follow that the whole nucleus of the earth, or even those parts of it which are similarly situated in respect of the centre, must have the same temperature. It is one of the theoretical results, that if the different parts of the mass had originally different temperatures in consequence of having been irregularly heated, the system of original temperatures might be such that the relations primarily established among them would be preserved during the whole time of cooling, that there exists, in short, for every solid an infinity of modes in which

the heat may be propagated and dissipated, without deranging in any degree the law of its original distribution. When one of these states has been formed, all the temperatures will diminish at the same time, preserving their first relations.

Such are the principal results deduced by Fourier from the hypothesis of an intense heat in the interior of the earth. It is evident that they afford no direct proof of the existence of such a heat, but they demonstrate that its existence is perfectly compatible with all the phenomena at the surface. The primitive heat which fused all the materials of the globe may still remain in all its original intensity at the centre; or, if we can suppose the earth to have existed through the millions of ages that would be necessary for the effect to take place, it may have been dissipated long ago by radiation. The proofs of a subterraneous heat must therefore be sought for elsewhere than in the results of analysis. However, a great object has been gained to science in the establishment of the laws of the motion of solar heat, and in the reduction of questions of this nature to mathematical investigation; and from the success already obtained, there is reason to hope that the most important questions of cosmology may be solved, without doing violence to the laws of mechanics, or neglecting any of the chemical and physical properties of matter. If the hypothesis be true, and the primitive fluidity of the globe resulted from the fusion of its materials by heat, a regular increase of temperature must be observed in descending along the vertical, when we have passed the limits of the annual variations. These limits are situated at depths not inaccessible. It is therefore by multiplied observations, made with due care on the temperature of mines and deep caverns, that the thermometrical state of the interior of the globe can be determined, and the central heat indicated by so many geological phenomena ultimately established. It has already been remarked, that a temperature increasing with the depth cannot result from the action of the solar heat: if, therefore, the existence of such a temperature is confirmed by experience, the hypothesis of a central heat may be regarded as proved.

Before proceeding to consider the principal observations that have been collected relative to the temperature of the lower strata, it will be proper to advert to an objection which has been frequently urged against Fourier's theory, and which goes to vitiate all the preceding results. These results have been deduced from the supposition that the three fundamental laws above mentioned relative to the motion of heat, are expressed by coefficients which remain invariable through every change of temperature. Now it has long been suspected, and has latterly been demonstrated by the accurate experiments of Dulong and Petit,

that the co-efficients expressing the specific qualities are liable to variation, and that above or below certain limits of temperature their numerical values undergo a total change. Unfortunately we possess no means of exactly estimating the magnitude of the error occasioned by the erroneous supposition of constant co-efficients, as the law and extent of their variations is very imperfectly known; but as the most important conclusions belong to the exterior crust of the earth, and consequently correspond to a range of temperature within which the variations of the co-efficients are inconsiderable, we may safely assume that they are not sensibly affected. The numerical results, which at best are only given as examples of the application of the calculus, are rendered much more uncertain from our inaccurate knowledge of the absolute values of the specific qualities belonging to the different materials of the earth, at a moderate temperature, than from any changes which they undergo. But the objection, however it may affect the numerical results above stated, no longer applies to the mathematical theory, which the labours of Fourier have rendered complete. In the last memoir which he presented to the Academy of Sciences, the equations of the problem were extended so as to embrace the general case in which the specific co-efficients are subject to variations depending on the temperature, the depth, and the density, and all the changes indicated which such variations would introduce into the formulæ derived from the supposition of constant co-efficients. The analytic solution therefore applies, by means of successive approximations, to every case of the question. A result is first obtained on a restricted hypothesis; formulæ are subsequently given, by means of which one or more terms may be added, in the form of corrections, to the first solution, as more extensive and precise observations shall show them to be due to the variations. Thus the accuracy of the final results is only subordinate to our knowledge of certain laws which can be determined by experiment alone, and is not affected by any want of power in the calculus to include all the necessary conditions of the problem. Those of Fourier may be considered as approximating sufficiently to the truth, to answer all the purposes of general reasoning; and, in the present state of our knowledge, it would be needless to embarrass a subject, already sufficiently intricate, by substituting more complicated hypothetical laws in place of those which belong to moderate temperatures. The laws of nature ought to be explained by such properties as we know to belong to matter in determinate conditions.

To ascertain the temperature of the earth at the bottom of a deep mine or excavation, may seem a very simple affair, yet few observers appear to have had any accurate conception of the numerous circumstances to which it is indispensable to attend, in

order to obtain any thing like a precise result. The temperature of the air near the bottom of a mine cannot be taken as a test of the temperature of the earth; it is affected by its communication with the exterior atmosphere, the presence of workmen and their lights, even by that of the observer, to an extent which cannot be accurately estimated, but which may amount to several degrees. Nor can the temperature of water found in mines, coming probably from a distance, and carrying with it the temperature belonging to a different level, be considered in general as giving a more correct indication. For these reasons, a thermometrical observation is of little value, unless it has been made in the rock itself, or is accompanied with sufficient details to enable us to estimate the influence of all the accidental and disturbing circumstances. Hence the small number of them in our possession capable of being used in an investigation where precision and accuracy are required, and the still recent date at which they began to be made. About the year 1740 it was remarked by Gensanne, in the lead mines of Giromagny near B  fort, that the temperature increases with the depth. Saussure afterwards remarked the same fact to hold true in the salt mines at Bex in Switzerland; but the eyes of naturalists were not open to the full importance of attending to the temperature of the lower strata, till Humboldt had executed an extensive and interesting series of observations in the mines of Freyburg in 1791. Since that time, and more particularly since the publication of the researches of the same illustrious philosopher in America, more attention has been given to the subject; and the observations now accumulated, though still too few in number, and too discordant, to warrant any precise conclusions respecting the thermometrical state of the interior of the globe, already form a vast collection of equal importance to meteorology and geology.\*

By far the best set of observations we possess on the temperature of deep places, is that which has been uninterruptedly continued during the last forty years in the caves under the observatory of Paris. In 1783, the Count de Cassini, in concert with Lavoisier, placed a very delicate thermometer in one of these excavations, for the purpose of observing the curious phenomenon of an invariable temperature, which had been noticed to exist in the same place by the first Cassini in 1671, as well as Lahire in 1730. The thermometer is placed at the depth of 28 metres, (30.6 yards,) under the surface, in a bed of fine sand, and during the last 33 years, in which it has been observed by Bouvard, it

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\* The reader will find the interesting subject of terrestrial temperature discussed with great perspicuity and considerable detail in De la Beche's *Geological Manual*, a work which, we regret, was not published till after the present article was prepared for the press.

has indicated no change of temperature, or at least its oscillations have not exceeded the  $\frac{1}{3}$  of a centesimal degree. The temperature which it marks is  $11^{\circ}82$ , centigrade division; theme an temperature of the year at Paris is only  $10^{\circ}6$ , whence the constant temperature at the depth of 28 metres exceeds by  $1^{\circ}2$ , or  $2^{\circ}16$  of Fahrenheit's scale, the mean temperature at the surface. The depth, therefore, which corresponds to an increase of temperature amounting to  $1^{\circ}$ , is about  $23\frac{1}{3}$  metres ( $25\frac{2}{3}$  yards); and, supposing an uniform increase at the same rate, we should arrive at the temperature of boiling water at the depth of 2333 metres, or 2542 yards below Paris. These observations, though confined to a single place, are of great importance, in consequence of the length of time they have been continued; and even if we had no corroborative evidence, we might safely conclude from them that there exists every where, at a certain depth under the surface, a stratum of invariable temperature, differing little from the mean temperature of the surface placed vertically above it. The depth at which this stratum is situated under any given place, depends on the latitude, the nature of the surface, the permeability of the soil, and other causes, and can therefore only be determined by experiment.

Though few of the observations, especially of the more ancient ones, we yet possess on the temperature of mines are sufficiently precise to enable us to determine the depth of the stratum of invariable temperature, or the rate of increase which takes place from the surface downwards, yet when due allowance is made for the accidental and extraneous causes, they lead to valuable results. M. Cordier, in the memoir cited at the beginning of this article, discusses about three hundred observations made in France, Switzerland, Saxony, Great Britain, Peru, and Mexico, and enters into a minute examination of the different accidental causes by which the observed temperatures can be supposed to be affected. He divides the observations into three classes, namely, those made on the air, those made on the water, and those made on the solid rock, at the bottom of mines.

With regard to the first class of observations it may be remarked, that when the mine communicates with the exterior atmosphere, a draught or current of air is always established, which in cold weather is very considerable. The air introduced in this manner circulates about the humid sides of the mine, and loses by evaporation a portion of heat proportional to its dryness, initial temperature, and the quantity introduced. This loss is partially counteracted by the increased atmospheric pressure, which causes an evolution of heat amounting to five or six-tenths of a degree for every hundred metres of depth. But this quan-

tity is too small to produce any sensible effect, and on the whole it is certain that the temperature of a mass of air introduced into a mine, in the course of a year, is considerably *lower* than the mean temperature of the country for the same year. Cordier estimates the difference at two or three centigrade degrees for the greater part of mines in our climates. Nor is the introduction of fresh currents of air the only cause which tends to disturb the temperature in deep mines. The affluent water, bringing with it the temperature belonging either to a higher or a lower level, according as it comes from above or below, contributes by its contact to modify the temperature of the air, though in a degree that cannot be exactly estimated. Here then we have two accidental causes affecting the temperature of the air at the bottom of deep mines; but there is a third cause of derangement, of which the influence may be computed from more precise data. It consists in the heat developed by the workmen and the lights necessary for their operations. The computations into which Cordier enters on this head are in themselves not destitute of interest.

From the experiments of Despretz on animal heat, it results that an ordinary-sized man disengages by mere respiration in twenty-four hours, a quantity of heat equal to that which would raise one gramme of water 3,237,417 centigrade degrees, that is to say, 15.4 troy grains through 5,827,350 degrees of Fahrenheit, and this is only three-fourths of the whole quantity of heat produced by the individual in the same time. The total quantity of heat, therefore, which he disengages in a hour would elevate the temperature of 2184 lbs. troy of water by 1°.8 of Fahrenheit. Now to compare this effect with that of the same quantity of heat on air, Cordier supposes the specific heat of air at 53°.6 of Fahrenheit to be to that of water as 1 to .2667 (the ratio found by Laroche and Berard), whence, having also regard to their specific densities, he finds definitively that a miner in one hour disengages a portion of heat that would suffice to raise 542 cubic metres, or 709 cubic yards of air through 1°.8 of Fahrenheit, the initial temperature being 53°.6. Now with respect to the lights employed, it follows from the experiments of Count Rumford on the evolution of heat by combustion, that a lamp consuming 15 grammes, or 232 troy grains of oil per hour, would elevate by one centesimal degree the temperature of a mass of air measuring 409 cubic metres or 535 cubic yards. Hence, the heat produced by four such lamps is equivalent to that of three workmen. The heat produced by the combustion of tallow is somewhat less, the consumption of 232 grains per hour being required to raise one degree the temperature of a mass of air measuring only 378 cubic metres or 494 yards. It may therefore be computed that

the presence of 200 miners and 200 lamps, suitably disposed, would cause an elevation of temperature, amounting to  $1^{\circ}8$  of Fahrenheit, of the whole air filling a gallery twenty-four leagues in length and measuring one metre by two, the initial temperature of the air being  $53^{\circ}6$ . The influence of so great a quantity of heat may easily be imagined; and when we add this to the other causes of uncertainty already enumerated, it will be evident that a simple observation of the thermometer in the gallery of a mine affords a very imperfect indication of the temperature of the strata at the same level. In one instance Cordier found the temperature of the air at the bottom of a mine 196 yards in depth to be  $74^{\circ}$ , while that of the rock was ascertained by direct experiment to be only  $62^{\circ}8$ . This, however, would seem to be an extreme case. The accidental sources of error have doubtless a very considerable influence, but they are not by any means adequate to explain the whole difference observed between the temperature at the bottom and at the surface; and it may be assumed in general, that, after making the utmost probable allowance for them, they can only cause an oscillation of a very few degrees above or below the real temperature of the corresponding level.

Experiments on the temperature of the water found at the bottom of mines are perhaps still more liable to give inaccurate results, and can seldom be trusted. If the water exists in small quantity its temperature is affected by the air; if collected in wells, it partakes of the temperatures of all the streamlets by which it is supplied, and of all the sources from which they flow. It almost invariably happens that the results obtained in this manner indicate a lower temperature than that which belongs to the solid rock at the same level. Water long stagnant in mines, especially where it exists in considerable quantity, and is consequently less affected by the influence of the air, may be considered as having a temperature approximating more nearly to the temperature of the rock; but on the other hand, if it is very deep, and the hypothesis of a temperature increasing with the depth is true, the water at the bottom becomes heated, in consequence of which its specific gravity is diminished, and it rises to the surface. This action continues till the whole mass of water acquires a temperature nearly approaching to that of the strata at the bottom. For all these reasons the observations that have been made on the water in mines are very unsatisfactory. Taken as a whole they are favourable to the hypothesis of an internal high temperature, but they present too little agreement among themselves to give any correct information respecting its rate of increase.

Very few direct observations on the temperature of the rock at great depths have yet been made, though these obviously afford the most correct data. In a copper mine at Dolcoath, in Corn-

wall, a thermometer was kept eighteen months buried in the rock to the depth of a yard. The depth of the mine was 450 yards. The temperature indicated by the thermometer was  $75^{\circ}.5$  of Fahrenheit; the temperature of the country is  $50^{\circ}$ ; consequently the increase of heat is at the rate of one degree for every eighteen yards.

From a careful discussion of all the published observations, M. Cordier considers the two following conclusions to be established: 1st, That below the stratum, where the annual variations of the solar heat cease to be sensible, a notable increase of temperature takes place as we descend into the interior of the earth; and 2d, That the discrepancies presented by the results depend not only on the imperfection of instruments and an incorrect allowance for the extraneous modifying causes, but also on a certain irregularity in the distribution of the subterraneous heat. In all countries where observations have been made below the stratum of invariable temperature, the temperatures have been found, without exception, to increase with the depth; but much uncertainty still remains as to the rate of increase. With a view to the more accurate determination of this important element, M. Cordier himself, with a perfect knowledge of all the precautions necessary to be used, undertook to examine the temperature of several coal mines in France. At Carmeaux, the mean of his observations gave 21 yards as the depth corresponding to an increased temperature of  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit, at Littry  $11\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and at Decise 9 yards; results far from presenting a satisfactory coincidence. We may quote a few other results of observation. The mean of a great number of observations made in the mines of Cornwall and Devonshire by Mr. W. Fox, and published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1821 and 1822, gives 15 yards as the depth corresponding to an increase of  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. In the coal mines of Brittany the same mean depth is found to be 25 yards; at Bex, in Switzerland, 15.7 yards; in Saxony, 24 yards; at Guanaxato, in America, 15 yards. M. Cordier considers that 15 yards may be provisionally assumed as the average depth corresponding to an increase of  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit.

Some naturalists have attempted to decide the question of an interior heat by experiments on the temperature of the ocean. Accordingly, thermometers, having their bulbs covered by substances of small conducting powers, have been sunk to great depths, and in general the indicated temperatures have been found lower in proportion as the depths were greater. This result might indeed have been anticipated from the fluidity of the water, and the consequent liberty which its molecules have of arranging themselves according to their density. In lakes for

example, where the water is not subject to great agitation, when the superficial stratum becomes colder than those immediately under it its density increases; the water consequently descends to the bottom, while that which it displaces mounts upward to be cooled and descend in its turn. Thus an infinity of different motions is established, the general effect of which is to transport the heat to the surface. Hence the increase of temperature which is observed in carrying the thermometer into the interior of the solid earth cannot subsist with regard to deep lakes; in fact, the order of the temperature is here reversed. But the cold at the bottom is limited by that singular property of water (of fresh water at least, for the experiments of Dr. Marcet and Erman have made it doubtful if the water of the sea acquires its maximum density before its temperature sinks to the freezing point,) in virtue of which it acquires its maximum density when its temperature is a few degrees above the freezing point. When the temperature sinks lower, the water remains to congeal at the surface. The temperature of water, therefore, at great depths, must approach that which corresponds to the greatest density. This theoretical inference is confirmed by experiments on the Swiss lakes, which, being of too great a depth to be affected by the annual variation of the solar heat, preserve near their bottoms a constant temperature of about  $41^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit.\* In open seas, however, these results are greatly modified, and indeed may be completely altered by currents, and other causes, in consequence of which the distribution of temperature in the ocean is rendered a very curious and difficult problem. It seems to be established by experiment, that between the tropics the temperature diminishes with the depth; while within the Polar seas it increases with the depth. This last fact, which is singular, is confirmed by the observations of Scoresby, Parry, and Franklin. Between the latitudes of  $30^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$  the temperature decreases with the depth, but the decrease is less as the latitude is greater. Near the parallel of  $70^{\circ}$  it begins to increase.

The evidence furnished by the numerous experiments to which we have alluded must be regarded as conclusive, unless the inference to which they point is at variance with some of the known laws of matter. But we have seen that the hypothesis of a subterraneous heat, existing in the interior of the earth since the origin of things, involves no mathematical consequence contrary to the known laws of the propagation of heat; it remains, therefore, only to consider how far its physical consequences agree with the actual phenomena.

If we admit an increase of temperature amounting to  $1^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit for every 15 yards of vertical descent, the intensity of

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\* De la Beche's Geological Manual, p. 21.

heat at the centre must rise to  $3500^{\circ}$  of Wedgewood's pyrometer. The temperature of  $100^{\circ}$  of Wedgewood, which is sufficient to fuse the lavas and the greater part of the known rocks, would be found at the depth of about 120 miles. It is, however, probable that the mean thickness of the solid crust of the earth is far short of this quantity, and Cordier is even of opinion that the phenomena warrant the conclusion that it does not exceed 60 miles. Hence a strong presumption in support of the inference, that the consolidation of the exterior crust is the effect of a gradual cooling. But if this is the case, the consolidation must have commenced at the surface and proceeded towards the interior; and therefore, contrary to the received opinions of geologists, the primitive rocks are the more ancient in proportion as they are nearer the surface. It follows also, that the strata ought to be arranged in the order of fusibility *nearly*, some interruption to this order being allowed in consequence of the rapidity of cooling at the origin of the world, and the chemical affinities acting on the vast mass of the globe. Now it is found in fact that the magnesian, calcareous, and quartzose (the most fusible) rocks, are those nearest the surface.

Another inevitable consequence of the hypothesis is a contraction of the dimensions of the earth, through the diminution of its temperature. It is evident that even a slight contraction of the central parts must cause a subsidence and approximation of the elementary masses of the exterior crust, and a consequent dislocation of its parts. This may account for the numerous fissures and cracks, and the general irregularity of the disposition and inclination of the superior strata; for unless the strata are concentric, and the fissures perpendicular to the surface, the subsidence cannot be uniform. By reason of this want of regularity the subsidence is not so general as to cause a very extensive change of level, though it may be sufficiently great to explain certain phenomena not easily accounted for otherwise. Such are the observed or suspected secular diminution of the water of the Baltic, and the change of level of the Mediterranean observed on the coast of Egypt. But the most general effect of the contraction of the materials of the earth is an acceleration of its rotatory motion. In consequence of a mechanical relation subsisting between the dimensions of the earth and the period of its rotation, if its volume undergoes a contraction its rotatory motion will be accelerated; whence, by reason of the increased centrifugal force, the level of the ocean will be raised a little between the tropics, and lowered in the polar regions, so that the northern parts of the continents of Europe and Asia are gradually elevated above the general surface. In this way the numerous islands of

the South Sea may be supposed to be the summits of mountains of part of the Asiatic Continent now submerged. The same relation also affords a means of measuring the secular contraction, for the length of the day is an astronomical element of such importance, that the slightest variation would immediately be detected. But observations are sufficiently precise to make it certain, that since the time of Hipparchus, or during the last two thousand years, the length of the day has not varied by the 200th part of a second. Hence, if the contraction still continues, it must be at a rate almost infinitely slow. The amount of contraction, however, cannot safely be taken as a measure of the loss of temperature. The cooling takes place under circumstances very different from those in which bodies are placed when exposed to the free action of the atmosphere, and the ordinary laws of contraction must be greatly modified by the enormous pressure at the depth of 20 leagues under the surface.

The phenomena of volcanos, hot springs, and earthquakes, which have occupied so much of the attention of geologists, are explained with singular felicity by means of the hypothesis under consideration: they appear, indeed, to be simple and necessary consequences of the progressive cooling of the earth. Our limits, however, will only allow us to give a short outline.

The interior fluid mass not only fills exactly the consolidated crust, but sustains a pressure equal to the weight of a vertical column reaching to the surface. Now the capacity of this envelope undergoes a slow but constant diminution from the operation of two causes, one of which indeed is a necessary consequence of the other. In the first place, it is diminished from the contraction of its molecules by cooling; and in the second place, as the contraction produces a corresponding acceleration of the rotatory motion, and a consequent increase of ellipticity from the augmented centrifugal force, it is diminished from the change of figure. The increased pressure on the fluid mass resulting from this diminution of the capacity of the envelope, is also, in all probability, aided by the expansive force of gases generated during the process of consolidation. The combined energies of these forces, acting on the interior mass, which, like all other fluids, offers a strong resistance to compression, cause its eruption through the solid strata, and violent ejection in the form of lavas. Here we have at once an explanation of the peculiarities attending volcanic eruptions, of the great depths at which the source of action is manifestly situated, of the nature of the lavas, and the general similarity of the products of each eruption. Hence, also, the great diminution of their number since the origin of the world. In proportion as the consolidated crust of the earth becomes

thicker it offers a greater resistance, and the depth from which the lava is raised is at the same time increased; a greater force is therefore necessary to produce an eruption, and the number of volcanos, as well as the quantity of matter ejected, must continue to diminish. The number still in activity, and their distribution over every part of the earth, attest the universality of the cause which produces them. It may also be remarked, that the forces here supposed in action are perhaps the only ones capable of producing the effect. Supposing the lavas to come from the depth of 60 miles, it is easy to compute from their specific gravities, that they must have sustained the action of a force not less than 28,000 atmospheres.

It has been found that the greater part of the substances contained in mineral and thermal waters are analogous to those which are expelled from craters, during or after the eruption of lava. It is therefore probable that they have the same origin in the fluid mass under the consolidated crust of the earth. An immense expansive force propels them upwards through a succession of narrow chinks and fissures; and their expulsion causes a diminution of the gaseous charge which is continually repaired by new subterraneous products. Hence the permanence of their sources, their almost invariable temperature, and the singular nature of their principles.

The expansive power of the gases, which it is very probable are formed during the consolidation of the fluid matter, also explains the origin of earthquakes. Acting on the exterior crust, which is variable and irregular both in strength and thickness, it occasions those heavings of the earth which in some countries are alike frequent and disastrous. In remote ages, when the crust of the earth was less thick than it is now, these phenomena must have been of much more frequent occurrence. It also follows, that when the gaseous charge finds an outlet by volcanic eruption, the force of earthquakes must be diminished; and it is found by experience, that they are commonly most severe in non-volcanic countries. The frequent occurrence of both phenomena in the same country indicates a partial weakness of the consolidated crust.

The last circumstance to which we shall allude, as tending to confirm the hypothesis of a central heat, is the mean density of the earth, which is known to be only about five times greater than that of water. Now so small a density as this appears to be utterly inconsistent with the compressibility of the materials of the globe, unless we can suppose that the enormous pressure at considerable depths is counterbalanced by the antagonist force of heat. Such are the effects that ought to result from the mere in-

cumbent weight of the materials of the crust of the earth that at the depth of 35 miles air would acquire the density of water; at the depth of 173 miles water itself, which is eminently incompressible, would acquire the density of marble; and at the centre marble would have a density 119 times greater than at the surface.\* These results, prodigious as they may appear, are only computed on the supposition of a uniform structure of the materials of the globe, and would become vastly greater, if regard was had to the augmented force arising from condensation. They are also inevitable if the substances which compose the nucleus have any analogy with those which are found at the surface. Hence some speculators have been led to imagine that we tread on a crust or hollow shell, of which the thickness bears but a small proportion to the radius of the earth. This hypothesis is, however, at variance with every analogy; and it has besides been demonstrated by Poisson, from astronomical considerations, that the density must continue to increase to a depth at least equal to one-fourth of the radius. It is therefore infinitely probable that the density increases to the centre, and that the condensation of the materials is opposed by the accumulating intensity and expansive force of heat. With reference to this subject Mr. Leslie has ventured to throw out the bold and original idea, that the only medium possessing sufficient elasticity or internal repulsion among its molecules to resist the effects of compression is *Light*! the most diffusive of all substances. "The great central cavity," says this ingenious and learned philosopher, "is not that dark and dreary abyss which the fancy of poets had pictured. On the contrary, this spacious internal vault must contain the purest ethereal essence, *Light*, in its most concentrated state, shining with intense refulgence and overpowering splendour."†

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ART. III.—*Etudes ou Discours Historiques sur la Chute de l'Empire Romain, la Naissance et les Progrès du Christianisme, et l'Invasion des Barbares; suivis d'une analyse raisonnée de l'Histoire de France.* Par M. Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand. 4 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

AN inquiry into the general literary merit of M. de Chateaubriand is not the object of the following observations. It is not intended that our remarks should extend to any work of the

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\* Leslie's *Elements of Natural Philosophy*, vol. i. p. 451.

† *Ib.* 453.

noble author except the one placed at the head of the present article.

If M. de Chateaubriand's *Études Historiques* had been separated from all considerations but their own intrinsic merits, they would neither have deserved nor received remark. They offer, however, from the discussions into which the author enters, an exceedingly apt opportunity for considering the present very remarkable situation of French historical literature. This situation M. de Chateaubriand attempts to describe: he endeavours, moreover, to estimate the various excellencies of the different schools which in France are now busied in historical investigations—to hold the balance between the opposite parties, and by avoiding the extremes of any, to attain the excellencies of all. He appears, however, to have misconceived the differences which really do exist; and while constituting himself the arbiter in the dispute, to have fruitlessly endeavoured to discover who were the contending parties, the subject-matter of their difference, and the end which they had separately in view.

The subject-matter of dispute is twofold. M. de Chateaubriand considers it single. The schools, therefore, if schools there be, are four, instead of two. The one dispute refers to the philosophy of history—the other to the mode of writing it; the one regards the interpretation of events—the other the manner in which they ought to be related. If we divide historical writers with reference to these two sets of opinions, we must make two separate, or what logicians term *cross divisions*; and consequently, in this case, at least *four* parties. M. de Chateaubriand has opposed two of the schools taking their rise from or being distinguished by these distinct matters of difference to each other, thus clearly evincing that he has not seized, certainly not appreciated, the points in debate. The two schools he mentions are, first, *l'école descriptive*; second, *l'école fataliste*. Now seeing that the ground of this classification is twofold, a writer may at the same time be of one school and the other; adopting the *philosophy* of the *école fataliste*, he may employ the *manner* of the *école descriptive*; or, *vice versa*, he may repugn both the fatalism and the descriptive manner. How then can these schools be opposed to each other? It remains now to state the questions really in debate, commencing with the dispute respecting the philosophy of history. This dispute has arisen in consequence of the views lately taken respecting the determining circumstances of that chain of events which constitutes the history of mankind. We will endeavour to make the opinions on this subject as simple and plain as the nature of the case will permit.

It is evident to all those who have examined with completeness as well as accuracy the nature of mankind, that the conduct of men in masses, acting as members of a society, cannot be predicted merely from a knowledge of their temper, character and conduct, viewed as separate individuals: in other words, that no knowledge, however accurate or complete, of the individual in his individual capacity, is, without specific experience, a sufficient guide by which to understand his nature when acting as a member of society.\* This circumstance, which is by no means apparent to superficial observation, is attended with important consequences as respects the attainment of a knowledge of human nature, and its practical application when obtained. It is the former of these consequences which we have at present specially to consider.

The fact as here stated, of itself induced the necessity of political or social history. A new branch of science has to be explored, viz. the social nature of man. To the formation of this science a body of evidence is required. The relation of the conduct of political societies forms that body of evidence, and this relation is political or social history.

The most difficult inquiry in the science itself is, when does the individual become merged in the social man? To what degree, and in what way, is the conduct of the mass determined by the nature of its individual component parts? On the determination of this question must rest the answer to the inquiry, how far do events depend upon individuals—what influence have determinate men exercised in the bringing forth of certain events—in how far are those events the necessary consequences of circumstances not connected with the character of any given individual? We suspect that no man would go the length of saying, that events are never, and in no degree, influenced by the character of individuals; but there is now a class of historians who exclude this individual influence to so large a degree, and ascribe so much to the mere influence of what they term events, meaning events unconnected with the conduct or wishes of any single individual, that they have acquired the appellation of the *école fataliste*. Individuals are by them considered mere machines, driven by a necessity, unconnected with their own peculiar or individual will, to play a certain part in one great whole—to make one necessary link in a necessary chain. During the last century there was a

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\* A curious exemplification of this fact is given by Dr. Whateley, in the case which he puts of an orator addressing an assembly of persons collected in one room, or the same persons shut up in separate stalls. See his "Rhetoric."

tendency to run to the opposite extreme; to consider the fortunes of society as dependent on the merest trifles—trifles which, while subject to a strange fatality, were utterly unconnected with the feelings or wishes of the mass of mankind—which were beyond the power of human calculation, and wholly dependent on the whim of individuals. This was a fatality of a very different description from that now in vogue. Voltaire, with that spirit of bitter mockery which characterized so much of his writing, delighted in attempts to humble the vanity of mankind, by tracing to insignificant causes the most stupendous revolutions. The curious caricature of his own system, in his *romance* styled *Les Oreilles du Comte de Chesterfield*, is hardly an exaggeration of many of his own historical deductions.\* As knowledge increased, however, it was perceived that historians generally had seldom penetrated below the surface; that they had confined their attention solely to a few individuals placed in eminent situations, and erroneously ascribed all the various changes in the fortunes of mankind to their particular influence. A more careful and profound investigation discovered that causes deeply hidden, but ever active and mighty in their import, had been at work, which individuals, however powerful, had little modified—causes which went steadily on to their effects through all time and every fortune. These and their effects being viewed at one glance through a long course of years, seemed, from their steady progression, to be above any human controul: an impulse appeared to be given which beat down resistance, and swept away all means of opposition: century succeeded to century, and the philosopher could see the same influence still potent, still undeviating and regular: to him, considering these ages at once, following with rapid thought the slow pace of time, a century appeared to dwindle to a point: the individual obstructions and accelerations which within that period had occurred to impede or advance the *march of events* (for this is part of the new phraseology) were eliminated and forgotten: the mind dwelt upon the necessity or fatality of the advance, and neglected what for practical purposes was all important, viz. the consideration of how much by human forethought this certain improvement might have been aided. The sarcastic reflections of Voltaire, though grounded on far inferior knowledge, less wide and philosophic views, were infinitely more useful as practical suggestions; for although he endeavoured to show that a mere trifle or accident may thwart the best-laid plans, still he inculcated the necessity of forethought, and by his minute criticism laid bare

\* The effects of a cup of coffee spilled on Mrs. Masham's gown, as deduced by him and believed by Byron, is one case of this sort. The effects of Louis XIV. perceiving that a window built by Louvois was out of the perpendicular, is another.

many of the secret springs of human action. No supine indifference was created in consequence of an undoubting confidence in a certain result; the result, according to him, was *uncertain*, and might be influenced by forethought, though the wisest prediction was liable to falsification from the most insignificant causes. This is true, and is only incorrect when stated in order to contradict the existence of causes of powerful and continuous influence. The truth lies between the two extremes. Such powerful and ever active causes do exist, but they are liable to be constantly thwarted, though eventually they triumph.

This philosophy of history, as distinguished from the philosophy of man's individual nature,\* has in the hands of the French historians begun to be a science; but they, in this case as in most others, are the slaves of words, are governed by *phrases*, and when pleased by the jingle of a sentence, fancy they have improved philosophy. They have pointed out an important truth, and have sometimes partially applied it; but they have enunciated the truth itself in such mystified expressions, have attached to it so many wild hypotheses, and have been so little careful to examine instead of declaiming, that much has not yet been done towards a scientific exposition of this portion of the science of human nature. In this censure it is not meant to be asserted that much historical knowledge has not been obtained by the historians of France. Their patience is extreme in searching after their evidence; their views are new and singularly happy as regards individual cases; but they have done little in drawing from thence general rules for future inquirers; in fact, they have done little for philosophy beyond accumulating evidence. What is now required is, that some one thoroughly persuaded of the truth, that the man, political or social, is not the same as the individual in his own separate capacity, should explain from the evidence which ages past exhibit, what relation exists between the same man in these two distinct situations. He should view men under these two aspects, and point out the connection between them—should show what political or social state is fit for what private or singular condition—should, in fact, give us the same sort of definite knowledge in this branch of science that we now possess respecting the mental nature of the individual man: we want (the terms may startle) a political metaphysician.

This then is the *école fataliste* at present existing in France, against which, in the abstract, M. de Chateaubriand has indulged in much angry declamation. They are men, who having viewed

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\* Metaphysics (that much derided but master science) is the term usually employed to denote this portion of the science of human nature; but metaphysics, in fact, includes both portions, both of man in his individual and in his social capacity.

the course of events, come to the conclusion, that individual character, consequently individual vice or virtue, have had little influence upon the political destinies of mankind; that there is a general, active, continuous, and paramount series of events which regularly succeed one to the other in the relation of cause and effect; that this series of events is necessary, and can be accurately traced out and followed; and that nothing can resist or make it deviate from its course. A tendency to adopt this opinion is distinctly visible in the writings of every French historian and philosopher of the present day. Some have carried it further than others, but all—and among the number is M. de Chateaubriand himself—have had their opinions modified, yea, greatly modified, by the theory as above expressed. The St. Simonists have carried the theory into their philosophy, and reared up a huge fabric upon this foundation: their historic doctrine takes this opinion for its base; and with the spirit of systematic verbal arrangement which besets all French writers, the various disciples of this new religion have manufactured a formidable programme of historic science. But in all this, though there is much error, there is nothing deserving of M. de Chateaubriand's indignation; there is no carelessness as regards vice and virtue; no robbing mankind of responsibility; no destruction of free-will, in any correct sense of the term. Yet such is the accusation. The doctrine of philosophic necessity is, under other words, again brought into dispute, and from the language used by M. de Chateaubriand, one party at least seems not to have been enlightened by the discussions of past times.

" Il y a mille erreurs détestables dans ce système.

" La fatalité, introduite dans les affaires humaines, n'auroit pas même l'avantage de transporter à l'histoire l'intérêt de la fatalité tragique. Qu'un personnage sur la scène soit victime de l'inexorable destin; que malgré ses vertus il périsse: quelque chose de terrible résulte de ce ressort mis en mouvement par le poète. Mais que la société soit représentée comme une espèce de machine qui se meut aveuglément par des lois physiques latentes; qu'une révolution arrive, par cela seul qu'elle doit arriver; que sous les roues de son char, comme sous celles du char de l'idole Indienne, soient écrasés au hasard innocents et coupables; que l'indifférence ou la pitié soit la même à l'égard du vice et de la vertu, (this is a most disingenuous interpretation,) cette fatalité de la chose, cette impartialité de l'homme, sont hébétées et non tragiques. Ce niveau historique, loin de décèler la vigueur, ne trahit que l'impuissance de celui qui promène sur les faits. J'ose dire que les deux historiens qui ont produit de si déplorables imitateurs étoient très supérieurs à l'opinion dont on a cru trouver le germe dans leurs ouvrages."—*Preface*, pp. xcii. xciii.

The two writers here alluded to, are M. Miguet and M. Thiers.

The question here is, not whether this *fatalité* be *hébétée* or *tragique*, but whether past history justifies the supposed statement; and whether, supposing the statement true, it be philosophic conduct to act upon it? Whether the facts (allowing the statement correct) conduce to the view of virtue and vice supposed by M. de Chateaubriand, is also, certainly, an important and legitimate matter of inquiry. But, assuredly, if the truth be to be told, neither M. Mignet nor M. Thiers is blamable for discovering and promulgating it. In the supposed theory, however, there is much of truth, combined with enormous error; but the theory, whether true or false, does not conduce to indifference respecting moral conduct.\*

Feeling that the difference between the social and individual man, above pointed out, existed, but not clearly perceiving what the difference really imported, the whole of the present writers in France have adopted the notion, that mankind, through all ages, ought to be considered as one entity, of which any given man, any nation, or the whole human race, at any one period, is but a fraction. They speak of mankind going through certain necessary steps or stages in the progress of improvement: these steps they deem a regular series, which can be predicted, but which cannot be escaped. The St. Simonian sect in France has most distinctly announced, and steadily pursued the doctrine, and by carrying it out to its necessary and legitimate consequences, has most clearly brought to light the glaring absurdity which it involves. It is remarkable, that M. de Chateaubriand should admire the doctrine in the hands of the German historians, but should be scandalized by its adoption in France, and blind to the identity of the opinions held by the one nation and the other.

“ Découvrir les lois qui régissent l'espèce humaine; prendre pour base d'opérations les trois ou quatre grandes traditions répandues chez tous les peuples de la terre; reconstruire la société sur ces traditions de la même manière qu'on restaure un monument d'après ses ruines; suivre le développement des idées et des institutions chez cette société; signaler ses transformations; s'enquérir de l'histoire s'il n'existe pas dans l'humanité quelque mouvement naturel, lequel se manifestant à des époques fixes dans des positions données, peut faire prédire le retour de telle ou telle revo-

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\* It is a curious circumstance that the long agitated question of philosophic necessity should be at the bottom of this dispute, and that the inquiry can not properly be conducted without first determining that abstruse metaphysical problem. This is no place for such a discussion; it may, however, be observed, 1st, That the doctrine of necessity, as contemplated by the most enlightened philosophers of the present day—as contemplated by the theory of the French historians—does not suppose that the will cannot be influenced through means of human forethought: 2dly, That among the most powerful of these means, according to them, are *praise* and *blame*: 3dly, Consequently that *indifference* respecting conduct would, by the partizans of *necessity*, be deemed in the highest degree unphilosophic.

lution, comme on annonce la reapparition des comètes dont les courbes ont été calculées: ce sont là d'immenses intérêts. \* \* \* \* Trouve-t-on à chaque origine nationale un âge religieux? de cet âge passe-t-on à un âge héroïque? de cet âge héroïque à un âge social? de cet âge social à un âge proprement dit humain? de cet âge humain à un âge philosophique? y-a-t-il un Homère qui chante en tous pays dans différentes langues au berceau de tous les peuples? L'Allemagne se divise sur ces questions en deux partis: le parti philosophique-historique, et le parti historique."—*Preface*, p. xlix.

Herder, as translated by M. Quinet, thus expresses himself, and M. de Chateaubriand speaks of his opinion as one of a set of *nobles systemes*:

"Quand il a été établi que les vicissitudes de l'histoire ne naissent pas d'un vain caprice des volontés, mais qu'elles ont leur fondements dans les entrailles même de l'univers, qu'elles en sont le resultat le plus élevé, et que c'étoit une condition du monde que nous voyons *de faire naître à telle époque telle forme de civilisation, tel mouvement de progression*; que ces divers phénomènes entrent en rapport avec le domaine entier de la nature, et participent de son caractère, ainsi que toute autre espèce de production terrestre; les actions humaines se présentent alors comme un nouveau règne, qui a ses harmonies, ses contrastes et sa sphère déterminés."—*Preface*, p. liv.

These statements are precisely the same, though not so definitely expressed as the following passage from the "Doctrine de St. Simon."

"L'Humanité, a-t-il (St. Simon) dit, est un être *collectif* qui se développe; cet être a grandi de génération en génération, comme un seul homme grandit dans la succession des âges. Cet être a grandi en obéissant à une loi qui est sa loi physiologique, et cet loi a été celle d'un développement progressif."—p. 107.

That mankind has gone through certain gradations is true, and to a certain extent the gradations in various nations have been similar; but it is not true that the change has always been an improvement, neither is it true that any certain law of progression can be deduced from the experience of past ages. Into what law, we ask, is Greece to be thrust? How can its rapid and brilliant course be assimilated to the long and painful travail of Rome and Modern Europe? How can the stationary state of India, and the other nations of Asia, be reconciled with any rule which is applicable to Europe? By what means can we frame a law of progression that shall be true of the islands of the Grecian and Indian Archipelago? The truth is, that the besetting sin of French philosophy is a mania for systems. They love to make a great plan, to use dogmatic and sweeping expressions, to deal in epigrammatic declamation unencumbered with exceptions. As has been eloquently said, on a somewhat similar occasion,

"Truths in general have been called stubborn things; the truths just mentioned are so in their own way. They are not to be forced into detached and general propositions, unencumbered with explanations and exceptions. They will not compress themselves into epigrams. They recoil from the tongue and pen of the declaimer. They flourish not in the same soil with sentiment. They grow among thorns, and are not to be plucked like daisies by infants as they run. Labour, the inevitable lot of humanity, is in no track more inevitable than here. In vain would an Alexander bespeak a peculiar road for royal vanity, or a Ptolemy a smoother one for royal indolence. There is no King's Road, no Stadtholder's Gate, to *historic*, any more than to mathematic science."\*

The various apparent anomalies of history baffle the declaimer—long, patient, and candid investigation is requisite before we can explain the curious differences which are seen in the fortunes of mankind—great previous knowledge must be brought to the inquiry—knowledge of the human mind, at once accurate and extensive—as well as a power of strict analysis, and correct generalization. The sort of difficulties besetting the task will be at once manifest to any one who will take any particular nation as an example, and endeavour to trace out the causes which have determined its *peculiar* fortunes. Take, as an illustration, the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and the islands and main-land of Greece: endeavour to discover the causes of improvement which existed in the latter states, and not in the former; and it will be found, before the investigation is finished, that the inquirer has gone through most of the intricate inquiries connected with the nature of the human mind. The influence of the government—of the accidental and common notions of the inhabitants on the subject of religion—their peculiar relative situation to surrounding states, the influence of their soil, climate, and geographical position—their accidental education—their social institutions, whether resulting from chance or their position—the influence of particular individuals—these things, and a hundred others of the same nature will have to be examined, before a definite conclusion can be obtained; and that conclusion must, of necessity, be conditional—conditional to an extent that precludes any *general* system as applicable at one time to all nations. The case will be analogous to that of the dice: a rule to calculate the chances may be accurately framed, but no one can determine what may be the result of a particular series of throws. In the case of historic inquiry the difficulty is still greater, because the determining circumstances are more numerous, with more difficulty discovered

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\* Bentham, *Morals and Legislation*, Preface.

and appreciated, and the number of possible events is not known. Moreover, the force of the determining circumstances varies at different times, and the influence of each varies in composition, so that there is no end to the probabilities of varying results. The undeviating system of the fatalist school takes not these differences into account. If history do not agree with the system, the fault, they declare, lies in history, not in the system; and so far is carried this approbation of their own labours, that we have heard the philosophers, after the fashion of St. Simon, gravely declare, that the whole fortunes of the Grecian States were an anomaly.\* The *parti philosophique-historique* of the Germans solves the difficulty after another mode, somewhat more complicated it is true, but not one whit more correct.

“La parti philosophique-historique, à la tête duquel se plaça M. Hegel, prétend que l’âme universelle se manifeste dans l’humanité par quatre modes; l’un substantiel, identique, immobile, on le trouve dans l’orient: l’autre individuel, varié, actif, on le voit dans la Grèce: le troisième se composant des deux premiers dans une lutte perpétuelle, il étoit à Rome; le quatrième sortant de la lutte du troisième pour harmoniser ce que étoit divers; il existe dans les nations d’origine Germanique.”  
—*Preface*, p. 1.

This is exceedingly mysterious, and perhaps very profound—unfortunately it is nothing to the purpose. We are not to learn that man has been stationary in the east. We are desirous of having the phenomenon explained; we are anxious to learn *why* is he there stationary? The German philosopher answers “because the universal soul has there manifested itself in a mode substantial, identical, and immoveable,” which if put into plain language signifies, if it signify any thing, that in the east man is stationary, because he is stationary. This is philosophy after the fashion of M. Hegel.†

Before we leave this theory of history, so prevalent in France, it will be necessary to mention one practical result deduced from it as a consequence. If the human race improve only by regular gradations, the institutions of mankind, which in fact are but results of the general feelings and opinions, should be improved

\* The new reading of the strolling player was in this spirit:

“Tis not in mortals to command success,

But we'll do more, Sempronius—*do without it.*”

As a Frenchman once said, “if the facts do not accord with my system, so much the worse for the facts.”

† There is no intention of speaking critically of the German writers in this place, and thus cursorily. Neither would we be supposed to take M. de Chateaubriand's version of their doctrines as the right one. They and their opinions are mentioned here merely to illustrate the mode in which M. de Chateaubriand treats the same system in different hands.

in regular gradation also. Ultimate perfection in an institution is not, say these reasoners, the immediate object to be obtained, but an accordance between the precise state of the public feeling and the institution. They assert that men are not to be forced over any stage in the progress of improvement—that none of the stages are to be avoided, and consequently to frame institutions upon a model which has no reference to those stages is preposterous and absurd. They state for example, that the Roman despotism was necessary to unite men (meaning by men always their own small portion of the human race) into one family;—that the Christian religion was necessary for the same end. That the next step, though apparently retrograde, viz. the irruption of the barbarians, was in fact a step in advance to that state of perfection to which we are tending. Why this was so, however, they have some difficulty in explaining. The feudal ages which succeeded were yet another pace in advance—a step which could alone have brought mankind out of that darkness into which their happiness required they should be plunged. Now they say, if at any one of these periods a perfect government, or any perfect institution, had been framed and established, the thing would have been out of the regular order of nature, and utterly impracticable. If instead of Cæsar there had been a Washington, endowed with knowledge and virtue, no good would have resulted. If instead of the establishment of the Prætorian guards, there had been a national militia; if instead of a despotic ruler, and a decrepit senate, there had been a system of representation; if instead of the gross injustice of the municipal law\* under the Roman Empire, there had been a wisely constructed municipal federation, they assert no benefit would have been the consequence. Again, when the old civilization was destroyed, and wild confusion reigned throughout Europe, they assert that if, instead of feudal tyranny, a general system of small states had been framed, and popular governments introduced; if in place of grovelling superstition, enlightened morality had been preached by the priesthood; if instead of a Gregory there had been a Franklin; and if, as a more striking case than any yet mentioned, the Roman people by wise institutions had been able to resist the invading barbarians, if all or any of these things had taken place, the fortunes of mankind, they boldly assert, would not have been happier. This, we must say, appears to us a glaring absurdity, arising from the truth, which, strange to say, lurks at the bottom of the

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\*Until lately the effects of the municipal laws of Rome were not understood—Their evil influence has been distinctly traced by M. Guizot in his *Essai sur l'histoire de France*, and by M. Raynouard in his *Histoire du droit Municipal en France*, of which an account was given in our last number.

theory. It is true that in certain degrees of civilization, men can only appreciate certain truths—but there is no need of men believing in error to lead them out of barbarism. The long travail supposed, is not necessary, as is proved by the Grecian republics; and it is because these republics disprove this strange theory, that they are unhesitatingly styled an anomaly. Neither does it follow that because barbarians can appreciate only imperfect institutions, people in a state of higher civilization cannot safely be trusted with a government of the most perfect description. The popular governments of Greece, faulty as they were, produced effects which are, and ever will be the world's wonder. The Italian republics, the Hanse Towns, two thousand years after, were followed by like results, while feudal despotism worked nothing but unmingled misery, misery that could only be alleviated by the destruction of feudality. We would ask M. Thierry, we would ask M. Guizot, if the *French communes*, in place of being destroyed, had succeeded in their splendid efforts to obtain and secure their freedom, the advance of Europe would not have been far more rapid than it has proved? Do they, does any one believe, that the subjugation of Italy by the despots around her, and the abolition of the privileges of the northern free towns, were beneficial to the civilization of Europe? But if they were not, how can we talk of continual advance, and this wonder-working fatality of progressive improvement?

Passing from the classification of the French historical writers, according to their philosophy, we have now to speak of that other division which is founded on the *manner* of their narration. There is now, it appears, one class of historians to whom is peculiarly affixed the title of *école descriptive*—another that of *école philosophique*. The first by the manner of their narrative endeavour to bring the scenes of the past vividly before the mind of the reader; they paint rather than relate; by an apt selection of incidents they make the narrative illustrate the manners and feelings of the time, and artfully render the reader a beholder rather than a listener, make him actually participant of the actions related, not merely a listener to the recital. When they have done this, they deem the purposes of history accomplished. The reader who is desirous of understanding thoroughly the theory of this class of writers may consult M. Thierry's admirable "*Lettres sur l'histoire de France*," as well as his "*Histoire de la conquête d'Angleterre*." M. de Chateaubriand thus shortly describes it.

"L'école moderne se divise en deux systèmes principaux : dans le premier, l'histoire doit être écrite sans réflexions ; elle doit consister dans le simple narré des événements, et dans la peinture des mœurs : elle doit présenter un tableau naïf, varié, rempli d'épisodes, laissant

chaque lecteur, selon la nature de son esprit, libre de tirer les conséquences des principes, et de dégager les vérités générales des vérités particulières. C'est ce qu'on appelle l'histoire descriptive, par opposition à l'histoire philosophique du dernier siècle."—*Preface*, p. xlv.

The head of this school, according to the French historians, is Walter Scott. The most remarkable professed historians of the class are M. de Barante, and M. Thierry. The latter of these may claim the second place among the historians of France—to M. Guizot the first is due; he, with M. Dulaure, and M. de Sismondi, may be considered the heads of the philosophic school, though they seem to have improved upon the styles of their predecessors. The philosophic school, strictly speaking, consider the vivid narrative of the descriptive school unnecessary, not to say dangerous. They relate events, not so much for the purpose of making an animated description, as in order to arrive at, and illustrate conclusions which may serve as guides for the future governance of mankind. They indulge in disquisitions, they philosophize, in other words, as well as narrate. History in their hands is not so much an amusement as a lesson. In our own language we have striking specimens of this class of history; the two most remarkable are "The Decline and Fall" of Gibbon, and the "History of British India" by Mr. Mill. The latter is in fact a very type of the school. The narrative is made a secondary consideration, and as a narrative is inefficiently written. But no literature in the world possesses so admirably instructive, so philosophic a history.

A complete and perfect history, as regards its manner, would be one which should unite these two styles, one which possessed all the power and beauty of the descriptive school in its narrative, all the wisdom and instruction of the philosophic school in its reflections. There is no need of the two being separated, but on the contrary there is every reason why they should be united. If united, philosophy would be rendered more attractive, and the fidelity of the impression made by the narrative insured. Separate the two, and these great benefits are greatly diminished.

There is a danger attendant on the manner of the descriptive school, which the writers seem to have overlooked—that is, of an incorrect conception being framed of the period described, as well by the historians as by the reader. Before we can convey a correct conception by narrative to others, we must have a correct conception ourselves. Having acquired this, we must then be able to select from the mass of events just those which are, or can be made, the picture of the time. Before we can do this, however, we must thoroughly study institutions and manners, we must go through much elaborate reasoning, must apply much previously

acquired knowledge, and when this has been done we may, but not till then can we, safely take upon ourselves the character of the *novelist* historian. But this reasoning, and this application of other knowledge to the investigation of history are highly instructive, and since by the historian they cannot be dispensed with, they may easily be laid before the reader. This will prevent doubt, create confidence in the historian, and save an infinity of labour to the really conscientious student. We are to suppose that the historian has carefully studied the epoch he is describing; that he has traced out with accuracy the effects of the existing institutions and existing manners, that he has learned by deep research the reciprocal influences of both; and we know that even if he have done this, his conclusions must still rest upon hypothetical links, which his knowledge has enabled him to insert in the reasonings upon which his conclusions are founded. If he exhibit the process, we can easily follow it; if he withhold from us all but the results of the conclusions, we must perform for ourselves what he has kept hidden. If he lay these before us, he becomes a philosophic historian.

This happy medium M. de Chateaubriand fancies himself to have attained: from that opinion, unfortunately, we feel compelled to dissent. The style of the descriptive school is peculiarly simple, naïf, and manly: there is no straining after effect; no use of meretricious ornament, no consideration of the writer shining through his statements: there is an exquisite straightforwardness and honesty about their manner, an absence of every thing like theatrical flourishes, and *French* contrasts. M. de Chateaubriand's style is the reverse of all this. There is no masculine vigour, no simplicity about it—it is strained, pompous and affected. The style affects his reasoning, and his love of striking opposition makes him careless of historic truth. In the same way, Chateaubriand fancies that his philosophy is a compound of all that is useful in that of his cotemporaries, unmixed with any of the errors peculiar to their systems. Here again, alas! we are obliged to withhold our assent. The philosophy of M. de Chateaubriand, if philosophy it must be called, is a thing that defies criticism, since it escapes comprehension. It is not like the opinions of his cotemporaries, since they are intelligible. His work, indeed, has added nothing to our knowledge, and little we conceive to his own reputation.

The work as it now stands is a fragment—a fragment of a history of Europe from Christ to Louis XVI. The author, fearing that his labours would never be perused, has traced out his plan without doing more than fill in certain parts. What he has done, what he intended to do, he has explained at great length in his

preface, the early part of which is employed in discussions on the existing state of historical knowledge in France, Germany, and England, and is by far the most entertaining portion of the work. We shall endeavour, as far as our limits permit, to convey to the reader some idea of this voluminous fragment.

" Dans l'Introduction j'expose mon système, je définis les trois vérités qui sont le fondement de l'ordre social, la vérité religieuse, la vérité philosophique, ou l'indépendance de l'esprit de l'homme, la vérité politique ou la liberté. Je dis que tous les faits historiques naissent du choc, de la division, ou de l'alliance de ces trois vérités."—*Preface*, p. c. xi.

In the name of all that is wonderful, what is the meaning of this assertion? How can these truths tilt one against another and produce a fact? A fact in the widest sense of the term is an event, and a truth is the assertion contained in a true proposition; truth relating always merely to propositions. But this is certainly not what is intended by M. de Chateaubriand. He says in his exposition:

" Trois vérités forment la base de l'édifice social : la vérité religieuse, la vérité philosophique, la vérité politique.

" La vérité religieuse est la connoissance d'un Dieu unique, manifestée par un culte.

" La vérité philosophique est la triple science des choses intellectuelles, morales, et naturelles."

These two definitions consider truth as a peculiar kind of knowledge, but the next views it as something extremely different.

" La vérité politique est l'ordre et la liberté : l'ordre est la souveraineté exercée par le pouvoir : la liberté est le droit des peuples."

Truth is now no longer knowledge, but order, and order is sovereignty exercised by power.\* So then truth is sovereignty; but truth besides is liberty, which is the right of the people. What is really intended by this *galimatias* is beyond our power to determine.

M. de Chateaubriand's philosophy being a thing which we by no means profess to understand, it is necessary in justice to him to lay before the reader such portions of his work as propose to

\* It might be significantly asked if sovereignty is ever exercised without power, if sovereignty does not in fact mean power? If not, what does it mean? Hobbes (who is worth a hundred phraseurs) says, " and in him consisteth the essence of the commonwealth, which (to define it) is one person of whose acts a great multitude by mutual covenants one with another have made themselves every one the author, to the end that he may use the strength and means of them all, as he shall think expedient for the peace and common defence. And he that carryeth this person is called *sovereign*, and said to have *sovereign power*; and every one else his *subject*." *Leviathan*, p. 2, c. 17. Sovereign power and sovereignty we take to be the same thing, if so, according to M. de Chateaubriand's definition, power exercises power. This too is philosophy!

convey his meaning. We will, therefore, endeavour to use, as nearly as may be, the language of the author himself.

M. de Chateaubriand asserts, that there is a distinct and wonderful order of events combined to one stated end, from the time of Christ to the death of Louis XVI. The end is to unite the *trois vérités* above mentioned; and the professed object of M. de Chateaubriand's history is to trace out the way in which that end was accomplished. The author's style, at least, will be exemplified by the extracts about to be made.

“Le monde moderne prend naissance au pied de la croix. Les nations modernes sont composées des trois peuples—Païen, Chrétien, Barbare.”—*Preface*, p. cxi.

M. de Chateaubriand's inability to understand a classification is curious. Classifying people according to their religion is one mode, by their civilization another. A people may be, and have been Barbarian, and yet Christian—Pagan and yet Barbarian. The Barbarians who overturned the Roman Empire were composed of both Christians and Pagans. Again, it may be asked, how the Pagans and Christians can be called distinct people. Some Romans were Pagans, all Romans had been Pagans, they were converted to Christianity, but did not become a different people. What faith can be put in conclusions based on such expressions?

“Ce monde étoit trop corrompu, trop rempli de vices, de cruautés, d'injustices, trop enchanté de ses faux dieux et de ses spectacles, pour qu'il pût être entièrement régénéré par le Christianisme. Une religion nouvelle avoit besoin de peuples nouveaux, il fallait à l'innocence de l'Evangile des hommes sauvages, à une foi simple des cœurs simples comme cette foi.”

Rousseau put faith in the current declamations respecting the virtues of the savage state. Hereared up a practical system founded on the supposed truth of those declamations. When so doing, he evinced unrivalled power, and exquisite acumen. He tacked to his doctrines no wild and inexplicable notions; all was definite, accurate and simple. To this day his *Emile* is our chief guide in education. But his efforts were met with one wild universal shout of reprobation; he was hooted from society; and no small wit could be found who had not launched a shaft against the *savage* theory of the citizen of Geneva. Here, however, is M. de Chateaubriand again bringing forward the same error, declaiming after the fashion of the old declaimers, and contributing, in as far as his authority will permit, to mislead future readers, as his predecessors misled Jean Jacques. In M. de Chateaubriand this is the more unpardonable, as no one would be more ready

to reprobate Rousseau than he. No one lays greater claim to the reputation of a patient investigator:—and since the very subject of his investigations is the barbarous hordes who overturned the empire of Rome, we put the following questions to M. de Chateaubriand, and ask him or any one to reconcile the correct answers to those questions with his theory. Comparing the religious opinions of the philosophers of Greece and Rome (taking for their exposition, at the period of Christ's coming, the works of Cicero) with the most enlightened doctrines of the Barbarians, which, we ask, was most accordant with the innocence and wisdom of the Gospel? The Barbarians at the time of their conversion to Christianity were Pagans, either purely after their own fashion, or after that of the Romans. If after the fashion of the Romans, they were no better fitted to receive the Gospel than that people. If after their own, we ask M. de Chateaubriand to compare the descriptions of the Greeks and Germans by Cæsar and Tacitus; to compare the manners of the Huns, the followers of Attila; of the Vandals, the followers of Genseric; of the Goths, the followers of Alaric; compare these with the Roman and Athenian people under Augustus, and which nation, we again ask, was in its manners most accordant with the innocence and wisdom of the Gospel? The Barbarians were brutal, lustful, sanguinary, living by war and rapine, delighting in bloodshed and devastation. They were ignorant, and utterly incapable of understanding the doctrines of a refined morality. We judge modern Europe by its writers, by the *élite* of its people—let us judge Rome and Athens by the same test. Compare the Roman law, its admirable system of jurisprudence evincing a state of cultivation not now surpassed; compare the acute disquisitions, the high-toned morality, the profound researches of the Grecian philosophers with any thing which the Barbarians can offer. How different is the brutal picture of the one people, from the high civilization of the other! and yet does M. de Chateaubriand talk about the innocence and simple virtues of this brutal and barbaric race! But has he forgotten that Christianity had spread throughout the Roman world before the Barbarians were converted? That the Pagan religion was extinct before the destruction of the Roman Empire? That the Barbarians received their faith from the hands of the Romans! that they altered not the dogmas of that faith; that their lives formed a still worse exemplification of the Gospel, than those of the Romans themselves? That they were as crapulous, as avaricious, as slothful as the Romans; that they were more savage, brutal, cruel and sanguinary than their unfortunate enemies? How then, we again demand, can

these facts be made to agree with the system of M. de Chateaubriand?

This questioning must not be deemed a hunting of an author to his common-places. On the opinions above expressed, M. de Chateaubriand has built up a huge theory, which is intended to lead to serious practical results. We shall now continue our exposition.

“ **Louis XVI.** commença l'application des théories inventées sous le règne de son aïeul par les économistes et les encyclopédistes. Ce prince, honnête homme, rétablit les parlements, supprima les corvées, améliora le sort des Protestants. Enfin le secours qu'il prêta à la révolution d'Amérique (secours injuste selon le droit privé des nations, mais utile à l'espèce humaine en général) acheva de développer en France les germes de la liberté. La monarchie parlementaire, réveillée à la fin de la monarchie absolue rappelle la monarchie constitutionnelle : le roi martyr quitte le monde. C'est entre les fonts baptismaux de Clovis et l'échafaud de Louis XVI. qu'il faut placer le grand empire chrétien des Français. La même religion étoit debout aux deux barrières qui marquent les deux extrémités de cette longue arène. ‘Doux Sicambre, incline le col, adore ce que tu as brûlé, brûles ce que tu as adoré’ dit le prêtre qui administrait à Clovis le baptême d'eau. ‘Fils de Saint Louis montez au ciel’ dit le prêtre qui assistoit Louis XVI. au baptême de sang.”

This is one of those theatric flourishes which offend every correct and masculine taste, and of which we have above complained. It bears about the same relation to good writing, that the melodramatic exaggerations of the Coburg do to good acting. The continuation of the passage is, if possible, in still worse taste.

“Alors le vieux monde fut submergé. Quand les flots d'anarchie se retirèrent, Napoléon parut à l'entrée d'un nouvel univers, comme ces géants que l'histoire profane et sacrée nous peint au berceau de la société, et qui se montrèrent à la terre après le déluge.

“Ainsi j'amène du pied de la croix au pied de l'échafaud de Louis XVI. ces trois vérités qui sont au fond de l'ordre social ; la vérité religieuse, la vérité philosophique, ou l'indépendance de l'esprit de l'homme, et la vérité politique, ou la liberté. Je cherche à démontrer que l'espèce humaine suit une ligne progressive dans la civilisation, alors même qu'elle semble rétrograder.”—p. cli.

This last quotation shows the identity of opinion in the case of M. de Chateaubriand and his contemporaries. The following passage confirms this assertion.

“Le siècle de Louis XIV. fut le superbe catafalque de nos libertés, éclairé par mille flambeaux de la gloire qu'élevait à l'entour un cortège de grands hommes.

“Louis XIV., comme Napoléon, chacun avec la différence de son temps et de leur génie, substituèrent l'ordre à la liberté,

"La monarchie absolue de Louis XIV. étoit une nécessité, un fait amené par les faits précédents ; elle étoit inévitable."—*Preface*, p. cxlv.

"Le despotisme de Louis XIV. fut un fait progressif naturel, venu à point dans son temps, dans son lieu, un resultat inévitable des opinions et des mœurs à cette époque, un anneau de la chaîne qui servoit à joindre le principe repudié de la liberté au principe non encore adopté de l'égalité."—vol. iv. p. 434.

This is the theory of the fatalist school, pure and without modification. In the same way that M. de Chateaubriand justifies the despotism of Louis XIV. they justify the horrors of the revolution; they deem them inevitable evils; a necessary link of a chain, &c., after the very words of the above-quoted passage. But employed to this end the theory undergoes M. de Chateaubriand's grave reprehension; employed to make the world properly understand the persecution of the Protestants by Louis XIV., he deems it just and laudable. It is a curious circumstance, that in his eyes the friends of persecution, superstition, and despotism, are ever in the right.

Applying this same theory to the explication of phenomena connected with the rise of Christianity, he says

"De toutes parts on démolit les temples ; perte à jamais déplorable pour les arts ; mais le monument matériel succomba, comme toujours, sous la force intellectuelle de l'idée entrée dans la conviction du genre humain."—vol. ii. p. 207.

He forgets this theory, however, when there is an opportunity of decrying Condorcet. At the abolition of privileges, Condorcet, in order to insure their destruction, proposed that the charters which conferred them should be destroyed also. This was no unwise precaution, and though some historic documents were lost thereby, still, as in the case of the heathen temples, "le monument matériel succomba, comme toujours, sous la force intellectuelle de l'idée entrée dans la conviction du genre humain." The loss of these historic documents was of little or no moment to *general* history, since the evidence which they contained of the general facts was elsewhere preserved; but it served to cut up by the roots each particular claim, and in so far was a benefit without attendant mischief. The destruction of the Pagan temples was the effect of blind and furious bigotry aided by priestly avarice.\* It did not contribute to the establishment of Chris-

\* Sed postquam rerum facies mutata est, et aboleri cœpit stolidæ paganitatis error, jura etiam et privilegia sublata sunt. D. Ambrosius, lib. 2. "Et certe ante plurimos annos templorum jura toto orbe sublata sunt." Nainquo, ut verissime dixit Papius,

tianity, for Christianity was already established. The preservation of the Pantheon has, we conceive, not retarded the advance of the Christian faith. In truth, the destruction of these beautiful specimens of art was pure unmingled mischief. The destruction of the old parchments proposed by Condorcet was, on the contrary, good without any mixture of evil. But supposing the act ever so injudicious (instead of being, as it was, the wise result of much forethought,) it did not deserve the brutal joke which the mild humanity of Christian virtue, shining through the professions of M. de Chateaubriand, has permitted him to indulge in.

"Condorcet," he says, "malgré tous ses soins, ne se tint pas si fort assuré de l'égalité, qu'il ne s'en précautionnât d'une bonne dose dans le poison qu'il portoit habituellement sur lui."

When, amidst hostility, and the wild turbulence of political strife, there is found a right-minded and hearty admission of worth in one opponent by another, there arises in every candid mind a springing exultation of honest pride in the worthiness of the race to which we belong. We feel ourselves exalted by the liberal spirit of our fellow-man, and learn to think better of the whole species from the noble specimen of liberality which the individual evinces. But if such be our feelings of pride at the good feelings of our fellows, humiliation follows but too acutely when bigot hatred vents its spite against its opponent, no matter how noble, how excellent; that bigot hatred, which can see no virtue if it belong not to a fellow partizan, which in its wild and indiscriminate rage is not only unable to appreciate worth in others, but also, towards an enemy, forgets the very decencies and humanities of life. If the one exhibition is to us an honour, the other but too certainly is a bitter degradation.

For the further understanding of M. de Chateaubriand's system, we must refer the reader to the work itself; and now conclude with one observation as to the merits of the work, considered as an original history. From what has been already stated, it must be evident to every one, that it is composed in a spirit in direct opposition to the history of Gibbon; but it would hardly

*Præp. lib. 5, Sylv., "Qui bonâ fide deos colit, amat et sacerdotes. Itaque eorum aris aversis, consentaneum fuit aboleri privilegia ministris eorum concessa, et augescere Christianitate sacerdotibus et ministris Dei indulgeri."*—Car. H. Fabrotus, ad Tit. Cod. Theod. de Pag. in the collection of Otto, vol. iii. p. 1127. M. de Chateaubriand distinctly admits the assertion of the text; see vol. ii. p. 219. He there acknowledges and justifies the persecution by the Christians, and uses an expression, which, if applied to the French revolution, he would have covered with reprobation: "Mais quoi qu'il en soit, Dieu qui punit l'injustice particulière de l'individu, n'en laisse pas moins s'accomplir les révolutions générales, calculées sur les besoins de l'espèce."

he believed that the history of M. de Chateaubriand is throughout a marked plagiarism of Gibbon's narration. Having followed the two works, page by page, we make this assertion without fear of contradiction. M. de Chateaubriand seems himself aware of the circumstance, since he mentions Gibbon only some two or three times, and always with dispraise. The distinguishing excellencies of Gibbon are, first, his almost unrivalled erudition; and second, his incomparable power of collecting and arranging events. He knew better than any other historian how to make a complicated series clear and intelligible; when to narrow, when to expand the stream of his narration, what to dwell on, what to discard. His track has been followed step by step; and not only his track has been followed, but the very events which he has selected, the striking expressions he has collected, have all been taken by M. de Chateaubriand. If two men were to determine to go over and describe a particular portion of history, though they might read the same books, and would investigate the same body of evidence, yet, if there were no privity between them, the events which they would select to picture forth the same time would not be identical; neither would the passages chosen from the various authors they read be the same. Let any one not aware of this circumstance compare any two really original historians of the same period. For example, compare such portions of Gibbon's history as relate to the Italian republics with the history of M. de Sismondi. He will see, moreover, that M. de Sismondi is never fearful of acknowledging his debt to Gibbon, when he owes it; he quotes him as he would any other authority. Not so, however, with M. de Chateaubriand, he preserves a dead silence respecting him; and it is only by chance that we learn from him that such a writer as Gibbon ever existed, ever collected the authorities which M. de Chateaubriand so freely uses. If any one be desirous of seeing how a narrative may be stolen and yet spoiled, let him read Gibbon's description of the invasion of Greece by Alaric, c. xxx, and then peruse M. de Chateaubriand's translated copy of that description, vol. ii. commencing p. 268. The effect of this process will be much more vivid than any statement of ours.

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ART. IV.—*Reinecke der Fuchs übersetzt*, von D. W. Soltau.  
(*Reynard the Fox*, translated by D. W. Soltau.) 2d edition.  
8vo. Lüneburg: 1830.

IT is not with Herr Soltau's work, and its merits or demerits, that we here purpose to concern ourselves. The old Low-German Apologue was already familiar under many shapes; in versions into Latin, English, and all modern tongues: if it now comes before our German friends under a new shape, and they can read it not only in Gottsched's prosaic Prose, and Goethe's poetic Hexameters, but also "in the metre of the original," namely, in Doggrel; and this, as would appear, not without comfort, for it is "the second edition";—doubtless the Germans themselves will look to it, will direct Herr Soltau aright in his praiseworthy labours, and, with all suitable speed, forward him from his second edition into a third. To us strangers the fact is chiefly interesting as another little memento of the indestructible vitality there is in worth, however rude; and to stranger Reviewers, as it brings that wondrous old Fiction, with so much else that holds of it, once more specifically into view.

The Apologue of *Reynard the Fox* ranks undoubtedly among the most remarkable Books, not only as a German, but, in all senses, as a European one; and yet for us perhaps its extrinsic, historical character, is even more noteworthy than its intrinsic. In Literary History it forms, so to speak, the culminating point, or highest manifestation of a Tendency which had ruled the two prior centuries: ever downwards from the last of the Hohenstauffen Emperors, and the end of their Swabian Era, to the borders of the Reformation, rudiments and fibres of this singular Fable are seen, among innumerable kindred things, fashioning themselves together; and now, after three other centuries of actual existence, it still stands visible and entire, venerable in itself, and the enduring memorial of much that has proved more perishable. Thus, naturally enough, it figures as the representative of a whole group that historically cluster round it; in studying its significance, we study that of a whole intellectual period.

As this section of German Literature closely connects itself with the corresponding section of European Literature, and indeed offers an expressive, characteristic epitome thereof, some insight into it, were such easily procurable, might not be without profit. No Literary Historian that we know of, least of all any in England, having looked much in this direction, either as concerned Germany or other countries, whereby a long space of time, once busy enough, and full of life, now lies barren and void in men's memories,—we shall here endeavour to present, in such clearness as

first attempts may admit, the result of some slight researches of our own in regard to it.

The *Troubadour Period* in general Literature, to which the *Swabian Era* in German answers, has, especially within the last generation, attracted inquiry enough; the French have their Raynouards, we our Webers, the Germans their Haügs, Gräters, Langs, and numerous other Collectors and Translators of *Minne-lieder*; among whom Ludwig Tieck, the foremost in far other provinces, has not disdained to take the lead. We shall suppose that this Literary Period is partially known to all readers. Let each recal whatever he has learned or figured regarding it; represent to himself that brave, young heyday of Chivalry and Minstrelsy, when a stein Barbarossa, a stein Lion-heart, sang *serventes*, and with the hand that could wield the sword and sceptic twanged the melodious strings; when knights-errant tilted, and ladies' eyes rained bright influences; and suddenly, as at some sunrise, the whole Earth had grown vocal and musical. 'Then truly was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of Song; as if the Spring of Manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray, not indeed without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music, were bidding it welcome. This was the *Swabian Era*; justly reckoned not only superior to all preceding eras, but properly the First Era of German Literature. Poetry had at length found a home in the life of men; and every pure soul was inspired by it; and in words, or still better, in actions, strove to give it utterance.

"Believers," says Tieck, "sang of Faith; Lovers of Love; Knights described knightly actions and battles, and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The Spring, Beauty, Gaiety, were objects that could never tire, great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely the stronger they were painted, and as the pillars and dome of the Church encircled the flock, so did Religion, as the Highest, encircle Poetry and Reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her."<sup>\*</sup>

Let the reader, we say, fancy all this, and moreover that, as earthly things do, it is all passing away. And now, from this extreme verge of the *Swabian Era*, let us look forward into the *inane* of the next two centuries, and see whether there also some shadows and dim forms, significant in their kind, may not begin to grow visible. Already, as above indicated, *Rennecke de Fos* rises clear in the distance, as the goal of our survey: let us now,

<sup>\*</sup> *Minnelieder aus dem Schwabischen Zeitalter. (Vorrede, x.)*

restricting ourselves to the German aspects of the matter, examine what may lie between.

Conrad the Fourth, who died in 1254, was the last of the Swabian Emperors; and Conradin his son, grasping too early at a Southern Crown, perished on the scaffold at Naples in 1268; with which stripling, more fortunate in song than in war, and whose death, or murder, with fourteen years of other cruelty, the *Sicilian vespers* so frightfully avenged, the imperial line of the Hohenstauffen came to an end. Their House, as we have seen, gives name to a Literary Era; and truly, if dates alone were regarded, we might reckon it much more than a name. For with this change of dynasty, a great change in German Literature begins to indicate itself; the fall of the Hohenstauffen is close followed by the decay of Poetry; as if that fair flowerage and umbrage, which blossomed far and wide round the Swabian Family, had in very deed depended on it for growth and life; and now, the stem being felled, the leaves also were languishing, and soon to wither and drop away. Conradin, as his father and his grandfather had been, was a singer; some lines of his, though he died in his sixteenth year, have even come down to us; but henceforth no crowned poet, except, long afterwards, some few with cheap laurel crowns, is to be met with: the Gay Science was visibly declining. In such times as now came, the court and the great could no longer patronise it; the polity of the Empire was, by one convulsion after another, all but utterly dismembered; ambitious nobles, a sovereign without power; contention, violence, distress, everywhere prevailing. Richard of Cornwall, who could not so much as keep hold of his sceptre, not to speak of swaying it wisely; or even the brave Rudolf of Hapsburg, who manfully accomplished both these duties, had other work to do than sweet singing. *Gay Wars of the Wartburg* were now changed to stern *Battles of the Marchfeld*; in his leisure hours a good Emperor, instead of twanging harps, must hammer from his helmet the dints it had got in his working and fighting hours.\* Amid such rude tumults the Minne-Song could not but change its scene and tone; if, indeed, it continued at all, which, however, it scarcely did; for now, no longer united in courtly choir, it seemed to lose both its sweetness and its force, gradually became

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\* It was on this famous plain of the Marchfeld that Ottocar, King of Bohemia, conquered Bela of Hungary, in 1260; and was himself, in 1278, conquered and slain by Rudolf of Hapsburg, at that time much left to his own resources; whose talent for mending helmets, however, is perhaps but a poetical tradition. Curious, moreover it was here again, after more than five centuries, that the House of Hapsburgh received its worst overthrow, and from a new and greater Rudolf, namely, from Napoleon, at Wagram, which lies in the middle of this same Marchfeld.

mute, or in remote obscure corners lived on, feeble and inaudible, till after several centuries, when under a new title, and with far inferior claims, it again solicits some notice from us.

Doubtless, in this posture of affairs political, the progress of Literature could be little forwarded from without; in some directions, as in that of Court-Poetry, we may admit that it was obstructed or altogether stopped. But why not only Court-Poetry, but Poetry of all sorts should have declined, and as it were gone out, is quite another question; to which, indeed, as men must have their theory on everything, answer has often been attempted, but only with partial success. To most of the German Literary Historians this so ungenial condition of the Court and Government appears enough: by the warlike, altogether practical character of Rudolf, by the imbecile ambition of his successors, by the general prevalence of feuds and lawless disorder, the death of Poetry seems fully accounted for. In which conclusion of theirs, allowing all force to the grounds it rests on, we cannot but perceive that there lurks some fallacy. The fallacy namely, so common in these times, of deducing the inward and spiritual exclusively from the outward and material; of tacitly, perhaps unconsciously, denying all independent force, or even life, to the former, and looking out for the secret of its vicissitudes solely in some circumstance belonging to the latter. Now it cannot be too often repeated, where it continues still unknown or forgotten, that man has a soul as certainly as he has a body; nay, much more certainly; that properly it is the course of his unsecu, spiritual life, which informs and rules his external visible life, rather than receives rule from it; in which spiritual life, indeed, and not in any outward action or condition arising from it, the true secret of his history lies, and is to be sought after, and indefinitely approached. Poetry above all, we should have known long ago, is one of those mysterious things whose origin and developments never can be what we call explained; often it seems to us like the wind, blowing where it lists, coming and departing with little or no regard to any the most cunning theory that has yet been devised of it. Least of all does it seem to depend on court patronage, the form of government, or any modification of politics or economics, catholic as these influences have now become in our philosophy: it lives in a snow-clad, sulphureous Iceland, and not in a sunny, wine-growing France; flourishes under an arbitrary Elizabeth, and dies out under a constitutional George; Philip II. has his Cervantes, and in prison; Washington and Jackson have only their Coopers and Brownes. Why did poetry appear so brightly after the Battles of Thermopylæ and Salamis, and quite turn away her face and wings from those of Lexington and Bunker's

Hill? We answer, the Greeks were a poetical people, the Americans are not; that is to say, it appeared because it did appear! On the whole, we could desire that one of two things should happen: Either that our theories and genetic histories of Poetry should henceforth cease, and mankind rest satisfied, once for all, with Dr. Cabbitis' theory, which seems to be the simplest, that "Poetry is a product of the smaller intestines," and must be cultivated medically by the exhibition of castor-oil: Or else that, in future speculations of this kind, we should endeavour to start with some recognition of the fact, once well known, and still in words admitted, that Poetry is Inspiration; has in it a certain spirituality and divinity which no dissecting-knife will discover; arises in the most secret and most sacred region of man's soul, as it were in our Holy of Holies; and as for external things, depends only on such as can operate in that region; among which it will be found that Acts of Parliament, and the state of the Smithfield markets, nowise play the chief part.

With regard to this change in German Literature, especially, it is to be remarked, that the phenomenon was not a German, but a European one; whereby we easily infer, so much at least, that the roots of it must have lain deeper than in any change from Hohenstauffen Emperors to Hapsburg ones. For now the Troubadours and Trouveres, as well as the Minnesingers, were sinking into silence; the world seemed to have rhymed itself out; those chivalrous roundelays, heroic tales, mythologies, and quaint love-sicknesses, had grown unprofitable to the ear. In fact, Chivalry itself was in the wane; and with it that gay melody, like its other pomp. More earnest business, not sportfully, but with harsh endeavour, was now to be done. The graceful minuet-dance of Fancy must give place to the toilsome, thorny pilgrimage of Understanding. Life and its appurtenances and possessions, which had been so admired and besung, now disclosed, the more they came to be investigated, the more contradictions. The Church no longer rose with its pillars "like a venerable dome over the united flock;" but, more accurately seen into, was a straight prison, full of unclean creeping things; against which thralldom all better spirits could not but murmur and struggle. Everywhere greatness and littleness seemed so inexplicably blended: Nature, like the Sphinx, her emblem, with her fair woman's face and neck, showed also the claws of a Lioness. Now too her Riddle had been propounded; and thousands of subtle, disputatious Schoolmen were striving earnestly to read it, that they might live, morally live, that the monster might not devour them. These, like strong swimmers, in boundless, bottomless vortices of Logic, swam manfully, but could not get to land.

On a better course, yet with the like aim, Physical Science was also unfolding itself. A Roger Bacon, an Albert the Great, are cheering appearances in this era: not blind to the greatness of Nature, yet no longer with poetic reverence of her, but venturing fearlessly into her recesses, and extorting from her many a secret; the first victories of that long series which is to make man more and more her King. Thus everywhere we have the image of contest, of effort. The spirit of man, which once, in peaceful, loving communion with the Universe, had uttered forth its gladness in Song, now feels hampered and hemmed in, and struggles vehemently to make itself room. Power is the one thing needful, and that Knowledge which is Power: thus also Intellect becomes the grand faculty, in which all the others are well nigh absorbed.

Poetry, which has been defined as "the harmonious unison of Man with Nature," could not flourish in this temper of the times. The number of poets, or rather versifiers, henceforth greatly diminishes; their style also, and topics, are different and less poetical. Men wish to be practically instructed rather than poetically amused: Poetry itself must assume a preceptorial character, and teach wholesome saws and moral maxims, or it will not be listened to. Singing for the Song's sake is now nowhere practised; but in its stead there is everywhere the jar and bustle of argument, investigation, contentious activity. Such throughout the fourteenth century is the general aspect of mind over Europe. In Italy alone is there a splendid exception: the mystic song of Dante, with its stern, indignant moral, is followed by the light love-rhymes of Petrarch, the Troubadour of Italy, when this class was extinct elsewhere: the master minds of that country, peculiar in its social and moral condition, still more in its relations to classical Antiquity, pursue a course of their own. But only the master minds; for Italy too has its Dialecticians, and projectors, and reformers; nay, after Petrarch, these take the lead; and there, as elsewhere, in their discords and loud assiduous toil, the voice of Poetry dies away.

To search out the causes of this great revolution, which lie not in Politics nor Statistics, would lead us far beyond our depth. Meanwhile let us remark that the change is nowise to be considered as a relapse, or fall from a higher state of spiritual culture to a lower; but rather, so far as we have objects to compare it with, as a quite natural progress and higher developement of culture. In the history of the universal mind, there is a certain analogy to that of the individual. Our first self-consciousness is the first revelation to us of a whole universe, wondrous and altogether good: it is a feeling of joy and new-found strength, of

mysterious infinite hope and capability; and in all men, either by word or act, expresses itself poetically. The world without us and within us, beshone by the young light of Love, and all instinct with a divinity, is beautiful and great: it seems for us a boundless happiness that we are privileged to live. This is the season of generous deeds and feelings; which also, on the lips of the gifted, form themselves into musical utterance, and give spoken poetry as well as acted. Nothing is calculated and measured, but all is loved, believed, appropriated. All action is spontaneous; high sentiment, a sure, imperishable good: and thus the youth stands, like the First Man, in his fair Garden, giving Names to the bright Appearances of this Universe which he has inherited, and rejoicing in it as glorious and divine. Ere long, however, comes a harsher time. Under the first beauty of man's life appears an infinite, earnest rigour: high sentiment will not avail, unless it can continue to be translated into noble action; which problem, in the destiny appointed for man born to toil, is difficult, interminable, capable of only approximate solution. What flowed softly in melodious coherence when seen and sung from a distance, proves rugged and unmanageable when practically handled. The fervid, lyrical gladness of past years gives place to a collected thoughtfulness and energy; nay often—so painful, so unexpected are the contradictions everywhere met with—to gloom, sadness and anger; and not till after long struggles and hard-contested victories is the youth changed into a man.

Without pushing the comparison too far, we may say that in the culture of the European mind, or in Literature which is the symbol and product of this, a certain similarity of progress is manifested. That tuneful Chivalry, that high cheerful devotion to the Godlike in heaven, and to Women, its emblems on earth; those Crusades and vernal Love-songs were the heroic doings of the world's youth; to which also a corresponding manhood succeeded. Poetic recognition is followed by scientific examination: the reign of Fancy, with its gay images, and graceful, capricious sports, has ended; and now Understanding, which when reunited to Poetry, will one day become Reason and a nobler Poetry, has to do its part. Meantime, while there is no such union but a more and more widening controversy, prosaic discord and the unmusical sounds of labour and effort are alone audible.

The era of the Troubadours, who in Germany are the Minnesingers, gave place in that country, as in all others, to a period which we might name the Didactic; for Literature now ceased to be a festal melody, and addressing itself rather to the intellect than to the heart, became as it were a school lesson. Instead of that cheerful, warbling Song of Love and Devotion, wherein

nothing was taught, but all was believed and worshipped, we have henceforth only wise Apologues, Fables, Satires, Exhortations, and all manner of edifying Moralities. Poetry, indeed, continued still to be the form of composition for all that can be named Literature; except Chroniclers, and others of that genus, valuable not as doers of the work, but as witnesses of the work done, these Teachers all wrote in verse: nevertheless, in general there are few elements of Poetry in their performances; the internal structure has nothing poetical, is a mere business-like prose: in the rhyme alone, at most in the occasional graces of expression, could we discover that it reckoned itself poetical. In fact, we may say that Poetry, in the old sense, had now altogether gone out of sight: instead of her heavenly vesture and Ariel-harp, she had put on earthly weeds, and walked abroad with ferula and horn-book. It was long before this new guise would sit well on her; only in late centuries that she could fashion it into beauty, and learn to move with it, and mount with it, gracefully as of old.

Looking now more specially to our historical task, if we inquire how far into the subsequent time this Didactic Period extended, no precise answer can well be given. On this side there seem no positive limits to it; with many superficial modifications, the same fundamental element pervades all spiritual efforts of mankind through the following centuries. We may say that it is felt even in the Poetry of our own time; nay, must be felt through all time; inasmuch as Inquiry once awakened cannot fall asleep, or exhaust itself: thus Literature must continue to have a didactic character; and the Poet of these days is he who, not indeed by mechanical but by poetical methods, can instruct us, can more and more evolve for us the mystery of our Life. However, after a certain space, this Didactic Spirit in Literature cannot, as a historical partition and landmark, be available here. At the era of the Reformation, it reaches its acme; and, in singular shape, steps forth on the high places of Public Business, and amid storms and thunder, not without brightness and true fire from Heaven, convulsively renovates the world. This is, as it were, the apotheosis of the Didactic Spirit, where it first attains a really poetical concentration, and stimulates mankind into heroism of word and of action also. Of the latter, indeed, still more than of the former; for not till a much more recent time, almost till our own time, has Inquiry in some measure again reconciled itself to Belief; and Poetry, though in detached tones, arisen on us, as a true musical Wisdom. Thus is the deed, in certain circumstances, readier and greater than the word: Action strikes fiery light from the rocks it has to hew

through; Poetry reposes in the skyeey splendour which that rough passage has led to. But after Luther's day, this Didactic Teudency again sinks to a lower level; mingles with manifold other tendeneies; among which, admitting that it still forms the main stream, it is no longer so pre-eminent, positive, and universal, as properly to characterize the whole. For minor Periods and subdivisions in Literary History, other more superficial characteristics must, from time to time, be fixed on.

Neither, examining the other limit of this Period, can we say specially where it begins; for, as usual in these things, it begins not at once, but by degrees: Kings' reigns and changes in the form of Government have their day and date; not so changes in the spiritual condition of a people. The Minnesinger Period and the Didactic may be said to commingle, as it were, to overlap each other, for above a century: some writers partially belonging to the latter class occur even prior to the times of Friedrich II.; and a certain echo of the Minne-song had continued down to Manesse's day, under Ludwig the Bavarian.

Thus from the Minnesingers to the Church Reformers, we have a wide space of between two and three centuries; in which, of course, it is impossible for us to do more than point out one or two of the leading appearances; a minute survey and exposition being foreign from our object.

Among the Minnesingers themselves, as already hinted, there are not wanting some with an occasionally didactic character: Gottfried of Strasburg, known also as a translator of *Sir Tristrem*, and two other Singers, Reinmar von Zweter, and Walter von der Vogelweide, are noted in this respect; the last two especially, for their oblique glances at the Pope and his Monks, the unsound condition of which body could not escape even a Love-miunstrel's eye.\* But perhaps the special step of transition may

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\* Reinmar von Zweter, for example, says once:

“*Har und bart nach Klostersitten gesnitten  
Des vind ich genog,  
Ich vinde aber der nit vil dics rehte tragen;*

*Halb visch halb man ist visch noch man  
Gar visch ist visch, gar man ist man,  
Als ich erkennen kan:  
Von hofmunchen und von Klosterrittern  
Kan ich niht gesagen:  
Hofmunchen, Klosterrittern, diesen beiden  
Wolt ich reht ze rehte wol bescheiden,  
Ob sie sich wolten lassen vinden,*

*Da sie ze rehte solten wesen;  
In Kloster münche solten genesen,  
So suln des hofs sich ritter unterwinden.*

“*Har and beard cut in the cloister fashion  
Of this find I enough,  
But of those that wear it well I find not  
many;  
Half-fish half-man is neither fish nor man,  
Whole fish is fish, whole man is man,  
As I discover can:  
Of court-monks and of cloister-knights  
Can I not speak:  
Court-monks, cloister-knights, these both  
Would I rightly put to rights,  
Whether they would let themselves be  
found  
Where they by right should be;  
In their cloister monks should flourish,  
And knights obey at court.*

be still better marked in the works of a rhymers named the *Stricker*, whose province was the epic, or narrative; into which he seems to have introduced this new character in unusual measure. As the *Stricker* still retains some shadow of a place in Literary History, the following notice of him may be borrowed here. Of his personal history, it may be premised, nothing whatever is known; not even why he bears this title; unless it be, as some have fancied, that *Stricker*, which now signifies *Knitter*, in those days meant *Schreiber* (Writer):

"In truth," says Bouterwek, "this pains-taking man was more a writer than a Poet, yet not altogether without talent in that latter way. Voluminous enough, at least, is his redaction of an older epic work on the *War of Charlemagne with the Saracens in Spain*, the old German original of which is perhaps nothing more than a translation from the Latin or French. Of a Poet in the *Stricker's* day, when the romantic Epos had attained such polish among the Germans, one might have expected that this ancient Fiction, since he was pleased to remodel it, would have served as the material to a new poetic creation; or at least, that he would have breathed into it some new and more poetic spirit. But such a developement of these Charlemagne Fables was reserved for the *Italian Poets*. The *Stricker* has not only left the matter of the old Tale almost unaltered, but has even brought out its unpoetical lineaments in stronger light. The fanatical piety with which it is overloaded, probably appeared to him its chief merit. To convert these cast-away Heathens, or failing this, to annihilate them, Charlemagne takes the field. Next to him, the hero Roland plays a main part there. Consultations are held, ambassadors negotiate; war breaks out with all its terrors; the Heathen fight stoutly: at length comes the well known defeat of the Franks at Ronceval, or Roncevaux; where, however, the Saracens also lose so many men, that their King Marsilies dies of grief. The Narrative is divided into chapters, each chapter again into sections, an epitome of which is always given at the outset. Miracles occur in the story, but for most part only such as tend to evince how God himself inspired the Christians against the Heathen. Of any thing like free, bold flights of imagination there is little to be met with: the higher features of the genuine romantic epos are altogether wanting. In return, it has a certain didactic temper, which, indeed, announces itself even in the Introduction. The latter, it should be added, prepossesses us in the Poet's favour: testifying with what warm interest the noble and great in man's life affected him."\*

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See also in *Flügel*, (*Geschichte der Römischen Litteratur*, b. iii. s. 11.) immediately following this Extract, a formidable dinner-course of *Lies*,—boiled lies, roasted lies, lies with saffron, forced-meat lies, and other varieties, arranged by this same artist;—farther, (in page 9,) a rather gallant onslaught from Walter von der Vogelweide, on the *Babest* (Pope, *Papst*.) himself. All this was before the middle of the thirteenth century.

\* Bouterwek, ix. 245. Other versified Narratives by this worthy *Stricker*, still exist; but for the most part only in manuscript. Of these the History of *Wilhelm von Blumethal*, a Round-table adventurer, appears to be the principal. The Poem on Charlemagne stands printed in Schilter's *Thesaurus*; its exact date is matter only of conjecture.

The *Wälsche Gast* (Italian Guest) of Zirkler, or Tirkeler, who professes, truly or not, to be from Friuli, and, as a benevolent Stranger, or *Guest*, tells the Germans hard truths somewhat in the spirit of Juvenal; even the famous *Meister Freidank* (Master Freethought) with his wise Book of rhymed Maxims, entitled *Die Bescheidenheit* (Modesty); still more the sagacious *Tyro, King of Scots*, quite omitted in history, but who teaches *Friedebrand, his Son*, with some discrimination, how to choose a good priest; —all these, with others of still thinner substance, rise before us only as faint shadows, and must not linger in our field of vision. Greatly the most important figure in the earlier part of this era is Hugo von Trimberg, to whom we must now turn; author of various poetico-preceptorial works, one of which, named the *Renner* (Runner), has long been known not only to antiquarians, but, in some small degree, even to the general reader. Of Hugo's Biography he has himself incidentally communicated somewhat. His surname he derives from Trimberg, his birth-place, a village on the Saale, not far from Würzburg, in Franconia. By profession he appears to have been a Schoolmaster: in the conclusion of his *Renner*, he announces that "he kept school for forty years at Thürstadt, near Bamberg;" farther, that his Book was finished in 1300, which date he confirms by other local circumstances.

"Der dies Buch gedichtet hat,  
Der pfleg der schulen zu Thürstat.  
Vierzig jar vor Babenberg,  
Und hieß Hugo von Trymberg.  
Es ward follenbracht das ist wahr,  
Da tausent und dreyhundert jar  
Nach Christus Geburt vergangen waren,  
Drithalbs jar gleich vor den jaren  
Da die Juden in Franken wurden erschlagen.  
Bey der zeit und in den tagen,  
Da bischoff Leupolt bischoff was  
Zu Babenberg."

Some have supposed that the Schoolmaster dignity, claimed here, refers not to actual wielding of the birch, but to a Mastership and practice of instructing in the art of Poetry, which about this time began to have its scholars and even guild-brethren, as the feeble remnants of Minne-song gradually took the new shape, in which we afterwards see it, of *Meister-gesang* (Master-song): but for this hypothesis, so plain are Hugo's own words, there seems little foundation. It is uncertain whether he was a clerical personage, certain enough that he was not a monk: at all events, he must have been a man of reading and knowledge; industrious in study, and superior in literary acquirement to most in that time. By a collateral account, we

find that he had gathered a library of two hundred Books; among which were a whole dozen by himself, five in Latin, seven in German, hoping that by means of these, and the furtherance they would yield in the pedagogic craft, he might live at ease in his old days; in which hope, however, he had been disappointed; seeing, as himself rather feelingly complains, "no one now cares to study knowledge (*Kunst*), which, nevertheless, deserves honour and favour." What these twelve Books of Hugo's own writing were, can, for most part, only be conjectured. Of one, entitled the *Sammler* (Collector), he himself makes mention in the *Renner*: he had begun it above thirty years before this latter; but having by ill accident lost great part of his manuscript, abandoned it in anger. Of another work, Flögel has discovered the following notice in Johann Wolf:

"About this time (1599) did that virtuous and learned nobleman, Conrad von Liebenstein, present to me a manuscript of Hugo von Trimberg, who flourished about the year 1300. It sets forth the shortcomings of all ranks, and especially complains of the clergy. It is entitled *Reu ins Land* (Repentance to the Land); and now lies with the Lord of Zillhart."\*

The other ten appear to have vanished even to the last vestige.

Such is the whole sum-total of information which the assiduity of commentators has collected touching worthy Hugo's life and fortunes. Pleasant it were to see him face to face; gladly would we penetrate through that long vista of five hundred years, and peep into his book-presses, his frugal fireside, his noisy mansion with its disobedient urchins, now that it is all grown so silent: but the distance is too far, the intervening medium intercepts our light; only in uncertain, fluctuating dusk, will Hugo and his environment appear to us. Nevertheless, Hugo, as he had in Nature, has in History, an immortal part: as to his inward man, we can still see that he was no mere bookworm, or simple Parson Adams; but of most observant eye; shrewd, inquiring, considerate, who from his Thurstadt school-chair, as from a *sedes exploratoria*, had looked abroad into the world's business, and formed his own theory about many things. A cheerful, gentle heart had been given him; a quiet, sly humour; light to see beyond the garments and outer hulls of Life into Life itself: the long-necked purse, the threadbare-gabardine, the languidly-simmering pot of his pedagogic household establishment were a small matter to him: he was a man to look on these things with a meek smile; to nestle down quietly, as the lark, in the lowest furrow; nay to mount therefrom singing, and soar above all mere

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\* Flögel, (iii. 15,) who quotes for it, *Wolfii Lexicon. Memorab.* t. ii. p. 1061.

earthly heights. How many potentates, and principalities, and proud belligerents have evaporated into utter oblivion, while the poor Thürrstadt Schoolmaster still holds together!

This *Renner*, which seems to be his final work, probably comprises the essence of all those lost Volumes; and indeed a synopsis of Hugo's whole Philosophy of Life, such as his two hundred Books and long decades of quiet observation and reflexion had taught him. Why it has been named the *Renner*, whether by Hugo himself, or by some witty Editor and Transcriber, there are two guesses forthcoming, and no certain reason. One guess is that this Book was to *run* after the lost Tomes, and make good to mankind the deficiency occasioned by want of them; which happy-thought, hide-bound though it be, might have seemed sprightly enough to Hugo and that age. The second guess is that our Author, in the same style of easy wit, meant to say, this Book must *hasten* and run out into the world, and do him a good turn quickly, while it was yet time, he being so very old. But leaving this, we may remark, with certainty enough, that what we have left of Hugo was first printed under this title of *Renner*, at Frankfort on the Mayn, in 1549; and quite incorrectly, being modernized to all lengths, and often without understanding of the sense; the Edition moreover is now rare, and Lessing's project of a new one did not take effect; so that, except in Manuscripts, of which there are many, and in printed Extracts, which also are numerous, the *Renner* is to most readers a sealed book.

In regard to its literary merit opinions seem to be nearly unanimous. The highest merit, that of poetical unity, or even the lower merit of logical unity, is not ascribed to it by the warmest panegyrist. Apparently this work had been a sort of store-chest, wherein the good Hugo had, from time to time, deposited the fruits of his meditation as they chanced to ripen for him; here a little, and there a little, in all varieties of kind; till the chest being filled, or the fruits nearly exhausted, it was sent forth and published to the world, by the easy process of turning up the bottom.

'No theme,' says Bouterwek, 'leads with certainty to the other: satirical descriptions, proverbs, fables, jests, and other narratives all huddled together at random, to teach us in a poetical way a series of moral lessons. A strained and frosty Allegory opens the work: then follow the Chapters of *Meyden* (Maids); of Wicked Masters; of Pages; of Priests, Monks, and Friars, with great minuteness; then of a Young Miux with an Old Man; then of Bad Landlords, and of Robbers. Next come divers Virtues and Vices, all painted out, and judged of. Towards the end, there follows a sort of Moral Natural History; Considerations on the dispositions of various Animals; a little Botany and Physiology; then again all manner of didactic Narratives; and finally a Meditation on the Last Day.'

Whereby it would appear clearly, as hinted, that Hugo's *Runner* pursues no straight course; and only through the most labyrinthic mazes, here wandering in deep thickets, or even sinking in moist bogs, there panting over mountain-tops by narrow sheep-tracks; but for most part jigging lightly on sunny greens, accomplishes his wonderful journey.

Nevertheless, as we ourselves can testify, there is a certain charm in the worthy man; his work, such as it is, seems to flow direct from the heart, in natural, spontaneous abundance; is at once cheerful and earnest; his own simple, honest, mildly decided character is everywhere visible. Besides Hugo, as we said, is a person of understanding; has looked over many provinces of Life, not without insight; in his quiet, sly way, can speak forth a shrewd word on occasion. There is a genuine though slender vein of Humour in him; nor in his satire does he ever lose temper, but rebukes sportfully; not indeed laughing aloud, scarcely even sardonically smiling, yet with a certain subdued roguery, and patriarchal knowingness. His fancy too, if not brilliant, is copious almost beyond measure; no end to his crotchets, suppositions, minute specifications. Withal he is original: his maxims, even when professedly borrowed, have passed through the test of his own experience, all carries in it some stamp of his personality. Thus the *Renner*, though in its whole extent, perhaps too boundless and planless for ordinary nerves, makes, in the fragmentary state, no unpleasant reading: that old doggerel is not without significance; often in its straggling, broken, entangled strokes some vivid antique picture is strangely brought out for us.

As a specimen of Hugo's general manner, we select a small portion of his Chapter on *The Maidens*; that passage where he treats of the highest enterprize a maiden can engage in, the choosing of a husband. It will be seen at once that Hugo is no Minnesinger, glozing his fair audience with madrigals and hypocritical gallantry; but a quiet Natural Historian, reporting such facts as he finds, in perfect good nature, it is true, yet not without an under-current of satirical humour. His quaint style of thought, his garrulous minuteness of detail are partly apparent here. The first few lines we may give in the original also; not as they stand in the Frankfort Edition, but as professing to derive themselves from a genuine ancient source:

" Kortzyn mut und lange haar  
han die meyde sunderbar  
dy zu yren juren kommen synt  
dy wal machen yn daz hertze blynt

*dy auchgn wyrn yn den aeg  
von den auchgn get cyn steg  
tut dem hertzen nit gar lang  
uff deme steg ist vyl manng gedang  
wer sy wolt nemen oder nit."*\*

"Short of sense and long of hair,  
Strange enough the maidens are;  
Once they to their teens have got,  
Such a choosing, this or that:  
Eyes they have that ever spy,  
From the Eyes a Path doth lie  
To the Heart, and is not long,  
Hereon travel thoughts a throng,  
Whomso they will have or not."

"Woe's me," continues Hugo, "how often this same is repeated; till they grow all confused how to choose, from so many, whom they have brought in without number. First they betink them so: This one is short, that one is long; he is courtly and old, the other young and ill-favoured; this is lean, that is bald, here is one fat, there one thin; this is noble, that is weak; he never yet broke a spear: one is white, another black; that other is named Master Hack (*hartz*); this is pale, that again is red; he seldom eateth cheerful bread;"

and so on, through endless other varieties, in new streams of soft-murmuring doggrel, whereon, as on the Path it would represent, do travel thoughts a throng, whomso these fair irresolutes will have or not.

Thus, for Hugo, the age of Minstrelsy is gone: not soft Love-ditties, and hymns of Lady-worship, but sceptical criticism, importunate animadversion, not without a shade of mockery, will he indite. The age of Chivalry is gone also. To a Schoolmaster, with empty laider, the pomp of tournaments could never have been specially interesting; but now such passages of arms, how free and gallant soever, appear to him no other than the probable product of delirium. "God might well laugh, could it be," says he, "to see his mannikins live so wondrously on this Earth: two of them will take to fighting, and nowise let it alone; nothing serves but with two long spears they must ride and stick at one another: greatly to their hurt; when one is by the other skewered through the bowels or through the weazand, he hath small profit thereby. But who forced them to such straits?" The answer is too plain: some modification of Insanity. Nay so contemptuous is Hugo of all chivalrous things, that he openly grudges any time spent in reading of them; in Don Quixote's Library he would have made short work:

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\* Horn, *Geschichte und Kritik der deutschen Poesie*, s. 44.

" How Master Dietrich fought with Ecken,  
 And how of old the stalwart Recken  
 Were all by women's craft betrayed:  
 Such things you oft hear sung and said,  
 And wept at, like a case of sorrow ;—  
 Of our own Sins we'll think to-morrow."

This last is one of Hugo's darker strokes; for commonly, though moral perfection is ever the one thing needful with him, he preaches in a quite cheerful tone; nay, ever and anon, enlivens us with some timely joke. Considerable part, and apparently much the best part, of his work is occupied with satirical Fables, and *Schwänke* (jests, comic tales); of which latter class we have seen some possessing true humour, and the simplicity which is their next merit. These, however, we must wholly omit; and indeed, without farther parleying, here part company with Hugo. We leave him, not without esteem, and a touch of affection, due to one so true-hearted, and, under that old humble guise, so gifted with intellectual talent. Safely enough may be conceded him the dignity of chief moral Poet of his time; nay, perhaps, for his solid character, and modest manly ways, a much higher dignity. Though his Book can no longer be considered, what the Frankfort Editor describes it in his interminable title-page, as a universal *vade-mecum* for mankind, it is still so adorned with many fine sayings, and in itself of so curious a texture, that it seems well worth preserving. A proper Edition of the *Renner* will one day doubtless make its appearance among the Germans. Hugo is further remarkable as the precursor and prototype of Sebastian Brandt, whose *Narrenschiff* (Ship of Fools) has, with perhaps less merit, had infinitely better fortune than the *Renner*.

Some half century later in date, and no less didactic in character than Hugo's *Renner*, another work, still rising visible above the level of those times, demands some notice from us. This is the *Edelstein* (Gem) of Bonerius, or Boner, which at one time, to judge by the number of Manuscripts, whereof fourteen are still in existence, must have enjoyed great popularity; and indeed, after long years of oblivion, it has, by recent critics and redactors, been again brought into some circulation. Boner's *Gem* is a collection of a Hundred Fables done into German rhyme; and derives its proud designation not more perhaps, from the supposed excellence of the work, than from a witty allusion to the title of Fable First, which, in the chief Manuscript, chanced to be that well-known one of the Cock scraping for Baileycorns, and finding instead thereof a precious stone (*Edelstein*) or Gem: *Von einem*

*Hanen und dem Edelen steine*, whereupon the author, or some kind friend, remarks in a sort of Prologue:

“*Dies Buchlein mag der Edelstein  
Wol heissen wand es in tret (in sich tragt)  
Bischoft (Beispiel) manger kluogheit.*”

“This Bookling may well be called the Gem, sith it includes examples of many a prudence;”—which name accordingly, as we see, it bears even to this day.

Boner and his *Fables* have given rise to much discussion among the Germans: scattered at short distances throughout the last hundred years, there is a series of Selections, Editions, Translations, Critical Disquisitions, some of them in the shape of Academic Program; among the labourers in which enterprise we find such men as Gellert and Lessing. A *Bonerii Gemma*, or Latin version of the work, was published by Oberlin, in 1782; Eschenburg sent forth an Edition in modern German, in 1810; Bonecke a reprint of the antique original, in 1816. So that now a faithful duty has been done to Boner; and what with Bibliographical Inquiries, what with vocabularies and learned collations of Texts, he that runs may read whatever stands written in the *Gem*.

Of these diligent lucubrations, with which we strangers are only in a remote degree concerned, it will be sufficient here to report in few words the main results,—not indeed very difficult to report. First then, with regard to Boner himself, we have to say that nothing whatever has been discovered: who, when, or what that worthy moralist was, remains, and may always remain, entirely uncertain. It is merely conjectured, from the dialect, and other more minute indications, that his place of abode was the north-west quarter of Switzerland; with still higher probability that he lived about the middle of the fourteenth century; from his learning and devout pacific temper, some have inferred that he was a monk or priest; however, in one Manuscript of his *Gem*, he is designated, apparently by some ignorant Transcriber, a knight, *ein Ritter gotz alsus*: from all which, as above said, our only conclusion is that nothing can be concluded.

Johann Scherz, about the year 1710, in what he called *Philosophia moralis Germanorum thesaurus* or *Specimen*, sent forth certain of these *Fables*, with expositions, but apparently without naming the Author; to which *Specimen* Gellert in his *Dissertatio de poetis apologetis* had again, some forty years afterwards, invited attention. Nevertheless, so total was the obscurity which Boner had fallen into, that Bodmer, already known as the resuscitator of the *Nibelungen Lied*, in printing the *Eckstein* from an old Manuscript, in 1752, mistook its probable date by about a century, and

gave his work the title of *Fables from the Minnesinger Period*,\* without naming the Fabulist, or guessing whether there were one or many. In this condition stood the matter, when several years afterwards, Lessing, pursuing another inquiry, came across the track of this Boner; was allured into it; proceeded to clear it; and moving briskly forward with a sure eye, and sharp critical axe, hewed away innumerable entanglements; and so opened out a free avenue and vista, where strangely, in remote depth of antiquarian woods, the whole ancient Fable-manufactory, with Boner and many others working in it, becomes visible, in all the light which probably will ever be admitted to it. He who has perplexed himself with *Romulus and Romicus*, and Nevelet's *Anonymus*, and *Avianus*, and still more, with the false guidance of their many commentators, will find help and deliverance in this light, thorough-going Inquiry of Lessing's.†

Now, therefore, it became apparent: first, that those supposed *Fables from the Minnesinger Period*, of Bodmer, were in truth written by one Boner, in quite another Period; secondly, that Boner was not properly the author of them, but the borrower and free versifier from certain Latin originals; farther, that the real title was *Edelstein*; and strangest of all, that the work had been printed three centuries before Bodmer's time, namely, at Bamberg, in 1461; of which Edition, indeed, a tattered copy, typographically curious, lay, and probably lies, in the Wolfenbüttel Library, where Lessing then waited, and wrote. The other discoveries, touching Boner's personality, and locality, are but conjectures, due also to Lessing, and have been stated already.

As to the *Gem* itself, about which there has been such scrambling, we may say, now when it is cleaned and laid out before us, that, though but a small seed-pearl, it has a genuine value. To us Boner is interesting by his antiquity, as the speaking witness of many long-past things; to his contemporaries again he must have been still more interesting as the reporter of so many new things. These Fables of his, then for the first time rendered out of inaccessible Latin‡ into German metre, contain no little edify-

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\* Koch also, with a strange deviation from his usual accuracy, dates Boner, in one place, 1220; and in another, "towards the latter half of the fourteenth century." See his *Compendium*, p. 48, and p. 200, vol. i.

† *Sammtliche Schriften*, B. 8.

‡ The two originals to whom Lessing has traced all his Fables are *Avianus* and Nevelet's *Anonymus*; concerning which personages the following brief notice by Jörden's (*Lexicon*, l. 161) may be inserted here; "Flavius Avianus (who must not be confounded with another Latin Poet, *Avianus*) lived, as is believed, under the two Antonines in the second century: he has left us forty-two Fables in elegiac measure, the best Editions of which are that by Kannegiesser (Amsterdam, 1731), that by," &c. &c. With respect to the *Anonymus* again: "Under this designation is understood the half-barbarous Latin Poet, whose sixty Fables, in elegiac measure, stand in the col-

ing matter, had we not known it before: our old friends, the Fox with the musical Raven; the Man and Boy taking their Ass to market, and so inadequate to please the public in their method of transporting him; the Bishop that gave his Nephew a Cure of Souls, but durst not trust him with a Basket of Pears; all these and many more figure here. But apart from the material of his Fables, Boner's style and manner has an abiding merit. He is not so much a Translator as a free Imitator: he tells the story in his own way; appends his own moral, and, except that in the latter department he is apt to be a little prolix, acquits himself to high satisfaction. His narrative, in those old limping rhymes, is cunningly enough brought out: artless, lively, graphic, with a spicing of innocent humour, a certain childlike archness, which is the chief merit of a Fable. Such is the German Æsop; a character whom in the North-west district of Switzerland, at that time of day, we should hardly have looked for.

Could we hope, that, to many of our readers the old rough dialect of Boner would be intelligible, it were easy to vindicate these praises. As matters stand, we can only venture on one translated specimen, which, in this shape claims much allowance; the Fable, also, is nowise the best, or perhaps the worst, but simply one of the shortest. For the rest, we have rendered the old doggerel into new, with all possible fidelity:

THE FROG AND THE STEER.

*Of him that striveth after more honour than he should.*

A Frog with Frogling, by his side  
Came hopping thro' the plain, one tide:  
There he an Ox at grass did spy,  
Much anger'd was the Frog thereby;  
He said: 'Lord God, what was my sin  
'Thou madest me so small and thin?  
Likewise I have no handsome feature,  
And all dishonoured is my nature,  
To other creatures far and near,  
For instance, this same grazing Steer.'  
'The Frog would shin with Bullock cope,  
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.  
Then spake his Frogling: 'Father o' me,  
It boots not, let thy blowing be;

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lection, which Nevelet under the title *Mythologia Ætopica*, published at Frankfort in 1610, and which directly follow those of Avianus in that work. They are nothing else than versified translations of the Fables written in prose by Romulus, a noted Fabulist, whose era cannot be fixed, nor even his name made out to complete satisfaction."—The reader who wants deeper insight into these matters, may consult Lessing as cited above.

Thy nature hath forbid this battle,  
 Thou can'st not vie with the black-cattle.  
 Nathless let be the Frog would not,  
 Such prideful notion had he got;  
 Again to blow right sore 'gan he,  
 And said: 'Like Ox could I but be  
 In size, within this world there were  
 No Frog so glad, to thee I swear.'  
 The Son spake: 'Father, me is woe  
 Thou should'st torment thy body so,  
 I fear thou art to lose thy life,  
 Come follow me and leave this strife,  
 Good Father, take advice of me  
 And let thy boastful blowing be.'  
 Frog said: 'Thou needst not beck and nod,  
 I will not do 't, so help me God;  
 Big as this Ox is, I must turn,  
 Mine honour now it doth concern.'  
 He blew himself, and burst in twain,  
 Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such  
 Who grasp at honour overmuch,  
 They must with none at all be doing,  
 But sink full soon and come to ruin.  
 He that, with wind of Pride accus'd,  
 Much puffs himself, will surely burst;  
 He men miswishes and misjudges,  
 Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,  
 Of all his equals is a hater  
 Much griev'd he is at any better;  
 Wherefore it were a sentence wise  
 Were his whole body set with Eyes,  
 Who envy hath, to see so well  
 What lucky hap each man befel,  
 That so he filled were with fury,  
 And burst asunder in a hurry;  
 And so full soon betid him this  
 Which to the Frog betided is.

Readers to whom such stunted twanging of the true Poetic Lyre, such cheerful fingering, though only of one and its lowest string, has any melody, may find enough of it in Benecke's *Romer*, a reproduction, as above stated, of the original *Edelstein*; which Edition we are authorized to recommend as furnished with all helps for such a study: less adventurous readers may still, from Eschenburg's half-modernized Edition, derive some contentment and insight.

Hugo von Trimberg and Boner, who stand out here as our chief Literary representatives of the Fourteenth Century, could play no such part in their own day, when the great men, who shone in the world's eye, were Theologians and Jurists, Politicians at the Imperial Diet; at best, Professors in the new Universities; of whom all memory has long since perished. So different is universal from temporary importance, and worth belonging to our manhood from that merely of our station or calling. Nevertheless, as every writer, of any true gifts, is "citizen both of his time and of his country," and the more completely the greater his gifts; so in the works of these two secluded individuals, the characteristic tendencies and spirit of their age may best be discerned.

Accordingly, in studying their commentators, one fact that cannot but strike us is, the great prevalence and currency which this species of Literature cultivated by them, had obtained in that era. Of Fable Literature, especially, this was the summer tide and highest efflorescence. The Latin originals which Boner partly drew from, descending, with manifold transformations and additions, out of classical times, were in the hands of the learned; in the living memories of the people, were numerous fragments of primeval Oriental Fable, derived perhaps through Palestine; from which two sources, curiously intermingled, a whole stream of Fables evolved itself; whereat the morally athirst, such was the genius of that time, were not slow to drink. Boner, as we have seen, worked in a field then zealously cultivated: nay was not Æsop himself, what we have for Æsop, a contemporary of his; the Greek Monk Planudes and the Swiss Monk Boner might be chaunting their Psalter at one and the same hour!

Fable, indeed, may be regarded as the earliest and simplest product of Didactic Poetry, the first attempt of Instruction clothing itself in Fancy: hence the antiquity of Fables, their universal diffusion in the childhood of nations, so that they have become a common property of all: hence also their acceptance and diligent culture among the Germans, among the Europeans, in this the first stage of an era when the whole bent of Literature was Didactic. But the Fourteenth Century was the age of Fable in a still wider sense: it was the age when whatever Poetry there remained took the shape of Apologue and moral Fiction: the higher spirit of Imagination had died away, or withdrawn itself into Religion; the lower and feebler not only took continual counsel of Understanding, but was content to walk in its leading-strings. Now was the time when human life and its relations were looked at with an earnest practical eye; and the moral perplexities that occur there, when man, hemmed in between the Would and the Should, or the Must, painfully hesitates, or altogether

sinks in that collision, were not only set forth in the way of precept, but embodied, for still clearer instruction, in Examples, and edifying Fictions. The Monks themselves, such of them as had any talent, meditated and taught in this fashion: witness that strange *Gesta Romanorum*, still extant, and once familiar over all Europe;—a Collection of Moral Tales, expressly devised for the use of Preachers, though only the Shakspeares, and in subsequent times, turned it to right purpose.\* These and the like old *Gests*, with most of which the *Romans* had so little to do, were the staple Literature of that period; cultivated with great assiduity, and so far as mere invention, or compilation, of incident goes, with no little merit; for already almost all the grand destinies, and fundamental, ever-recurring entanglements of human life, are laid hold of and depicted here; so that, from the first, our modern Novelists and Dramatists could find nothing new under the sun, but everywhere, in contrivance of their Story, saw themselves forestalled. The boundless abundance of Narratives then current, the singular derivations and transmutations of these, surprise antiquarian commentators: but, indeed, it was in this same century that Boccaccio, refining the gold from that so copious dross, produced his *Decamerone*, which still indicates the same fact in more pleasant fashion, to all readers. That in these universal tendencies of the time the Germans participated and co-operated, Boner's Fables, and Hugo's many Narrations, serious and comic, may, like two specimens from a great multitude, point out to us. The Madrigal had passed into the Apologue; the Heroic Poem, with its supernatural machinery and sentiment, into the Fiction of practical Life: in which latter species a prophetic eye might have discerned the coming *Tom Joneses* and *Wilhelm Meisters*; and with still more astonishment, the *Minerva Presses* of all nations, and this their huge transit-trade in Rags, all lifted from the dunghill, printed on, and returned thither, to the comfort of parties interested.

The Drama, as is well known, had an equally Didactic origin; namely, in those *Mysteries* contrived by the clergy for bringing home religious truth, with new force, to the universal comprehension. That this cunning device had already found its way into Germany, we have proof in a document too curious to be omitted here:

"In the year 1322, there was a play shown at Eisenach, which had a tragical enough effect. Markgraf Friedrich of Meissen, Landgraf also of Thuringia, having brought his tedious warfare to a conclusion,

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\* See an account of this curious Book in Hone's learned and ingenious *Illustrations of Shakspeare*.

and the country beginning now to revive under peace, his subjects were busy repaying themselves for the past distresses by all manner of diversions; to which end, apparently by the Sovereign's order, a dramatic representation of the *Ten Virgins* was schemed, and at Eisenach, in his presence, duly executed. This happened fifteen days after Easter, by indulgence of the Preaching Friars. In the *Chronicon Sampetrinum*, stands recorded that the play was enacted in the Beargarden (*in horto ferarum*), by the Clergy and their Scholars. But now, when it came to pass that the Wise Virgins would give the Foolish no oil, and these latter were shut out from the Bridegroom, they began to weep bitterly, and called on the Saints to intercede for them; who, however, even with Mary at their head, could effect nothing from God; but the Foolish Virgins were all sentenced to damnation. Which things the Landgraf seeing and hearing, he fell into a doubt, and was very angry; and said, 'What then is the Christian Faith, if God will not take pity on us, for intercession of Mary and all the Saints?' In this anger he continued five days; and the learned men could hardly enlighten him to understand the Gospel. Thereupon he was struck with apoplexy, and became speechless and powerless; in which sad state he continued, bed-ridden, two years and seven months, and so died, being then fifty-five."\*

Surely a serious warning, would they but take it, to Dramatic Critics not to venture beyond their depth! Had this fiery old Landgraf given up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, he might have been pleased he knew not why: whereas the meshes of Theology, in which he kicks and struggles, here strangle the life out of him; and the *Ten Virgins* at Eisenach are more fatal to warlike men, than *Æschylus' Furies* at Athens were to weak women.

Neither were the unlearned People without their Literature, their Narrative Poetry; though how, in an age without printing and bookstalls, it was circulated among them; whether by strolling *Fiedelers* (Minstrels), who might recite as well as fiddle, or by other methods, we have not learned. However, its existence and abundance in this era, is sufficiently evinced by the multitude of *Volksbücher* (People's-Books) which issued from the Press, next century, almost as soon as there was a Press. Several of these, which still languidly survive among the people, or at least the children, of all countries, were of German composition; of most, so strangely had they been sifted and winnowed to and fro, it was impossible to fix the origin. But borrowed or domestic, they nowhere wanted admirers in Germany: the *Patient Helena*, the *Fair Magelone*, *Blue-Beard*, *Fortunatus*; these, and afterwards the *Seven Wise Masters*, with other more directly *Æsopic* ware, to which the introduction of the old Indian Stock, or *Book*

\* Flügel, (*Geschichte der Römischen Literatur*, p. 287,) who founds on that old *Chronicon Sampetrinum Erfurtense*, contained in the Duke's Collection.

of *Wisdom*, translated from John of Capua's Latin,\* one day formed a rich accession, were in all memories, and on all tongues.

Beautiful traits of Imagination and a pure genuine feeling, though under the rudest forms, shine forth in some of these old Tales: for instance, in *Magelone* and *Fortunatus*; which two, indeed, with others of a different stamp, Ludwig Tieck has, with singular talent, ventured, not unsuccessfully, to reproduce in our own time and dialect. A second class distinguish themselves by a homely, honest-hearted Wisdom, full of character and quaint devices; of which class the *Seven Wise Masters*, extracted chiefly from that *Gesta Romanorum* above mentioned, and containing "proverb-philosophy, anecdotes, fables, and jests, the seeds of which, on the fertile German soil, spread luxuriantly through several generations," is perhaps the best example. Lastly, in a third class, we find in full play that spirit of broad drollery, of rough, saturnine Humour, which the Germans claim as a special characteristic: among these, we must not omit to mention the *Schiltbürger*, correspondent to our own *Wise Men of Gotham*: still less, the far-famed *Tyll Eulenspiegel* (Tyll Owl-glass), whose rogueries and waggeries belong, in the fullest sense, to this era.

This last is a true German work; for both the man Tyll Eulenspiegel, and the Book which is his history, were produced there. Nevertheless, Tyll's fame has gone abroad into all lands: this, the narrative of his exploits, has been published in innumerable editions, even with all manner of learned glosses, and translated into Latin, English, French, Dutch, Polish; nay, in several languages, as in his own, an *Eulenspiegelerei*, an *Espièglerie*, or dog's-trick, so named after him, still, by consent of lexicographers, keeps his memory alive. We may say, that to few mortals has it been granted to earn such a place in Universal History as Tyll: for now after five centuries, when Wallace's birth-place is unknown even to the Scots; and the admirable Crichton still more rapidly is grown a shadow; and Edward Longshanks sleeps unregarded save by a few Antiquarian English,—Tyll's native village is pointed out with pride to the traveller, and his tombstone, with a sculptured pun on his name, an Owl, namely, and a Glass, still stands, or pretends to stand, "at Möllen, near Eubeck," where, since 1350, his once nimble bones have been deposited. Tyll, in the calling he had chosen, naturally led a wandering life, as place after place became too hot for him; by which means he saw into many things with his own eyes; having been not only over all Westphalia and Saxony, but even in Poland, and as far as Rome,

\* In 1483, by command of a young Elector, Duke of Würtemberg. What relation this old *Book of Wisdom* bears to our actual *Pitpay*, we have not learned.

That in his old days, like other great men, he became an Auto-biographer, and in trustful winter evenings, not on paper, but on air, and to the laughter-lovers of Möllen, composed this work himself, is purely a hypothesis; certain only that it came forth originally in the dialect of this region, namely, the *Platt-Deutsch*; and was therefrom translated, probably about a century afterwards, into its present High-German, as Lessing conjectures, by one Thomas Mürner, who on other grounds is not unknown to antiquarians. For the rest, write it who might, the Book is here, "abounding," as a wise Critic remarks, "in inventive humour, in rough merriment and broad drollery, not without a keen rugged shrewdness of insight; which properties must have made it irresistibly captivating to the popular sense; and, with all its fantastic extravagances and roguish crotchets, in many points instructive."

From Tyll's so captivating achievements, we shall here select one to insert some account of; the rather as the tale is soon told, and by means of it, we catch a little trait of manners, and through Tyll's spectacles, may peep into the interior of a Household, even of a Parsonage, in those old days. \*

"It chanced after so many adventures, that Eulenspiegel came to a Parson, who promoted him to be his Sacristan, or as we now say, Sexton. Of this Parson it is recorded that he kept a Concubine, who had but one eye, she also had a spite at Tyll, and was wont to speak evil of him to his master, and report his rogueries. Now while Eulenspiegel held this Sextoncy, the Easter-season came, and there was to be a Play set forth of the Resurrection of Our Lord. And as the people were not learned, and could not read, the Parson took his Concubine and stationed her in the holy Sepulchre by way of Angel. Which thing Eulenspiegel seeing, he took to him three of the simplest persons that could be found there, to enact the Three Marys; and the Parson himself, with a flag in his hand, represented Christ. Thereupon spake Eulenspiegel to the simple persons: 'When the Angel asks you, whom ye seek, ye must answer, The Parson's one-eyed Concubine.' Now it came to pass that the time arrived when they were to act, and the Angel asked them: 'Whom seek ye here?' and they answered, as Eulenspiegel had taught and bidden them, and said: 'We seek the Parson's one-eyed Concubine.' Whereby did the Parson observe that he was made a mock of. And when the Parson's Concubine heard the same, she started out of the Grave, and aimed a box at Eulenspiegel's face, but missed him, and hit one of the simple persons, who were representing the Three Marys. This latter then returned her a slap on the mouth, whereupon she caught him by the hair. But his wife seeing this, came running thither, and fell upon the Parson's Harlot. Which thing the Parson discerning, he threw down his flag, and sprang forward to his Harlot's assistance. Thus gave they one another hearty thwacking and basting, and there was great uproar in the Church. But when Eulen-

spiegel perceived that they all had one another by the ears in the Church, he went his ways, and came no more back.\*

These and the like pleasant narratives were the People's Comedy in those days. Neither was their Tragedy wanting; as indeed both spring up spontaneously in all regions of human Life; however, their chief work of this latter class, the wild, deep, and now world-renowned, *Legend of Faust*, belongs to a somewhat later date.†

Thus, though the Poetry which spoke in rhyme was feeble enough, the spirit of Poetry could nowise be regarded as extinct; while Fancy, Imagination, and all the intellectual faculties necessary for that art, were in active exercise. Neither had the Enthusiasm of heart on which it still more intimately depends died out; but only taken another form. In lower degrees it expressed itself as an ardent zeal for Knowledge, and Improvement; for spiritual excellence such as the time held out and prescribed. This was no languid low-minded age; but of earnest busy effort; in all provinces of culture, resolutely struggling forward. Classical Literature, after long hindrances had now found its way into Germany also: old Rome was open, with all its wealth, to the intelligent eye; scholars of Chrysoloras were fast unfolding the treasures of Greece. School Philosophy, which had never obtained firm footing among the Germans, was in all countries

\* Flögel, iv. 290. For more of Eulenspiegel, see Görres' *Ueber die Volksbücher*.

† To the fifteenth century, say some who fix it on Johann Faust, the Goldsmith and putative Inventor of Printing: to the sixteenth century, say others, referring it to Johann Faust, Doctor in Philosophy; which individual did actually, as the Tradition also bears, study first at Wittenberg (where he might be one of Luther's pupils), then at Lugolstadt, where also he taught, and had a *Famulus* named Wagner, son of a clergyman at Wasserburg. Melancthon, Trithem, and other credible witnesses, some of whom had seen the man, vouch sufficiently for these facts. The rest of the Doctor's history is much more obscure. He seems to have been of a vehement, unquiet temper, skilled in Natural Philosophy, and perhaps in the occult science of Conjuring, by aid of which two gifts, a much shallower man, wandering in Need and Pride over the world in those days, might, without any Mephistopheles, have worked wonders enough. Nevertheless, that he rode off through the air on a wine-cask, from Auerbach's Keller at Leipzig, in 1523, seems questionable; though an old carving, in that venerable Tavern, still stoutly asserts it to the top of this day. About 1560, his term of Thaumaturgy being over, he disappeared: whether, under feigned name, by the rope of some hangman; or "frightfully torn in pieces by the Devil, near the village of Rimlich, between Twelve and One in the morning," let each reader judge for himself. The latter was clearly George Rudolf Wiedemann's opinion, whose *Veritable History of the abominable Sins of Dr. Johann Faust*, came out at Hamburg in 1599; and is no less circumstantially announced in the old "People's-Book," *That everywhere-infamous Arch-Black Art and Conjuror, Dr. Faust's Compact with the Devil, wonderful Walk and Conversation, and terrible End*, printed, seemingly without date, at Köln (Cologne) and Nürnberg; read by every one; written by we know not whom. See again, for farther insight, Görres' *Ueber die deutschen Volksbücher*. Another Work, (Leipzig, 1824,) expressly "On Faust and the Wandering Jew," which latter, in those times, wandered much in Germany, is also referred to.—*Conv. Lexicon*, § Faust.

drawing to a close; but the subtle, piercing vision, which it had fostered and called into activity, was henceforth to employ itself with new profit on more substantial interests. In such manifold praiseworthy endeavours the most ardent mind had ample arena.

A higher, purer enthusiasm, again, which no longer found its place in chivalrous Minstrelsy, might still retire to meditate and worship in religious Cloisters, where, amid all the corruption of monkish manners, there were not wanting men who aimed at, and accomplished, the highest problem of manhood, a life of spiritual Truth. Among the Germans, especially, that deep-feeling, deep-thinking, devout temper, now degenerating into abstruse theosophy, now purifying itself into holy eloquence, and clear apostolic light, was awake in this era; a temper which had long dwelt, and still dwells there; which ere long was to render that people worthy the honour of giving Europe a new Reformation, a new Religion. As an example of monkish diligence and zeal, if of nothing more, we here mention the German Bible of Mathias von Behaim, which, in his Hermitage at Halle, he rendered from the Vulgate, in 1348; the Manuscript of which is still to be seen in Leipzig. Much more conspicuous stand two other German Priests of this Period; to whom, as connected with Literature also, a few words must now be devoted.

Johann Tauler is a name which fails in no Literary History of Germany: he was a man famous in his own day as the most eloquent of preachers; is still noted by critics for his intellectual deserts; by pious persons, especially of the class called Mystics, is still studied as a practical instructor; and by all true inquirers prized as a person of high talent and moral worth. Tauler was a Dominican Monk; seems to have lived and preached at Strasbourg; where, as his grave-stone still testifies, he died in 1361. His devotional works have been often edited: one of his modern admirers has written his biography; wherein perhaps this is the strangest fact, if it be one, that once in the pulpit "he grew suddenly dumb, and did nothing but weep; in which despondent state he continued for two whole years." Then, however, he again lifted up his voice, with new energy and new potency. We learn farther, that he "renounced the dialect of Philosophy, and spoke direct to the heart in language of the heart." His Sermons, composed in Latin and delivered in German, in which language, after repeated renovations and changes of dialect, they are still read, have, with his other writings, been characterized, by a native critic worthy of confidence, in these terms:

"They contain a treasure of meditations, hints, indications full of heartfelt piety, which still speak to the inmost longings and noblest wants of man's mind. His style is abrupt, compressed, signifi-

cant in its conciseness; the nameless depth of feelings struggles with the phraseology. He was the first that wrested from our German speech the fit expression for ideas of moral Reason and Emotion, and has left us riches in that kind, such as the zeal for purity and fulness of language in our own days cannot leave unheeded."—Tauler, it is added, "was a man who, imbued with genuine Devoutness, as it springs from the depths of a soul strengthened in self-contemplation, and, free and all-powerful, rules over Life and Effort,—attempted to train and win the people for a duty which had hitherto been considered as that of the learned class alone; to raise the Lay-world into moral study of Religion for themselves, that, so enfranchised from the bonds of unreflecting custom, they might regulate Creed and Conduct by strength self-acquired. He taught men to look within; by spiritual contemplation to feel the secret of their higher Destiny; to seek in their own souls what from without is never, or too scantily afforded; self-believing, to create what, by the dead letter of foreign Tradition, can never be brought forth." \*

Known to all Europe, as Tauler is to Germany, and of a class with him, as a man of antique Christian walk, of warm devoutly-feeling, poetic spirit, and insight and experience in the deepest regions of man's heart and life, follows, in the next generation, Thomas Hamerken, or Hammerlein (*Mulleolus*); usually named *Thomas à Kempis*, that is, *Thomas of Kempen*, a village near Cologne, where he was born in 1388. Others contend that Kampen in Overijssel was his birthplace; however, in either case, at that era, more especially considering what he did, we can here regard him as a *Deutscher*, a German. For his spiritual and intellectual character we may refer to his works, written in the Latin tongue, and still known; above all, to his far-famed work *De Imitatione Christi*, which has been praised by such men as Luther, Leibnitz, Haller; and, what is more, has been read, and continues to be read, with moral profit, in all Christian languages and communions, having passed through upwards of a thousand editions, which number is yet daily increasing. A new English *Thomas à Kempis* was published only the other year. But the venerable man deserves a word from us, not only as a high, spotless Priest, and father of the Church, at a time when such were rare, but as a zealous promoter of learning, which, in his own country, he accomplished much to forward. Hammerlein, the son of poor parents, had been educated at the famous School of Deventer; he himself instituted a similar one at Zwoll, which long continued the grand classical seminary of the North. Among his own pupils we find enumerated, Moritz von Spiegelberg, Rudolf von Lange, Rudolf Agricola, Antonius Liber, Ludwig Dringenberg, Alexander Hegius; of whom Agricola, with other,

\* Wachler, *Vorlesungen über die Geschichte der deutschen National Literatur* (Lectures on the History of German National Literature), b. i. s. 131.

two, by advice of their teacher, visited Italy to study Greek; the whole six, united through manhood and life as they had been in youth and at school, are regarded as the founders of true classical literature among the Germans. Their scholastico-monastic establishments at Deventer, with Zwoll and its other numerous offspring, which rapidly extended themselves over the northwest of Europe from Artois to Silesia, and operated powerfully both in a moral and intellectual view, are among the characteristic redeeming features of that time; but the details of them fall not within our present limits.\* \*

If now, quitting the Cloister and Library, we look abroad over active Life, and the general state of culture and spiritual endeavour as manifested there, we have on all hands the cheering prospect of a society in full progress. The Practical spirit, which had pressed forward into Poetry itself, could not but be busy and successful in those provinces where its home specially lies. Among the Germans, it is true, so far as political condition was concerned, the aspect of affairs had not changed for the better. The Imperial Constitution was weakened and loosened into the mere semblance of a Government; the head of which had still the title, but no longer the reality of sovereign power; so that Germany, ever since the times of Rudolf, had, as it were, ceased to be one great nation, and became a disunited, often conflicting aggregate of small nations. Nay, we may almost say, of petty districts, or even of households: for now, when every pitiful Baron claimed to be an independent potentate, and exercised his divine right of peace and war, too often in plundering the industrious Burgher, public Law could no longer vindicate the weak against the strong: except the venerable unwritten code of *Faustrecht* (Club-Law), there was no other valid. On every steep rock, or difficult fastness, these dread sovereigns perched themselves; studying the country with innumerable *Raubschlösser* (Robber-Towers), which now in the eye of the picturesque tourist look interesting enough, but in those days were interesting on far other grounds. Herein dwelt a race of persons, proud, ignorant, hungry; who, boasting of an endless pedigree, talked familiarly of living on the produce of their "Saddles" (*vom Sattel zu leben*), that is to say, by the profession of highwayman, for which unluckily, as mentioned, there was then no effectual gallows. Some indeed might plunder as the eagle, others as the vulture and crow; but, in general, from men cultivating that walk of life, no profit in any other was to be looked for. Vain was it, however, for the Kaiser to publish edict on edict against them; nay, if he

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\* See Eichhorn's *Geschichte der Literatur*, b. ii. s. 134.

destroyed their Robber-Towers new ones were built; was the old wolf hunted down, the cub had escaped; who reappeared when his teeth were grown. Not till industry and social cultivation had everywhere spread, and risen supreme, could that brood, in detail, be extirpated or tamed.

Neither was this miserable defect of police the only misery in such a state of things. For the Saddle-eating Baron, even in pacific circumstances, naturally looked down on the fruit-producing Burgher; who, again, feeling himself a wiser, wealthier, better, and, in time, a stronger man, ill brooked this procedure, and retaliated, or, by quite declining such communications, avoided it. Thus, throughout long centuries, and after that old Code of Club-Law had been well nigh abolished, the effort of the nation was still divided into two courses; the Noble and the Citizen would not work together, freely imparting and receiving their several gifts; but the culture of the polite arts, and that of the useful arts, had to proceed with mutual disadvantage, each on its separate footing. Indeed that supercilious and too marked distinction of ranks, which so ridiculously characterized the Germans, has only in very recent times disappeared.

Nevertheless here, as it ever does, the strength of the country lay in the middle classes; which were sound and active, and, in spite of all these hindrances, daily advancing. The Free towns, which, in Germany as elsewhere, the sovereign favoured, held within their walls a race of men as brave as they of the Robber-Tower, but exercising their bravery on fitter objects; who, by degrees, too, ventured into the field against even the greatest of these kinglets, and in many a stout fight taught them a juristic doctrine, which no head, with all its helmets, was too thick for taking in. The Four Forest Cantons had already testified in this way; their Tells and Staufachers preaching, with apostolic blows and knocks, like so many Luthers; whereby, from their remote Alpine glens, all lands and all times have heard them, and believed them. By dint of such logic it began to be understood everywhere, that a Man, whether clothed in purple cloaks or in tanned sheep-skins, wielding the sceptre or the oxgoad, is neither Deity nor Beast, but simply a Man, and must comport himself accordingly.

But Commerce of itself was pouring new strength into every peaceable community; the Hanse League, now in full vigour, secured the fruits of industry over all the North. The havens of the Netherlands, thronged with ships from every sea, transmitted or collected their wide-borne freight over Germany; where, far inland, flourished market-cities, with their cunning workmen, their spacious warehouses, and merchants who in opulence vied with the richest. Except perhaps in the close vicinity of

Robber-Towers, and even there not always or altogether, Diligence, good Order, peaceful Abundance were everywhere conspicuous in Germany. Petrarch has celebrated, in warm terms, the beauties of the Rhine, as he witnessed them; the rich, embellished, cultivated aspect of land and people: Æneas Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius the Second, expresses himself, in the next century, with still greater emphasis; he says, and he could judge, having seen both, "that the King of Scotland did not live so handsomely as a moderate Citizen of Nürnberg:" indeed Conrad Celtes, another contemporary witness informs us, touching these same citizens, that their wives went abroad loaded with the richest jewels, that "most of their household utensils were of silver and gold." For, as Æneas Sylvius adds, "their mercantile activity is astonishing; the greater part of the German nation consists of merchants." Thus too, in Augsburg, the Fugger family, which sprang, like that of the Medici, from smallest beginnings, were fast rising into that height of commercial greatness, such that Charles V., in viewing the Royal Treasury at Paris, could say, "I have a weaver in Augsburg able to buy it all with his own gold."\* With less satisfaction the same haughty Monarch had to see his own Nephew wedded to the fair Philip-

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\* Charles had his reasons for such a speech. This same Anton Fugger, to whom he alluded here, had often stood by him in straits; showing a munificence and even generosity worthy of the proudest princes. During the celebrated Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, the Emperor lodged for a whole year in Anton's house; and Anton was a man to warm his Emperor "at a fire of cinnamon wood," and to burn therein "the bonds for large sums owing him by his majesty." For all which, Anton and his kindred had countships, and princerships, in abundance; also the right to coin money, but no solid bullion to exercise such right on; which however they repeatedly did on bullion of their own. This Anton left six millions of gold-crowns in cash; "besides precious articles, jewels, properties in all countries of Europe, and both the Indies." The Fuggers had ships on every sea, waggons on every highway; they worked the Carinthian Mines, even Albrecht Dürer's Pictures must pass through their warehouses to the Italian market. However, this family had other merits than their mountains of metal, their kindness to needy Sovereigns, and even their all-embracing spirit of commercial enterprize. They were famed for acts of general beneficence, and did much charity where no imperial thanks were to be looked for. To found Hospitals and Schools, on the most liberal scale, was a common thing with them. In the sixteenth century, three benevolent brothers of the House purchased a suburb of Augsburg; rebuilt it with small commodious houses, to be let to indigent industrious burghers for a trifling rent: this is the well-known *Fuggerei*, which still existing, with its own walls and gate, maintains their name in daily currency there.—The founder of this remarkable family did actually drive the shuttle in the village of Göggingen, near Augsburg, about the middle of the Fourteenth Century; "but in 1619," says the *Spiegel der Ehren* (Mirror of Honour), "the noble stem had so branched out, that there were forty-seven Counts and Countesses belonging to it, and of young descendants as many as there are days in the year." Four stout boughs of this same noble stem, in the rank of Princes, still subsist and flourish. "Thus in the generous Fuggers," says that above-named *Mirror*, "was fulfilled our Saviour's promise: 'Give and it shall be given you.'—Conv. Lexicon, § *Fugger-Geschlecht*."

pine Welser, daughter of another merchant in that city, and for wisdom and beauty the paragon of her time.\*

In this state of economical prosperity, Literature and Art, such kinds of them at least as had a practical application, could not want encouragement. It is mentioned as one of the furtherances to Classical Learning among the Germans, that these Free Towns, as well as numerous petty Courts of Princes, exercising a sovereign power, required individuals of some culture to conduct their Diplomacy; one man able at least to write a handsome Latin style was an indispensable requisite. For a long while even this small accomplishment was not to be acquired in Germany; where, such had been the troublous condition of the Governments, there were yet, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, no Universities: however, a better temper and better fortune began at length to prevail among the German Sovereigns; the demands of the time insisted on fulfilment. The University of Prague was founded in 1348, that of Vienna in 1364;† and now, as if to make up for the delay, princes and communities on all hands made haste to establish similar Institutions; so that before the end of the century we find three others, Heidelberg, Cologne, Erfurt; in the course of the next, no fewer than eight more, of which Leipzig (in 1404) is the most remarkable. Neither did this honourable zeal grow cool in the sixteenth century, or even down to our own, when Germany, boasting of some forty great Schools and twenty-two Universities, four of which date within the last thirty years, may fairly reckon itself the best school-provided country in Europe; as, indeed, those who in any measure know it, are aware that it is also indisputably the best educated.

Still more decisive are the proofs of national activity, of progressive culture, among the Germans, if we glance at what con-

\* The Welsers were of patrician descent, and had for many centuries followed commerce at Augsburg, where, next only to the Fuggers, they played a high part. It was they, for example, that, at their own charges, first colonized Venezuela; that equipped the first German ship to India, "the Journal of which still exists;" they united with the Fuggers to lend Charles V. twelve *Tonnen Gold*, 1,200,000 Florins. The fair Philippine, by her pure charms and honest wiles, worked out a reconciliation with Kaiser Ferdinand the First, her Father-in-law; lived thirty happy years with her husband; and had medals struck by him, *Dive Philippina*, in honour of her, when (at Inspruck in 1580) he became a widower.—Conv. Lexicon, § *Welser*.

† There seems to be some controversy about the precedence here: Bonterwek gives Vienna, with a date 1335, as the earliest; Koch again puts Heidelberg, 1346, in front; the dates in the Text profess to be taken from Meiner's *Geschichte der Entstehung und Entwicklung der Hohen Schulen unsers Erdtheils*, (History of the Origin and Development of High Schools in Europe,) Göttingen, 1802. The last established University is that of München (Munich), in 1826. Prussia alone has 21,000 Public Schoolmasters, specially trained to their profession, sometimes even sent to travel for improvement, at the cost of Government. What says "the most enlightened nation in the world" to this?—Eats its pudding, and says little or nothing.

cerns the practical Arts. Apart from Universities and learned show, there has dwelt, in those same Nürnbergs and Augsburgs, a solid, quietly-perseverant spirit, full of old Teutonic character and old Teutonic sense; whereby, ever and anon, from under the bonnet of some rugged German Artisan or staid Burgher, this and the other world's Invention has been starting forth, where such was least of all looked for. Indeed, with regard to practical Knowledge in general, if we consider the present history and daily life of mankind, it must be owned that while each nation has contributed a share,—the largest share, at least of such shares as can be appropriated and fixed on any special contributor, belongs to Germany. Copernic, Hevel, Kepler, Otto Guericke, are of other times; but in this era also the spirit of Inquiry, of Invention, was especially busy. Gunpowder (of the thirteenth century), though Milton gives the credit of it to Satan, has helped mightily to lessen the horrors of war: thus much at least must be admitted in its favour, that it secures the dominion of civilized over savage man: nay, hereby, in personal contests, not brute Strength, but Courage and ingenuity, can avail; for the Dwarf and the Giant are alike strong with pistols between them. Neither can Valour now find its best arena in War, in Battle, which is henceforth a matter of calculation and strategy, and the soldier a chess-pawn to shoot and be shot at; whereby that noble quality may at length come to reserve itself for other more legitimate occasions, of which, in this our Life-Battle with Destiny, there are enough. And thus Gunpowder, if it spread the havoc of War, mitigates it in a still higher degree; like some Inoculation,—to which may an extirpating Vaccination one day succeed! It ought to be stated, however, that the claim of Schwarz to the original invention is dubious; to the sole invention altogether unfounded: the recipe stands, under disguise, in the writings of Roger Bacon: the article itself was previously known in the East.

Far more indisputable are the advantages of Printing: and if the story of Brother Schwarz's mortar giving fire and driving his pestle through the ceiling, in the city of Mentz, as the painful Monk and Alchymist was accidentally pounding the ingredients of our first Gunpowder, is but a fable,—that of our first Book being printed there is much better ascertained. Johann Gutenberg was a native of Mentz; and there, in company with Faust and Schöffer, appears to have completed his invention, between the years 1440 and 1449: the famous "Forty-two-line Bible" was printed there in 1455.\* Of this noble art, which is like an

\* As to the Dutch claim, it rests only on vague local traditions, which were never heard of publicly till their Lorenz Coster had been dead almost a hundred and fifty years; so that, out of Holland, it finds few partisans.

infinitely-intensated organ of Speech, whereby the Voice of a small transitory man may reach not only through all earthly Space, but through all earthly Time, it were needless to repeat the often-repeated praises; or speculate on the practical effects, the most momentous of which are, perhaps, but now becoming visible. On this subject of the Press, and its German origin, a far humbler remark may be in place here; namely, that Rag-paper, the material on which Printing works and lives, was also invented in Germany some hundred and fifty years before. "The oldest specimens of this article yet known to exist," says Eichhorn, "are some Documents, of the year 1318, in the Archives of the Hospital at Kauffbeuern. Breitkopf (*Vom Ursprung der Spielkarten*, On the Origin of Cards,) has demonstrated our claim to the invention; and that France and England borrowed it from Germany, and Spain from Italy."\*

On the invention of Printing there followed naturally a multiplication of Books, and a new activity, which has ever since proceeded at an accelerating rate, in the business of Literature; but for the present, no change in its character or objects. Those Universities, and other Establishments and Improvements, were so many tools which the spirit of the time had devised, not for working out new paths, which was their ulterior issue, but in the meanwhile, for proceeding more commodiously on the old path. In the Prague University, it is true, whither Wickliffe's writings had found their way, a Teacher of more earnest tone had risen, in the person of John Huss, Rector there; whose Books, *Of the Six Errors*, and *Of the Church*, still more his energetic, zealously polemical Discourses to the people, were yet unexampled on the Continent. The shameful murder of this man, who lived and died as be seemed a Martyr; and the stern vengeance which his countrymen took for it, unhappily not on the Constance Cardinals, but on less offensive Bohemian Catholics, kept up during twenty years, on the Eastern Border of Germany, an agitating tumult, not only of opinion, but of action: however, the fierce, indomitable Zisca being called away, and the pusillanimous Emperor offering terms, which, indeed, he did not keep, this uproar subsided, and the national activity proceeded in its former course.

In German Literature, during those years, nothing presents itself as worthy of notice here. Chronicles were written; Class-books for the studious, edifying Homilies, in varied guise, for the busy, were compiled; a few Books of Travels make their appearance, among which, Translations from our too fabulous country-

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\*B. ii. s. 91.—"The first German Paper-mill we have sure account of," says Koch, "worked at Nürnberg in 1390."—vol. i. p. 35.

man, Mandeville, are perhaps the most remarkable. For the rest, Life continued to be looked at less with poetic admiration, than in a spirit of observation and comparison: not without many a protest against clerical and secular error; such, however, seldom rising into the style of grave hate and hostility, but playfully expressing themselves in satire. The old effort towards the Useful; in Literature, the old prevalence of the Didactic, especially of the *Æsopic*, is every where manifest. Of this *Æsopic* spirit, what phases it successively assumed, and its significance in these, there were much to be said. However, in place of multiplying smaller instances and aspects, let us now take up the highest; and with the best of all Apologues, *Reynard the Fox*, terminate our survey of that Fable-loving time.

The story of *Reinecke Fuchs*, or to give it the original Low-German name, *Reineke de Fos*, is, more than any other, a truly European performance: for some centuries, a universal household possession and secular Bible, read every where, in the palace and the hut; it still interests us, moreover, by its intrinsic worth, being on the whole the most poetical and meritorious production of our Western World in that kind; or perhaps of the whole World, though, in such matters, the West has generally yielded to, and learned from, the East.

Touching the origin of this Book, as often happens in like cases, there is a controversy, perplexed not only by inevitable ignorance, but also by anger and false patriotism. Into this vexed sea we have happily no call to venture; and shall merely glance for a moment, from the firm land, where all that can specially concern us in the matter stands rescued and safe. The oldest printed Edition of our actual *Reynard*, is that of Lübeck, in 1498; of which there is a copy, understood to be the only one, still extant in the Wolfenbüttel Library. This oldest Edition is in the Low-German or Saxon tongue, and appears to have been produced by Hinrek van Alkmer, who in the Preface calls himself "Schoolmaster and Tutor of that noble virtuous Prince and Lord, the Duke of Lorraine;" and says farther, that by order of this same worthy sovereign, he "sought out and rendered the present Book from Walloon and French tongue into German, to the praise and honour of God, and wholesome edification of whoso readeth therein." Which candid and business-like statement would doubtless have continued to yield entire satisfaction; had it not been that, in modern days, and while this first Lübeck Edition was still lying in its dusty recess unknown to Bibliomaniacs, another account, dated some hundred years later, and supported by a little subsequent hearsay, had been raked up: how the real Author was Nicholas Baumann, Professor at Rostock; how he had been Secretary to

the Duke of Juliers, but was driven from his service by wicked cabals; and so in revenge composed this satirical adumbration of the Juliers Court; putting on the title-page, to avoid consequences, the feigned tale of its being rendered from the French and Walloon tongue, and the feigned name of Hinrek van Alkmer, who, for the rest, was never Schoolmaster and Tutor at Lorraine, or anywhere else, but a mere man of straw, created for the nonce, out of so many Letters of the Alphabet. Hereupon excessive debate, and a learned sharp-shooting, with victory-shouts on both sides; into which we nowise enter. Some touch of human sympathy does draw us towards Hinrek, whom, if he was once a real man, with bones and sinews, stomach and provender-scrip, it is mournful to see evaporated away into mere vowels and consonants: however, beyond a kind wish, we can give him no help. In Literary History, except on this one occasion, as seems indisputable enough, he is nowhere mentioned, or hinted at.

Leaving Hinrek and Nicolaus, then, to fight out their quarrel as they may, we remark that the clearest issue of it would throw little light on the origin of *Reinecke*. The victor could at most claim to be the first German redactor of this Fable, and the happiest; whose work had superseded and obliterated all preceding ones whatsoever; but nowise to be the inventor thereof, who must be sought for in a much remoter period. There are even two printed versions of the Tale, prior in date to this of Lubeck: a Dutch one, at Delft in 1484; and one by Caxton in English, in 1481, which seems to be the earliest of all.\* These two differ essentially from Hinrek's; still more so does the French *Roman du nouveau Renard*, composed "by Jacquemars Gielée at Lisle about the year 1390," which yet exists in manuscript: however, they sufficiently verify that statement, by some supposed to be feigned, of the German redactor's having "sought and rendered" his work from the Walloon and French; in which latter tongue, as we shall soon see, some shadow of it had been known and popular, long centuries before that time. For besides Gielée's work, we have a *Renard Couronné* of still earlier, a *Renard Contrefait* of somewhat later date: and Chroniclers inform us that,

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\* Caxton's Edition, a copy of which is in the British Museum, bears title *Hystorie of Reynard the Foxe*; and begins thus:—"It was aboute the tyme of Pentecoste or Whyson'tyde that the woodes conteyned be lusty and gladsome, and the trees clad with levis and blossoms, and the ground with herbes and flowers sweete smelling;—where, as in many other passages, the fact that Caxton and Alkmer had the same original before them is manifest enough. Our venerable Printer says in conclusion: "I have not added ne mynysshed but have followed as nyghe as I can my cōpye whych was in dutche; and by me Willelm Caxton translated in to this rude and symple englysch in thabbeey of Westminster, and fynysched the vi dayes of Juyn the yere of our lord 1481, the 21 yere of the regne of Kyng Edward the ijijth."

at the noted Festival given by Philip the Fair, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, among the dramatic entertainments, was a whole Life of Reynard; wherein it must not surprise us that he "ended by becoming Pope, and still, under the Tiara, continued to eat poultry." Nay, curious inquirers have discovered, on the French and German borders, some vestige of the Story even in Carlovingian times, which, indeed, again makes it a German original: they will have it that a certain Reinhard, or Reincke, Duke of Lorraine, who, in the ninth century, by his craft and exhaustless stratagems worked strange mischief in that region, many times overreaching King Zwentibald himself, and at last, in his stronghold of Durfos, proving impregnable to him,—had in satirical songs of that period been celebrated as a fox, as *Reinhard the Fox*, and so given rise afar off to this Apologue, at least to the title of it. The name *Isegrim*, as applied to the Wolf, these same speculators deduce from an Austrian Count Isengrin, who, in those old days, had revolted against Kaiser Arnulph, and otherwise exhibited too wolfish a disposition. Certain it is, at least, that both designations were in universal use during the twelfth century; they occur, for example, in one of the two *sirventes* which our Cœur-de-Lion has left us: "ye have promised me fidelity," says he, "but ye have kept it as the Wolf did to the Fox," as *Isangrin* did to *Reinhart*.\* Nay, perhaps the ancient circulation of some such Song, or Tale, among the French is best of all evinced by the fact that this same *Reinhart*, or *Renard*, is still the only word in their language for *Fox*; and thus, strangely enough, the Proper may have become an Appellative; and sly Duke Reinhart, at an era when the French tongue was first evolving itself from the rubbish of Latin and German, have insinuated his name into Natural as well as Political History."

From all which, so much at least would appear: That the Fable of *Reynard the Fox*, which in the German version we behold completed, nowise derived its completeness from the individual there named Hinrek van Alkmer, or from any other individual, or people; but rather, that being in old times universally current, it was taken up by poets and satirists of all countries; from each received some accession or improvement; and properly, has no single author. We must observe, however, that as yet it had attained no fixation or consistency; no version was decidedly preferred to every other. Caxton† and the Dutch appear, at best, but as the skeleton of what afterwards became a body; of the old Walloon version, said to have been discovered lately, we are taught to entertain a similar opinion;‡ in the existing French

\* Flügel (iii. 31), who quotes the *Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*, t. i. p. 68.

† See Scheller (*Reincke de Vos*, To Brunschwyl, 1825) *Vorrede*.—See our last Number, page 222.

versions, which are all older, either in Gielée's, or in the others, there is even less analogy. Loosely conjoined, therefore, and only in the state of dry bones, was it that Hiurek, or Nicolaus, or some Lower-Saxon whoever he might be, found the story; and blowing on it with the breath of genius, raised it up into a consistent Fable. Many additions and some exclusions he must have made; was probably enough assisted by personal experience of a Court, whether that of Juliers or some other; perhaps also he admitted personal allusions, and doubtless many a oblique glance at existing things: and thus was produced the Low-German *Reineke de Fos*, which version, shortly after its appearance, had extinguished all the rest, and come to be, what it still is; the sole veritable representative of *Reynard*, in as much as all subsequent translations and editions have derived themselves from it.

The farther history of *Reineke* is easily traced. In this new guise, it spread abroad over all the world, with a scarcely exemplified rapidity; fixing itself also as a firm possession in most countries, where, indeed, in this character, we still find it. It was printed and rendered, innumerable times: in the original dialect alone, the last Editor has reckoned up more than twenty Editions; on one of which, for example, we find such a name as that of Heinrich Voss. It was first translated into High-German in 1545; into Latin in 1567, by Hartmann Schopper, whose smooth style and rough fortune keep him in memory with Scholars;\* a new version into short German verse appeared next century; in our own times, Goethe has not disdained to re-produce it, by means of his own, in a third shape: Of Soltau's version, into literal doggrel, we have already testified. Long generations before, it had been manufactured into Prose, for the use of the people, and was sold on stalls; where still, with the needful changes in

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\* While engaged in this Translation, at Freiburg in Baden, he was impressed as a soldier, and carried, apparently in fetters, to Vienna, having given his work to another to finish. At Vienna he stood not long in the ranks; having fallen violently sick, and being thrown out into the streets to recover there. He says, "he was without bed, and had to seek quarters on the muddy pavement, in a Bachel." Here too, in the night, some excessively straitened individual stole from him his cloak and sabre. However, men were not all hyenas: one Josias Hufnagel, unknown to him, but to whom by his writings he was known, took him under roof, procured medical assistance, equipped him anew; so that "in the harvest season, being half-cured, he could return or rather re-crawl to Frankfort on the Mayn." There too "a Magister Johann Cuiplus, Christian Egenolph's son-in-law, kindly received him," and encouraged him to finish his Translation; as accordingly he did, dedicating it to the Emperor, with doleful complaints, fruitless or not is unknown. For now poor Hartmann, no longer an Autobiographer, quite vanishes, and we can understand only that he laid his wearied back one day in a most still bed, where the blanket of the Night softly enwrapped him and all his woes. — His Book is entitled *Opus poeticum de admirabili Fallacii et Astutid Pulpecula Reineke*, &c. &c.; and in the Dedication and Preface contains all these details.

spelling, and printed on grayest paper, it tempts the speculative eye.

Thus has our old Fable, rising like some River in the remote distance, from obscure rivulets, gathered strength out of every valley out of every country, as it rolled on. It is European in two senses; for as all Europe contributed to it, so all Europe has enjoyed it. Among the Germans, *Reinecke Fuchs* was long a House-book and universal Best-companion: it has been lectured on in Universities, quoted in Imperial Council-halls; it lay on the toilette of Princesses, and was thumbed to pieces on the bench of the Artizan; we hear of grave men ranking it only next to the Bible. Neither, as we said, was its popularity confined to home; Translations ere long appeared in French, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, English;\* nor was that same stall-honour, which has been reckoned the truest literary celebrity, refused it here; perhaps many a reader of these pages may, like the writer of them, recollect the hours, when, hidden from unfeeling gaze of pedagogue, he swallowed *The most pleasant and delightful History of Reynard the Fox*, like stolen waters, with a timorous joy.

So much for the outward fortunes of this remarkable Book. It comes before us with a character such as can belong only to a very few; that of being a true world's-Book, which through centuries was every where at home, the spirit of which diffused itself into all languages and all minds. These quaint Æsopic figures have painted themselves in innumerable heads; that rough, deeplying humour has been the laughter of many generations. So that, at worst, we must regard this *Reinecke* as an ancient Idol, once worshipped, and still interesting for that circumstance, were the sculpture never so rude. We can love it, moreover, as being indigenous, wholly of our own creation: it sprang up from European sense and character, and was a faithful type and organ of these.

But independently of all extrinsic considerations, this Fable of *Reinecke* may challenge a judgment on its own merits. Cunningly constructed, and not without a true poetic life, we must admit it to be: great power of conception and invention, great pictorial

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\* Besides Caxton's original, of which little is known among us but the name, we have two versions: one in 1667, "with excellent Morals and Expositions," which was reprinted in 1681, and followed in 1684 by a continuation, called the *Shifts of Reynardine the son of Reynard*, of English growth; another in 1708, slightly altered from the former, explaining what appears doubtful or allegorical; "it being originally written," says the brave editor elsewhere, "by an eminent Statesman of the German Empire, to show some Men their Follies, and correct the Vices of the Times he lived in." Not only *Reynardine* but a second Appendix, *Cassiodore the Book*, appears here; also there are "curious Devices, or Pictures."—Of Editions "printed for the Flying-Stationers," we say nothing.

fidelity, a warm, sunny tone of colouring, are manifest enough. It is full of broad, rustic mirth; inexhaustible in comic devices: a World-Saturnalia, where Wolves tamed into Monks, and nigh starved by short commons, Foxes pilgriming to Rome for absolution, Cocks pleading at the judgment-bar, make strange mummery. Nor is this wild Parody of Human Life without its meaning and moral: it is an Air-pageant from Fancy's Dream-grotto, yet Wisdom lurks in it; as we gaze the vision becomes poetic and prophetic. A true Irony must have dwelt in the Poet's heart and head: here, under grotesque shadows, he gives us the saddest picture of Reality; yet for us without sadness; his figures mask themselves in uncouth, bestial vizards, and enact, gambolling; their Tragedy dissolves into sardonic grins. He has a deep, heartfelt Humour sporting with the world and its evils in kind mockery: this is the poetic *soul*, round which the outward *material* has fashioned itself into living coherence. And so, in that rude old Apologue, we have still a mirror, though now tarnished and time-worn, of true magic reality; and can discern there, in cunning reflex, some image both of our destiny and of our duty: for now, as then, "Prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward," and Cunning triumphs where Honesty is worsted; and now, as then, it is the wise man's part to know this, and cheerfully look for it, and cheerfully defy it:

"*Ut vulpis adulatio*

Here thro' his own world moveth,

*Sic hominis et ratio*

Most like to Reynard's proveth."\*

If *Reinecke* is nowise a perfect Comic Epos, it has various features of such, and, above all, a genuine Epic spirit, which is the rarest feature.

Of the Fable, and its incidents and structure, it is perhaps superfluous to offer any sketch; to most readers the whole may be already familiar. How Noble, King of the Beasts, holding a solemn Court, one Whitsuntide, is deafened on all hands with complaints against *Reinecke*; Hence the Cat, Lampe the Hare, Isegrim the Wolf, with innumerable others, having suffered from his villainy, Isegrim especially, in a point which most keenly touches honour; nay, Chanticleer the Cock, (*Henning de Hane*), amid bitterest wail, appearing even with the *corpus delicti*, the body of one of his children, which that arch-knave has feloniously murdered with intent to eat. Now his indignant Majesty there-

\* "*Ut vulpis adulatio*

*Nu in de werlde blijket;*

*Sic hominis et ratio*

*Gelyk dem Fes sijk schijket.*"—Motto to *Reinecke*.

upon despatches Bruin the Bear to cite the delinquent in the King's name; how Bruin, inveigled into a Honey-expedition, returns without his errand, without his cars, almost without his life; Hinz the Cat, in a subsequent expedition, faring no better. How at last Reinecke, that he may not have to stand actual siege in his fortress of Malapertus, does appear for trial, and is about to be hanged, but on the gallows-ladder makes a speech unrivalled in forensic eloquence, and saves his life; nay, having incidentally hinted at some Treasures, the hiding-place of which is well known to him, rises into high favour; is permitted to depart on that pious pilgrimage to Rome he has so much at heart, and furnished even with shoes, cut from the living hides of Isegrim and Isegrim's much-injured spouse, his worst enemies. How the Treasures not making their appearance, but only new misdeeds, he is again haled to judgment; again glozes the general ear with sweetest speeches; at length, being challenged to it, fights Isegrim in knightly tourney, and by the cunningest, though the most unchivalrous method, not to be farther specified in polite writing, carries off a complete victory; and having thus, by wager of battle, manifested his innocence, is overloaded with royal favour; created Chancellor, and Pilot to weather the Storm; and so, in universal honour and authority, reaps the fair fruit of his gifts and labours.

"Whereby shall each to wisdom turn,  
Evil eschew, and virtue learn:  
Therefore was this same story wrote,  
That is its aim, and other not.  
This Book for little price is sold,  
But image clear of world doth hold;  
Whoso into the world would look,  
My counsel is—he buy this book.  
So endeth Reynard's Fox's story.  
God help us all to heavenly glory!"

It has been objected that the Animals in *Reinecke* are not Animals, but Men disguised; to which objection, except in so far as grounded on the necessary indubitable fact that this is an Apologue or emblematic Fable, and no Chapter of Natural History, we cannot in any considerable degree accede. Nay, that very contrast between Object and Effort, where the Passions of men develop themselves on the Interests of animals, and the whole is huddled together in chaotic monkey, is a main charm of the picture. For the rest, we should rather say, these bestial characters were moderately well sustained; the vehement, futile vociferation of Chanticleer; the hysterical promptitude, and earnest profession and protestation of poor Lampe the Hare; the thick-headed ferocity of Isegrim; the sluggish, gluttonous opacity of Bruin;

above all, the craft, the tact, and inexhaustible knavish adroitness of Reinecke himself, are in strict accuracy of costume. Often also their situations and occupations are bestial enough. What quantities of bacon and other proviant do Isegrim and Reinecke forage; Reinecke contributing the scheme—for the two were then in partnership—and Isegrim paying the shot in broken bones! What more characteristic than the fate of Bruin, when, ill-counselled, he introduces his stupid head into Rustefill's half-split log; has the wedges whisked away, and stands clutched there, as in a vice, and uselessly roaring, disappointed of honey, sure only of a beating without parallel! Not to forget the Mare, whom, addressing her by the title of Good-wife, with all politeness, Isegrim, sore-pinched with hunger, asks whether she will sell her foal: she answers, that the price is written on her hinder hoof; which document the intending purchaser, being "an Erfurt graduate," declares his full ability to read; but finds there no writing, or print, save only the print of six horsenails on his own mauled visage. And abundance of the like; sufficient to excuse our old Epos on this head, or altogether justify it. Another objection, that, namely, which points to the great, and excessive coarseness of the work, here and there, it cannot so readily turn aside; being indeed rude, old-fashioned, and homespun, apt even to draggle in the mire: neither are its occasional dulness and tediousness to be denied; but only to be set against its frequent terseness and strength, and pardoned as the product of poor humanity, from whose hands nothing, not even a *Reinecke de Fos*, comes perfect.

He who would read, and still understand this old Apologue, must apply to Goethe, whose version, for poetical use, we have found infinitely the best; like some copy of an ancient, bedimmed, half-obliterated wood-cut, but new-done on steel, on India-paper, and with all manner of graceful, yet appropriate appendages. Nevertheless, the old Low-German original has also a certain charm, and simply as the original would claim some notice. It is reckoned greatly the best performance that was ever brought out in that Dialect; interesting, moreover, in a philological point of view, especially to us English; being properly the language of our old Saxon Fatherland; and still curiously like our own, though the two, for some twelve centuries, have had no brotherly communication. One short specimen, with the most verbal translation, we shall here insert, and then have done with *Reinecke*:

"De Greving was Reinke's broder's sone,  
*The Badger was Reinke's brother's son,*  
 De sprak do, un was sêr kône;  
*He spake there, and was (so) very (keen) bald.*

He forantworde in dem Hove den Fos,  
*He (for-answered) defended in the Court the Fox,*  
 De dog was sêr falsch un lôs.  
*That (tho') yet was very false and loose.*  
 He sprak to deme Wulve also fôrd:  
*He spake to the Wolf so forth:*  
 Here Isegrim, it is ein ôldsprâken wôrd,  
*Master Isegrim, it is an old-spoken word,*  
 Des fyendes mund shaffet seldom frôm,  
*The (fiend's) enemy's mouth (shapeth) bringeth seldom*  
*advantage!*

So do ji ôk by Reinken, minem ôm.  
*So do ye (eke) too by Reinke, mine (eme) uncle.*  
 Were he so wol also ji hyr to Hove,  
*Were he as well as ye here at Court,*  
 Un stunde he also in des Koninges love  
*And stood he so in the King's favour,*  
 Here Isegrim, also ji dôt,  
*Master Isegrim, as ye do,*  
 It sholde ju nigt dûnken gôd,  
*It should you not (think) seem good,*  
 Dat ji en hyr alsus forspraken  
*That ye him here so forspake*  
 Un de ôlden stükke hyr fôrraken.  
*And the old tricks here forth-raked.*  
 Men dat kwerde, dat ji Reinken havven gedân,  
*But the ill that ye Reinke have done,*  
 Dat late ji al agter stan.

*That let ye all (after stand) stand by.*  
 It is nog etliken heren wol kund,  
*It is yet to some gentlemen well known,*  
 Wo ji mid Reinken maken den fêrbund,  
*How ye with Reinke made (bond) alliance,*  
 Un wolden wâren twe like gesellen:  
*And would be two (like) equal partners:*  
 Dat mot ik dirren heren fortallen.  
*That mote I these gentlemen forth-tell.*  
 Wentte Reinke, myn ôm in wintersnôd,  
*Since Reinke, mine uncle, in winter's-need,*  
 Umme Isegrim's willen, fylna was dôd.  
*For Isegrim's (will) sake, full-nigh was dead.*  
 Wentte it geschag dat ein kwam gefaren,  
*For it chanced that one came (faring) driving,*  
 De hadde grote fische up suter kâren  
*Who had many fishes upon a fur:*  
 Isegrim hadde geren der fische gehaled,  
*Isegrim had fain the fishes (have haled) have got,*  
 Men he hadde nigt, dârmid se wôrden betaled.  
*But he had not wherewith they should be (betold) paid.*

He bragte minen ðm in de grôte nòd,  
*He brought mine uncle into great (need) straits,*  
 Um sinen willen ging he liggen for død,  
*For his sake went he to (lie) lie for dead,*  
 Regt in den wag, un stund äventur  
*Right in the way, and stood (adventure) chance,*  
 Market, warden em ðk de fishe sîr?  
*Mark, were him eke the fishes (sour) dear-bought?*  
 Do jenne mid der kare gefaren kwam  
*When (yonder) he with the car driving came*  
 Un minen ðm darsulvest fornem,  
*And mine uncle (there-self) even there perceived,*  
 Hastigen tåg he syn swerd un anel  
*Hastily (took) drew he his sword and (snell) quick,*  
 Un wolde mineme ome torrukken en fel  
*And would my uncle (tatter in fell) tear in pieces.*  
 Men he rögede sik nîgt klæn nog grôt;  
*But he stirred himself not (little nor great) more or less;*  
 Dø mēnde he dat he were død;  
*Then (meant) thought he that he was dead;*  
 He lādē ðn up de kar, und dayte en to fillen,  
*He laid him upon the car, and thought him to skin,*  
 Dat wagede he all dorg Isegrim's willen  
*That risked he all through Isegrim's will!*  
 Do he fordan begunde to faren  
*When he forth-on began to fare,*  
 Warp Reinke etlike fishe fan der kareu  
*Cast Reinke some fishes from the car,*  
 Isegrim fan ferne agteona kwam  
*Isegrim from far after came*  
 Un derre fishe al to sik nam  
*And these fishes all to himself took.*  
 Reinke sprang wedder fan der karen  
*Reinke sprang again from the car;*  
 Em lustede to nîgt länger to faren  
*He listed not longer to fare.*  
 He hadde ðk gērne der fishe begerd,  
*He (had) would have also fann of the fishes required,*  
 Men Isegrim hadde se alle fortōrd.  
*But Isegrim had them all consumed.*  
 He hadde geten dat he wolde barsten,  
*He had eaten so that he would burst,*  
 Un moste darumme gēn torn arsten.  
*And must thereby go to the doctor."*  
 Do Isegrim der grāden nîgt en mogte,  
*As Isegrim the fish-bones not liked,*  
 Der sūlven he em ein weinîg brogte.  
*Of these same he him a little brought."*

Whereby it would appear, if we are to believe Grimbart the

Badger, that Reinecke was not only the cheater in this case, but also the cheatee: however, he makes matters straight again in that other noted fish-expedition, where Isegrim minded not to steal but to catch fish, and having no fishing-tackle, by Reinecke's advice, inserts his tail into the lake, in winter-season; but before the promised string of trouts, all hooked to one another and to him, will bite, is frozen in, and left there to his own bitter meditations.

We here take leave of *Reinecke de Vos*, and of the whole *Æsopic* genus, of which it is almost the last, and by far the most remarkable example. The Age of Apologue, like that of Chivalry and Love-singing, is gone; for nothing in this Earth has continuance. If we ask, where are now our People's-Books? the answer might give room for reflexions. Hinrek van Alkmer has passed away, and Dr. Birkbeck has risen in his room. What good and evil lie in that little sentence!—But doubtless the day is coming when what is wanting here will be supplied; when as the Logical, so likewise the Poetical susceptibility and faculty of the people; their Fancy, Humour, Imagination, wherein lie the main elements of spiritual life,—will no longer be left uncultivated, barren, or bearing only spontaneous thistles, but in new and finer harmony, with an improved Understanding, will flourish in new vigour; and in our inward world there will again be a sunny Firmament and verdant Earth, as well as a Pantry and culinary Fire; and men will learn not only to recapitulate and compute, but to worship, to love; in tears or in laughter, hold mystical as well as logical communion with the high and the low of this wondrous Universe; and read, as they should live, with their whole being. Of which glorious consummation there is at all times, seeing these endowments are indestructible, nay, essentially supreme in man, the firmest ulterior certainty, but, for the present, only faint prospects and far-off indications. Time brings Roses!

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ART. V.—*Notice sur la vie politique, et les travaux parlementaires de M. George Canning, extraite de la Biographie Universelle des Contemporains; et suivie de reflexions sur son système politique.* Par Alph. Rabbe. Paris: Janvier, 1827. 8vo.

THIS little work, published in the last year of Mr. Canning's life, furnishes our neighbours with an inaccurate account of that distinguished man. The time, indeed, is not come, when a history of that life can be written, at once fully and impartially. The difficulty which attaches to the biography of any statesman recently deceased, is, in the case of Mr. Canning, much aggra-

vated by the peculiar occurrences of his latter years, and more especially of the year in which he died; occurrences which have made the party feeling, incident to such occasions, as complicated as it is intense; and have interested in his posthumous fame many who, up to the last few months of his existence, were his strongest opponents. A curious train of events had placed him in a new, and as it appears to us, a false position. Under this impression, and with nothing before us but the meagre history of M. Rabbe, we shrink from an attempt at systematic biography. We take, however, this opportunity of correcting some grievous errors into which the French author has fallen; and also of continuing, through Mr. Canning's administration of the Foreign Office, the examination of the disputed points in the Foreign Policy of England, which was commenced in our last number. And here we may derive much assistance from an English work, published in the present year, professing to narrate "The Political Life of Mr. Canning, from his acceptance of the Seals of the Foreign Department in September, 1822, to the period of his death in August, 1827."

But it appears to us that there never was a public man whose private sentiments had a more active influence upon his public conduct, than there never was a statesman whose personal and political history were more intimately blended; and we therefore gladly seize the opportunity, which M. Rabbe's work affords us, of going back to an earlier period of Mr. Canning's life for an elucidation of his political system: we wish much that the materials in our possession, or our own information, allowed us to describe more minutely one of the most remarkable, as well as eminent characters of the age.

Mr. Canning attained distinction at a very early period of life; at Eton, and at Christ Church, he was not only distinguished, as many youths have been distinguished, for proficiency in scholastic exercises; he acquired and maintained a superiority in intellectual power, which made him, as an under-graduate, an object of curiosity and interest. There are now living eminent men in the learned professions, who call to mind the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with even the person of Mr. Canning, as a memorable incident of their academical residence.

It is well known, that his character at the University occasioned his introduction to Mr. Pitt, and procured him a seat in the House of Commons.\* We have never seen in print an anecdote, which we know to be as authentic as it is characteristic, concern-

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\* M. Rabbe states him to have been introduced into the House of Commons by the influence of Mr. Sheridan, and to have been afterwards noticed by Mr. Pitt. In this, as in other instances, we shall state the fact correctly, without always noticing the mistakes of the French writer.

ing his first seat in parliament. He expressed, in answer to the overture made to him, his readiness to become a supporter of Mr. Pitt; but he stipulated, that the matter should be arranged between the minister and himself, without the intervention of the secretary of the Treasury; and that he should not become the nominee of any great lord, or borough proprietor, who might possibly claim a right to influence his vote.

He entered the House of Commons in the second year of the French war, and soon became eminent among the advocates of vigorous opposition to the principles of the Revolution.

Clever mal-contents in this country were struck with his talents, without understanding his principles; and it is a remarkable fact, which we state upon good authority, that one of these gentlemen (a well-known person now living) proposed to Mr. Canning, then a very young man, professing to study the law in the Temple, to put himself at the head of a revolutionary party. He was, they thought, exactly the man whom they wanted; and so indeed he was, if his attachment to the constitution of his country, and his sense of the practical benefits derived from it, had not, in the spring, as in the autumn of his life, secured his great powers on the side of the constitution.

It is remarkable that in his maiden speech,\* occasional as it necessarily was, Mr. Canning expressed sentiments in exact conformity with those to which we have elsewhere pointed as the leading and laudable opinions of his after life. After insinuating an opinion very conformable to that which we have adopted,† as to “the old balance of power,” he speaks of those who charged the English government with a hatred of freedom, because they made war against France after having made no opposition to the partitioners of Poland. The few words of allusion, by the rising politician of 1794, to this plausible but flimsy charge, are referrible to that same notion of the duty of an English minister, which was enunciated by the accomplished statesman of 1823.

“The authors of this assertion affect to disregard, or disdain to consider the comparative distance of France or Poland—the relative importance of the two countries to us—the strength of the confederacy by which the latter was oppressed—and every other circumstance which should guide the discretion, or regulate the conduct of every sober politician.”‡

In the spring of 1796 Mr. Canning became under-secretary to Lord Grenville, who had the department of Foreign Affairs; and we believe that we may truly assert that he was the prin-

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\* 31 Jan. 1794. *Parl. Hist.* .... 1317. *Canning's Speeches*, i. 4.

† pp. 51–55, *ante*.

‡ Sp. i. 18.

cipal author of the celebrated answer,\* issued in the December of that year, to the Spanish declaration of war. Seldom, probably, had so young a man, a secretary so recently appointed, such a share in a state paper of this importance. Those who have studied Mr. Canning's writings, will find no difficulty in recognising many passages, and even particular expressions,† which could scarcely come from any other hand. During the remainder of the first revolutionary war, Mr. Canning (who was in 1799 promoted to the Army Pay Office, with the rank of Privy Councillor) was the continued supporter of vigorous war. On December 11, 1798,‡ he made a speech on the state of the nation, which may be numbered among his most splendid efforts; but we are more particularly desirous of pointing to his speech in the famous debate on Bonaparte's letter, 3d February, 1800,§ when he delivered sentiments in reference to the degree and nature of our connection with the Bourbons, strikingly illustrative of the view which we have taken. We can give but a short extract:—

"If we could bring the royalists through by the same efforts by which we were working for our own advantage, surely it was highly useful, and honourable, and humane, to do so; but we were not pledged to persevere beyond what we thought prudent on our own account, we might withdraw at any time when our own objects were accomplished, or when we saw that they were unattainable without greater risk than it appeared to us advisable to incur; and we might withdraw without reproach, and without dishonesty."||

After the dissolution of Mr. Pitt's ministry in 1801, Mr. Canning was in some degree separated from him—partly through his more decided hostility to the government of Mr. Addington, and partly through his connection with some of those who composed what was called the War Party. This difference occasioned his keeping aloof on occasions when he would naturally have been found in debate. During the last administration of Mr. Pitt, he still held only a secondary office, that of Treasurer of the Navy, having refused to succeed Mr. Windham as Secretary at War, unless he might also succeed him in the cabinet. Towards the close of 1805 it was in contemplation to give him a seat in the cabinet, to which his station in the House of Commons decidedly

\* Parl. Hist. xxvii. 1289.

† There is one remarkable expression, "she has been compelled to act in a quarrel, and for interests not her own," (1798) which is to be found in the declaration against Russia, Dec. 18, 1807,—"attempts to disguise the operation of that external influence by which Russia is driven into unjust hostilities for interests not her own."—Parl. Deb. x. 124.

‡ Parl. Hist. xxiv. 33. Speeches, i. 49.

§ Parl. Hist. xxiv. 1261. Speeches, i. 236.

|| Id. i. 258.

entitled him, but Mr. Pitt's death dissolved the government. During the short administration of "The Talents," Mr. Canning, who from this time acknowledged no leader,\* greatly distinguished himself in opposition, especially upon foreign affairs; and at the formation of the Duke of Portland's administration, in April, 1807, he became Secretary of State in the department in which he had been bred. At this period England was at war with most of the powers of Europe, and the business of a secretary of state was very different in its nature from that which appertains to the office during peace. No transaction occurred from which any illustration can be drawn of Mr. Canning's policy in reference to points recently in dispute. His great object was, as it had always been, determined opposition to France, and a vigorous prosecution of the war. It was during this period that the Spaniards commenced that resistance to Bonaparte, which, through the aid of England, became afterwards so successful; and Mr. Canning often boasted of the honour which had been his, in signing the first treaty of restored peace and co-operation with Spain. He had occasion to issue several state papers, which were universally and justly admired.

Lord Castlereagh held at this period the seals of the War Department. For some time everything went on well; the ministry were eminently popular and successful; but some public reverses occurred, and then sprang up the differences and jealousies between the two secretaries of state, of which we are quite unable to state the nature and origin. They are indeed, in themselves, foreign to our purpose, but they have a bearing upon the topics of present discussion, in as much as they were the original causes of the contention which we are endeavouring to mitigate. We believe that one point of difference related to the continuance and re-inforcement of the British troops in Portugal after the Battle of Corunna; and to some question as to the supersession of a commander of those forces. For our present object, however, it is enough, that there was no question in any degree corresponding with those which have given rise to what may be styled the post-humous controversy in which we are now engaged.

It is well known that these differences led to the resignation of Mr. Canning as well as of Lord Castlereagh; nor did the former return to the cabinet during the further continuance of the war.

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\* Of all the misrepresentations of M. Rabinovich is more injurious or unjust than the imputation against Mr. Canning, (p. 15.) of being "a sort of political adventurer, marching sometimes under the banner of one chief, sometimes under that of another." In another place (p. 14) Mr. Canning is described as having attached himself in 1809 to Lord Wellesley! Lord W. succeeded him (Lord Bathurst being only his locum tenens while he was abroad) in the Foreign Office.

On all points, however, connected with its vigorous prosecution, he gave his active support to the governments of Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool.\* In no one of the impassioned and animating harangues, in which he exhorted the House to persevere in the mighty struggle, did any symptom appear of difference with the ministry, in which Lord Castlereagh now held the Foreign Department, as to the principles or object of the contest. In one beautiful passage, of the effect of which upon an attentive House the writer of this article has still a lively recollection, Mr. Canning marked the entire accordance of his feelings with those under which he had, in early life, illustrated the system of Mr. Pitt.

"The Spanish revolution," he said, in supporting the vote of thanks to Lord Wellington for the Battle of Vittoria, "exhibiting the same splendid successes as those which marked the early career of that of France, has proved that triumph is not unachievable by those who are attached to the sovereignty, and whose principle is to conserve rather than to destroy. It is not to Spain alone that the effects of the late victory will be confined. Spain has been the theatre of Lord Wellington's glory; but it will not be the boundary of the beneficial result of his triumph. The same blow which has broken the talisman of the French power in Spain has disenchanted the North. How is our prospect changed! In those countries, where at most a short struggle had been terminated by a result disastrous to our wishes, if not altogether closing in despair, we have now to contemplate a very different aspect of affairs. Germany crouches no longer, trembling at the feet of the tyrant, but maintains a balanced contest. *The mighty deluge, by which the continent has been overwhelmed, begins to subside. The limits of nations are again visible, and the spires and turrets of ancient establishments begin to reappear above the subsiding wave.*"†

He made but one other speech previously to the peace and to his departure from England. In that speech, delivered after the success of the war had, in Mr. Canning's own opinion, been accomplished, he re-asserted as its object, "undaunted, persevering resistance to the overwhelming power of France." Not a word was uttered, or a notion hinted, of any new or more extensive principle of universal freedom. For, certainly, and as containing his parting words, we give the substance of this speech; but we affirm that, looking at the context, and at the whole tenour of the speeches of which it is a peroration, and above all, to the course of transactions which were now completed, the most ingenious painter cannot doubt but that, in the concluding prayer, Mr. Canning contemplated foreign oppression,

\* See his three speeches, June 15, 1810; July 7, and November 17, 1813.—Speeches, i. 419, 424. Parl. Deb. xvii. 715, xxvi. 1141, and xxvii. 144.

† Speeches, iii. 422.

‡ November 17, 1813.

not domestic tyranny.\* He was a friend of good government;—what honest man is not? But internal constitutions were not on this particular occasion uppermost in his thoughts.

"I ardently hope that the result will be a general pacification, in which the interests of the civilized world will be duly consulted: if it should be necessary to continue hostilities, may we contend, as we have fought during the last campaign, with matchless strength arising from the firmness of the indissoluble union of the allies whose cause is, and whose exertions ought to be one. May Great Britain still maintain that dignity of station, and support that grandeur and liberality of design, upon which she has hitherto acted! May she continue the unoppressive guardian of the liberties that she has vindicated, and the disinterested protectress of the liberties she has bestowed!"

In July, 1814, soon after the peace of Paris, Mr. Canning's friends accepted office under Lord Liverpool's government, and he himself accepted the embassy to Lisbon; in June, 1816, about twelve months after the treaties of Vienna had been promulgated, he returned to England as a member of the Cabinet, and President of the India Board. But he did not resume his seat in the House of Commons, (which was vacated by his appointment,) until February, 1817; and had therefore no part in the discussions which occurred, concerning the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna.

It cannot be said, that in thus uniting himself with the government, Mr. Canning made himself responsible for all their former acts, or necessarily expressed an approbation of them. At the same time, it may be observed, that the most important and the most recent measures of the Cabinet which Mr. Canning now joined, appertained to foreign policy: they had been conducted by Lord Castlereagh, with more than departmental powers. Of arrangements so complicated and extensive, it is more than probable that Mr. Canning disapproved of some of the details; so, without inconsistency, might even their responsible authors. But nothing but a distinct assurance, by Mr. Canning himself, could induce us to believe that he disapproved generally and strongly of the principles on which England and her allies had proceeded; or of the mode in which the Foreign Secretary had carried them into effect.

The concurrence of opinion, which was fairly to be inferred from his junction with his new colleagues, was distinctly avowed by Mr. Canning, when his acceptance of the Lisbon embassy was made the subject of a motion in the House of Commons;† and it is to be remembered, that the allegation of a fundamental

\* See Stapleton, l. 8.

† Speeches, iii. 485, 486. Parl. Deb. xxiv. 190.

difference of policy between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning includes a charge of inconsistency against Lord Liverpool, who co-operated with both. He approved cordially, as Mr. Stapleton says, of the policy of Mr. Canning. Who has the right to say that he did not approve of the policy of Lord Castlereagh?

Mr. Canning's ideas were definite, and his language precise; it cannot have been by him, but by his thoughtless biographer, that Lord Castlereagh was accused, without evidence or explanation, of "throwing away at Vienna, the advantages obtained at Salamanca or Vittoria."\*

If the arrangements had consisted in a mere treaty of peace, and oblivion of grievances past, a minister, however much he disapproved of them, might have united with men with whom he otherwise concurred. But the stipulations of 1815 were prospective. They involved the occupation, for a time not precisely defined, of the territory of France herself, and much remained to be done in reference to continental affairs, which required continued intercourse and discussion with the great powers of Europe.

To those treaties of 1818, the result of this discussion, which are supposed to have involved us in the Holy Alliance, and which did connect us intimately with its members,—to that quintuple alliance, which, according to Lord John Russell, implied a guaranty of the Bourbon dynasty, and of all the schemes of Metternich,—Mr. Canning, as a member of the cabinet, was necessarily a party. He was a party also to the Foreign Enlistment Bill, and the Alien Bill, both which measures he supported by his eloquence, and to all the measures of the government from June, 1816, to June, 1820, when, for reasons totally unconnected with foreign politics, he ceased to attend the cabinet, which he finally quitted in the December following.

Let it not be supposed, that while we defend Mr. Canning from the charge, injudiciously insinuated by Mr. Stapleton, of having participated in measures which he disapproved, and made himself responsible for acts which he detested, we affirm that he entered cordially, and with perfect approbation, into all the proceedings of his colleagues. We know the contrary. We know that he was dissatisfied with the growing intimacy between Lord Castlereagh and some of the continental ministers; that he became averse to congresses and meetings of sovereigns. And it is within our own knowledge, that his indisposition to the proceedings of the allies extended to their forms, and created in him an almost morbid antipathy to protocols.

For some time before he quitted office, he was uneasy at the state of foreign affairs. The management of Lord Castlereagh,

and the courteous deference which he paid to the allied sovereigns, did not entirely suit his temperament; and, conscious of his own powers, he thought that he could have pursued the interests of England, with equal effect and more dignity, by measures of a different style.

But there is not a tittle of evidence, nor a shadow of probability, that during this period there arose any question in Lord Liverpool's cabinet, as to the institutions of foreign countries, or the principle of interference with their internal affairs; or that a difference existed on any great matter of policy. Such difference, if resolved in favour of an opponent, would have driven the high-minded and sensitive minister from the government. Unquestionably the ordinary feelings of human nature occasioned a little jealousy of the man, who had filled in such eventful times the office which he had once occupied; but this feeling did not prevent an occasional co-operation with Lord Castlereagh in the administration of the foreign office. We know that when almost all the colleagues of Mr. Canning, addressed to him valedictory letters, on his resignation, Lord Castlereagh expressed the particular effect which the separation had on him, who thus lost Mr. Canning's "assistance in the foreign office." It would not be fair to tell this without relating the whole fact. Lord Castlereagh's communication was tardy, and did not arrive until an observation to that effect from Mr. Canning had reached Lord Castlereagh through a common friend. But the feeling in Mr. Canning that it ought to come, and its own tenor, equally negative the supposition, that there was any radical difference of opinion between the two men, and more especially on foreign affairs.

Mr. Stapleton conjectures, with great appearance of probability, that Mr. Canning was the actual framer of the confidential minute on the affairs of Spain, issued in May, 1820.\* That he had a part in it we have no doubt, though we recognise some expressions much more in the style of Lord Castlereagh. At all events, it spoke the sentiments of the whole cabinet, and furnishes the most pregnant proof of co-operation between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in disclaiming the repressive schemes of the Holy Alliance.

We have referred, in our former article, to another celebrated circular, issued by Lord Castlereagh, on the affairs of Naples, and afterwards adopted by Mr. Canning, as the state paper in which were to be found the principles which he inherited from his predecessor, and determined to pursue.† Mr. Stapleton‡

\* Stapleton, i. 141. *Parl. Deb.* viii. and see p. 56, *ante*.

† See his speech, cited p. 60, *ante*.

‡ i. 299.

conceives that the state paper thus adopted by Mr. Canning, was the minute of May, 1820. The following considerations connect, beyond all doubt, Mr. Canning's declaration with the *Naples* circular.

1. Mr. Canning, speaking on the 24th February, 1823, refers to a paper which he found in his office. He would hardly have referred to a paper, as one which he found on entering office, for which he was himself responsible; still less, if, as Mr. Stapleton conjectures, he had been mainly concerned in its composition.

2. Mr. Canning, in laying before the House, on the 14th of April, 1823, the negotiations with France and Spain, refers to the same paper as being "in the records of the country," (i. e. before parliament,) as well as in those of his office, "and known to all the world."\* The *Naples* circular had been laid before the House in 1821;† that of May, 1820, was not produced until the 21st of April, 1823, after the second allusion to the paper in question had been made. The description therefore given of the paper was inapplicable to this of May, 1820, which was not only not before the House, or the world, when Mr. Canning took the seals, but was not included among the papers now produced in explanation of his conduct.

3. Both Lord Liverpool‡ and Mr. Peel,§ (representing the government in Mr. Canning's absence,) also referred, on the first day of this same session of 1823, to the *Naples* circular, for an exposition of the principles of the government. Lord Liverpool distinctly referred to it for the principles, which, in the words of the King's speech, written without doubt by Mr. Canning, "his Majesty had promulgated to the world."

We do not bring this evidence simply to justify the accuracy of our former statement; it is of importance to the questions at issue. For it is in this *Naples* circular, that Mr. Stapleton|| finds a clause indicative of that objectionable principle in Lord Castlereagh, which, according to him, Mr. Canning was strenuous in opposing. There was "a saving clause of justification for Austria, in her meditated attack on Naples;" and "Lord Castlereagh took pains to make an exception in favour of the sovereigns, in the only instance in which a practical application was about to be made of them." Mr. Canning, so far from authorizing this criticism on the paper, speaks of it as "laying down the principle of non-interference, with all the qualifications pro-

\* Speeches, v. 5. Parl. Deb. viii. 374.

† Parl. Debates, viii. 30.

|| i. pp. 42 & 43.

† iv. 283.

§ p. 66.

*perly belonging to it. . . .* The principle of non-interference with the independence of foreign states, was laid down in that document *as broadly, clearly and definitively, as it was possible for any statesman to wish to lay it down.*"\*

The criticisms then of Mr. Stapleton, heedless and unfair as applied to the paper of Lord Castlereagh, are most unfortunate when extended to a document to which Mr. Canning "appealed with fond pertinacity."† Only one word more upon this famous circular. In his eagerness to condemn, Mr. Stapleton scolds Lord Castlereagh because the Allies put forth in it some "doctrines in direct repugnance to the fundamental laws of Great Britain:"‡ —a curious charge this, against the minister who mentioned these doctrines only to condemn them! How stands the case? The principles of the Naples circular involve the interference of one government in the internal affairs of another; England is invited to maintain these principles: Lord Castlereagh, among other reasons for rejecting them, urges that their application to England would be inconsistent with her constitutional laws;—and he is then reproached as a supporter of those objectionable principles!

We have now made out this position:—That Mr. Canning came into office in 1822, not only without any avowed disapprobation of the policy of Lord Castlereagh and intention to change it, but with a decided and unequivocal recognition of it, as the principle of his own administration. And having this ample recognition, we do not think it necessary to advert to the minor instances of sarcasm and sneer against Lord Castlereagh and his policy, with which Mr. Stapleton, with questionable taste, has interlarded his eulogy upon Mr. Canning.

The truth is, that exclusiveness always was, and still is, the besetting fault of Mr. Canning's friends. He was a great, an admirable, and an amiable man. He had fine qualities and splendid accomplishments. He did not inspire more of public admiration than of private affection. Nor is it matter either of surprise or blame, that those who enjoyed his confidence, and witnessed the daily exercise of his talents, should be tenderly jealous of his reputation.

His rivalry with Lord Castlereagh was an unavoidable occurrence. It might have existed without bitterness, if the two characters which produced it had been left to the workings of their own greatness. Perhaps the friends of both were blameable; but we are sure that the work of Mr. Stapleton is an instance of

\* Speeches, vol. v. 6. Parl. Deb. viii. 374.

† Stapleton, vol. i. 301.

‡ Vol. i. 60.

great indiscretion in those attached to Mr. Canning. He had been, even from school, the hero of a set—of a set, not of grovelling parasites, but of accomplished and independent men; some of them, in particular attainments, almost qualified to dispute his superiority. From the Smiths, and the Sturgeses, and the Ellises, and the Freres, flattery might be offered without degradation, and accepted without shame. These persons persuaded themselves, and took pains to persuade Mr. Canning, that he was not merely the fittest, but the only man in England fit to govern it. Not only his opinions, acute and philosophical as they were, became the standard of right; his peculiarities and his very foibles were made the measure of propriety. Great as were the qualities of Lord Castlereagh, they unquestionably differed much in their nature from those of Mr. Canning. The powers of both were efficacious and successful. Each had some advantage which the other wanted; and either might have administered affairs, in the same crisis, with equal success, by means apparently opposite. To this truth, partiality blinded the friends of Mr. Canning. Partiality is amiable while it only exaggerates the merit of the patron; but it too often depreciates the rival: the degradation of him who is to be debased, is often more zealously pursued than the exaltation of him who is to be honoured.

These remarks are strikingly applicable to the account of Mr. Canning's proceedings by his confidential secretary. We respect the talents of Mr. Stapleton, and admire his fidelity; but we are confident that his is one of the many cases in which an amiable and praiseworthy attachment has led to misrepresentation and unfairness; so much as to require a suspicious perusal of a work, for which the character of its author, and its illustrious subject, might otherwise have claimed implicit confidence.

We will now proceed to the policy of Mr. Canning; and taking, as a convenient index to our narrative, this work of Mr. Stapleton, we meet at once with a pregnant indication of one strange accident in the life of Mr. Canning, which communicates another taint to all histories of his policy, of which they must be discharged before the truth can be attained.

Mr. Canning had been, all his life, the distinguished opponent of the Whigs, and more especially of the friends of Parliamentary Reform. There was nothing for which he was more distinguished than his contemptuous rejection of all suggestions for ascribing to the British Constitution, a basis in the abstract principle of representation. When called upon, shortly before his death, to form an administration, he slowly, unwillingly, and after

attempting every Tory whom he could find, admitted some eminent Whigs\* into his cabinet. In this measure there was, on his part, no inconsistency or dereliction of principle; for (with one solitary exception in favour of an almost exhausted man,) he obtained from each and all of them a pledge, that they would not only not support, but would manfully oppose all Whig measures, and more particularly, Reform. But now that there is no longer the voice of Mr. Canning to remind them of the terms on which they joined him, these same Whigs have the hardihood to pretend that it was *he* who had changed! Having not only been opposed to him for years, in all matters connected with domestic liberty and the national constitution, but having charged upon him, on the only occasions on which it came into discussion, all the vices of the Holy Alliance, they all at once pretended to consider him as the champion of universal freedom, the redresser of all national wrongs!

Deprived, as they were subsequently, of the support of many Tory friends, the adherents of Mr. Canning, clinging closely to the Whigs, have so far given in to this strange delusion, that the secretary is found to commence an exposition of his policy, with a reference to the principle "That the people are the origin of power,"† as the first principle of the British Constitution. We shall not be led by Mr. Stapleton into any discussion of this barren theory; he will find enough in the speeches, and, we doubt not, recollect enough in the conversations of Mr. Canning. We mention the passage only as a proof of that newly created bias which derogates from the value of the narrative of Mr. Stapleton. This preference of the favourite doctrines of the Whigs, combined with the jealousy of Lord Castlereagh, in which their recollection of his triumphs caused them to partake, pervades every line, and perverts almost every sentiment of the work.

But we proceed. According to Mr. Stapleton the principle of Mr. Canning, on his accession to the Foreign Office, was this

"The object to be sought was the prevention of popular tumults on the one hand, and of arbitrary and oppressive conduct on the other."‡ . . .

"The dissolution of the Alliance was to be effected gradually, by the withdrawal from it of the countenance of England; and the balance was to be held—not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles—giving the preference to neither, but *aiding rather the liberal side, because the anti-liberals were then the strongest.*"§

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\* Some of the most eminent, however, were unconcerned in this junction; neither Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, nor Lord John Russell, took office in Mr. Canning's government, or expressed themselves satisfied with its formation. On the 10th of May, 1827, Lord Grey made a severe attack upon the new minister.—*Parl. Deb.* xvii. 720.

† Vol. i. 132.

‡ Vol. i. 133.

§ Vol. i. 135.

We have already proved that the countenance of England had already been withdrawn, by Lord Castlereagh, in a mode and in terms approved and adopted by Mr. Canning, from all schemes of the Holy Alliance tending to the repression of liberty and independence. So far, therefore, this representation of Mr. Canning's policy implies no difference with his predecessor. But Mr. Stapleton pushes Mr. Canning's plans a little further;—how justly, let us now see.

The words which refer to *conflicting principles* are quoted from the elaborate and statesman-like oration,\* wherein Mr. Canning explained the views of his government with reference to the French invasion of Spain. But let it not be supposed that the passage following them was also abridged from the same speech, or warranted by any contemporaneous declaration by Mr. Canning. They are the words of Mr. Stapleton.

In an early part of this speech, Mr. Canning reproved certain members of parliament, who were for addressing our allies as "tyrants and despots, trampling on the rights and liberties of mankind." He

"doubted whether these sallies of raillery, these *flowers of Billingsgate*, are calculated to soothe, rather to adorn."... "*We differ widely from our continental allies on one great principle, it is true; nor do we, nor ought we to disguise that difference, nor to omit any opportunity of practically upholding our own opinion.*" "But... we should argue our differences of opinion, however freely, with temper, and enforce them, however firmly, without insult."

After deprecating the war, to which Mr. Hobhouse and the ultra-liberals had excited him, Mr. Canning proceeded thus:—

"For the confirmation of these observations," (on the undesirableness of war) "I appeal to that which I have stated as the last of the considerations in reference to which the policy of the British government was calculated—I mean, to the present state of the world. *No man can witness with more delight than I do the widening diffusion of political liberty.* Acknowledging all the blessings which we have long derived from liberty ourselves, *I do not grudge to others a participation in them.* I would not prohibit other nations from kindling their torches at the flame of British freedom. But let us not deceive ourselves. *The general acquisition of free institutions is not necessarily a security for general peace. I am obliged to confess that its immediate tendency is the other way.* Take an example from France itself. The Representative Chamber of France has undoubtedly been the source of those hostilities, which I should not have despaired of seeing averted through the pacific disposition of the French King. Look at the democracies of the ancient world. Their

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\* On Mr. Macdonald's motion, April 30, 1823.—Speeches, v. 54. Part. Deb. viii. 1478.

existence, I may say, was in war. Look at the petty republics of Italy in more modern times. In truth, long intervals of profound peace are much more readily to be found under settlements of a monarchical form. Did the republic of Rome, in the whole career of her existence, enjoy an interval of peace of as long duration as that which this country enjoyed under the administration of Sir Robert Walpole?—and that interval, be it remembered, was broken short through the instigation of popular feeling. I am not saying that this is right or wrong—but that it is so: it is in the very nature of free governments, and more especially, perhaps, of governments newly free. The principle which for centuries has given ascendancy to Great Britain, is that she was the single free state in Europe. The spread of the representative system destroys that singularity, and must (however little we may like it) proportionably enfeeble our preponderating influence, unless we measure our steps cautiously, and accommodate our conduct to the times. *Let it not be supposed that I would disparage the progress of freedom*, that I wish checks to be applied to it, or that I am pleased at the sight of obstacles thrown in its way. Far, very far from it. I am only desiring it to be observed, that we cannot expect to enjoy, at the same time, incompatible advantages. Freedom must ever be the greatest of blessings; but it ceases to be a distinction, in proportion as other nations become free.

“But, Sir, this is only a partial view of the subject; and one to which I have been led by the unreasonable expectations of those who, while they make loud complaints of the diplomacy of England as less commanding than heretofore, unconsciously specify the very causes which necessarily diminish and counteract its efficacy.

“There are, however, other considerations, to which I beg leave to turn the attention of the House.

“*It is perfectly true*, as has been argued by more than one honourable member in this debate, *that there is a contest going on in the world between the spirit of unlimited monarchy and the spirit of unlimited democracy*. Between these two spirits, it may be said that strife is either openly in action, or covertly at work, throughout the greater portion of Europe. It is true, as has also been argued, that in no former period in history is there so close a resemblance to the present, as in that of the Reformation. So far my honourable and learned friend (Sir J. Mackintosh) and the honourable baronet (Sir F. Burdett) were justified in holding up Queen Elizabeth's reign as an example for our study. *The honourable member for Westminster, too, has observed, that in imitation of Queen Elizabeth's policy, the proper place for this country, in the present state of the world, is at the head of free nations struggling against arbitrary power*. Sir, undoubtedly there is, as I have admitted, a general resemblance between the two periods; forasmuch as in both we see a conflict of opinions, and in both a bond of union growing out of those opinions, which establishes, between parts and classes of different nations, a stricter communion than belongs to community of country. It is true—it is, I own I think, a formidable truth—that in this respect the two periods do resemble each other. But though there is this general similarity, there is one circumstance which mainly distinguishes

the present time from the reign of Elizabeth; and which, though by no means unimportant in itself, has been overlooked by all those to whose arguments I am now referring. *Elizabeth was herself amongst the revolvers against the authority of the Church of Rome; but we are not amongst those who are engaged in a struggle against the spirit of unlimited monarchy.* We have fought that fight. We have taken our station. We have long ago assumed a character differing altogether from that of those around us. *It may have been the duty and the interest of Queen Elizabeth to make common cause with—to put herself at the head of—those who supported the Reformation: but can it be either our interest or our duty to ally ourselves with revolution? Let us be ready to afford refuge to the sufferers of either extreme party; but it is not surely our policy to become the associate of either.* Our situation now is rather what that of Elizabeth would have been, if the Church of England had been, in her time, already completely established in uncontested supremacy; acknowledged as a legitimate settlement, unassailed and unassailable by papal power. Does my honourable and learned friend believe that the policy of Elizabeth would in that case have been the same?

“Now, our complex constitution is established with so happy a mixture of its elements—its tempered monarchy and its regulated freedom—that we have nothing to fear from foreign despotism; nothing at home but from capricious change. *We have nothing to fear, unless, distasteful of the blessings which we have earned, and of the calm which we enjoy, we let loose again, with rash hand, the elements of our constitution, and set them once more to fight against each other.* In this enviable situation, what have we in common with the struggles which are going on in other countries, for the attainment of objects of which we have been long in undisputed possession? We look down upon those struggles from the point to which we have happily attained, not with the cruel delight which is described by the poet, as arising from the contemplation of agitations in which the spectator is not exposed to share; but with an anxious desire to mitigate, to enlighten, to reconcile, to save—by our example in all cases—by our exertions where we can usefully interpose.

“*Our station, then, is essentially neutral; neutral not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles. The object of the Government has been to preserve that station; and for the purpose of preserving it, to maintain peace.*”\*

For the length of this quotation, our apology must be, first, in

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\* Speeches, v. 124—129. Parl. Deb. viii. 1520. M. Rabbe quotes largely Mr. Canning's speeches, but not always correctly. He quotes one, apparently intended for that of 14th April, 1823, in which he makes Mr. Canning say—“*Je dois songer aussi à la position d'Angleterre:*” and again, “*Nous n'étions pas prêts à prendre une attitude plus sérieuse.*” Not either of these expressions is to be found in the speech; still less anything which justifies the way in which they are printed, which is evidently intended to imply a doubt in Mr. Canning's mind of our ability to sustain war. Not a syllable of this sort is to be found in any speech of Mr. Canning. Nor is he more correctly styled a dupe, because his hopes of a conciliatory termination of the disputes between France and Spain were disappointed. See Rabbe, pp. 29, 31, 32.

the clearness, the truth, and the wisdom of the passages cited; and, secondly, in the absolute disproof which they afford of the averment, that Mr. Canning leant, at his accession to office, to the mis-called *liberal* side of the balance. It would, perhaps, be more easy for an advocate of the other side, to draw from this speech a plausible argument for claiming Mr. Canning as his ally; because he certainly expresses more apprehension from revolutionary movements than from arbitrary power. The truth is, that in recommending neutrality and non-interference, upon those English principles which we have elsewhere praised, he necessarily laid the greater stress upon that particular danger which would spring from an adoption of the counsel tendered to him by others. But, beyond all doubt, the addition made by Mr. Stapleton to the principle enuntiated by his patron, is perfectly unwarranted. It is to be recollected that this speech was delivered by Mr. Canning at an early period of his administration of foreign affairs; and that it avowedly detailed the practical application of the principles which had been laid down by Lord Castlereagh, and had been publicly adopted as "the political creed of the ministers." Those who, in tracing the path of Mr. Canning, would ascribe greater importance to passages in any other speech which may appear to be inconsistent with this elaborate exposition, we would warn, in his own words, "not to select, by preference, those footmarks, in which for a moment, and from the slipperiness of the times, he may have trodden awry."\*

We have no space for a history. We give therefore no narrative of the negotiations with respect to Spain; which were conducted by Mr. Canning, as well as afterwards explained in parliament, with characteristic ability. We confine ourselves to such points as are necessary for the elucidation of our main positions.

It is said† that he wished to avoid having a British minister at Verona; if this be true, it is satisfactory to find him averring that there was "nothing in the general conduct of Great Britain there, which lowered, as had been asserted, the character of England. Nothing like it."‡

Great and just stress has been laid on the plain and peremptory terms in which Mr. Canning instructed the Duke of Wellington to decline interference in the pending struggles in Spain;—"to any such interference, *come what may*, his Majesty will not be a party."§ We join in the commendations bestowed upon this truly English letter; it may perhaps suit our humour

\* Speeches, v. 530. † Stapleton, i. 143. ‡ Speeches, v. 70. Parl. Deb. viii. 1487.

§ Mr. Canning to the Duke of Wellington, September 27, 1822. Parl. Deb. viii. 905.

better than a more artificial form of diplomacy, but in substance it differs nothing from the similar communications of Lord Castlereagh, the Naples circular for instance; and only furnishes a notable example of that which is one of our favourite positions, that it was in *mode* only that the policy of Mr. Canning was varied from Lord Castlereagh's. The political opponents of Mr. Canning, afterwards so forward in maintaining, perhaps in originating, for purposes of their own, the notion of a difference, saw none in the negotiation with France and Spain in 1822; and they cast upon the new foreign secretary all the imputations which they had hurled against his predecessor; save only that they could not charge upon Mr. Canning any want of classical elegance, or a neglect of grammar.

It is true that even at this early period they attempted to make a distinction between Mr. Canning and his less liberal associates; they applauded the warmth with which he breathed his wishes for the success of Spain, and the liberality of what he said of the cause of Spanish freedom; but they argued that, *in what he did*, he imitated his predecessor. Mr. Brougham treated slightly, and with ridicule, the success of Mr. Canning in the point upon which he chiefly prided himself,\* the prevention, by his manly declarations, of any *corporate* interference of the Allies in the affairs of Spain.† And yet, perhaps, the anxiety which he expressed upon this point, was the first and strongest public indication of Mr. Canning's eagerness to dissolve the alliance.

Whatever may be thought of the importance of this particular service, Mr. Canning certainly did pursue, equally in spite of the remonstrances of the Allies, and the taunts of his opponents, the true interests of his country. The occupation of Spain did not produce any one ill effect upon England, or upon Portugal, her ancient ally. How useless then, how impolitic, how criminal would have been War!

The truth is, that he watched the proceedings of the French in Spain, with a lively but discerning jealousy: he saw that the French army had not that possession of Spain of which France could make any active use. She could repress the energies of the Spaniards, she could not direct them against others. It would not be difficult to show, that France being our near and powerful neighbour, the employment of her force in a more distant country is exactly the circumstance which our policy requires.‡ In ancient times it was when the English armies were

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\* See Stapleton, i. 476.

† Mr. Brougham, 14th and 30th April, Parl. Debates, viii. 1531.

‡ See Stapleton, i. 325, in confirmation of this view.

invading France, that the inroads of the Scots were the most frequent and successful.

To prove that the French army in Spain had enough to do *within* Spain, and that it remained there no longer than domestic circumstances required, we may refer to the declaration of Mr. Canning, in March, 1824, that he could not, in regard to the peace of Spain, advise the withdrawal of the troops.\* They were finally withdrawn in full conformity with his opinion.

Thus all the conditions by which our neutrality was originally qualified, were faithfully fulfilled. 1. Portugal was not attacked. 2. There was no interference with South America. 3. There was no permanent occupation of Spain.†

It is no part of our plan to describe the various occurrences of Mr. Canning's ministry, related by Mr. Stapleton, on subjects unconnected with the great question of controversy. In all his communications with the powers against whom we had particular complaints, especially Spain, Mr. Canning fully maintained his own character and that of England. He stated his case, and pursued his object, with admirable precision, plainness, and success.‡ We refer to these transactions only lest it should be thought unfair to neglect them while considering a work in which they are copiously detailed.

Mr. Canning's neutral principles, of which so eminent an example had been exhibited in Spain, were soon called into action in respect of Greece. Mr. Stapleton's account of Mr. Canning's conduct on the differences between Russia and the Porte, and between the Porte and the Greeks, is peculiarly interesting; because it is founded upon, and partially cites, documents not hitherto published.

“The questions respecting Turkey presented themselves under a double aspect. So far as related to the struggle between the Greeks and the Porte, Great Britain had no right to interfere. Whatever might be her wishes, her prejudices, or her sympathies, she was bound in political justice to respect in this case that national independence which in case of civil commotion, she would look to have respected in her own. Nor was it for a Christian government, which ruled in its distant dependen-

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\* Sp. v. 238. Parl. Deb. x. 92. It is right also to cite here the instructions which Lord Loudon drew for himself when about to proceed to Verona, and which were transferred to the Duke of Wellington, September 14, 1822. “With respect to Spain, there seems nothing to add to, or vary, in the course of policy hitherto pursued,—solicitude for the safety of the Royal Family,—observance of our engagements with Portugal,—and a rigid abstinence from any interference in the internal affairs of that country, must be considered as forming the basis of his Majesty's policy.” Parl. Deb. viii. 1139.

† See Stapleton, i. 325.

‡ Id. i. 166, &c.

cies over a population of millions of Mahometans, to proclaim a war of religion.'

"The discussions between Russia and Turkey, on the other hand, prescribed a case which called for English mediation. It was impossible for England to view the hazard to which Europe was exposed by the collision of two such powers, without feeling herself bound to interfere, with the utmost exertion of her good offices, to prevent so formidable a contingency.

"Accordingly she, in concert with her allies, had so interposed, and not without effect."

After stating the possible case of Russia making requisitions upon Turkey beyond what the treaties authorized.

"In such requisitions," the history proceeds, "Mr. Canning determined that England should never join; nor should she make herself a party to any new calls upon Turkey which Russia had no right to enforce. 'If, therefore, the Emperor of Russia should resolve upon urging such demands to the extremity of war, England would withdraw altogether from any concern in the control.'

"If this reasoning were applicable to the then existing relations between Turkey and Russia, it was still more applicable to the discussions between the Porte and its Greek subjects.

"*In those discussions England had not the pretence of a right to interfere.* It was certainly her right, her duty, and her inclination to employ her utmost endeavours to induce the Porte, with a view to its own interests, not only to grant the fullest amnesty to, but really, and in good truth, to govern its Christian subjects with a mild and equitable sway. But as to further interference, what if the Greeks, who had but lately published an Act declaratory of their independence, should determine to accept nothing short of its acknowledgement? And what if they should reject all terms short of that acknowledgement as insult and injury? And what if the Turkish government were to put to England the question (as it would have a right to do,) whether, if the Sultan should agree to grant all that England required, and if the effect of the offer of such a concession should be to raise the demands and exasperate the resistance of the Greeks, would England make common cause with the Turks, and chastise those who rejected at once their authority and mediation? Would the English government be prepared to answer such a question in the affirmative? It certainly would not; and, even if it wished, it would not be for the interest of the Greeks that England should interfere in the quarrel on such a condition.'

"It was for these reasons, therefore, that while Mr. Canning determined to spare no exertion, by good office, to preserve peace between Russia and the Porte, and to restore internal tranquillity to Turkey, yet he was equally determined, on no consideration, to incur the risk of hostilities on either of these accounts, if those exertions should fail. To this effect the Duke of Wellington received instructions for his guidance at the Congress."†

\* Stapleton, i. 198.

† Ib. i. 200, 201.

Similar instructions, avoiding interference, whether for or against the great continental powers, were issued as to Italy.

"With respect to Italy, though the British Plenipotentiary was directed not to interfere on the subject so long as no measures were proposed to be adopted at the Congress, which would affect either the obligations of treaty, or the rights of independent powers, or the political balance and general tranquillity of Europe, yet he was instructed to promote any plan for the withdrawal of the Austrian troops both from Piedmont and Naples, by not withholding the expression of the satisfaction which his government would derive from such steps being resolved upon at the Congress. It was thought that such an opinion might be given without prejudice to that 'character of neutrality but not of indifference' which, with respect to the affairs of Italy, it was the wish of Great Britain to maintain."

This neutral system did not please the parliamentary opponents of the government. It was not only in 1823, on the occasion of the invasion of Spain, that the members of Opposition regarded Mr. Canning as the enemy of European liberty, Mr. Brougham was even more violent in 1824, in his censures of the Foreign Policy of England.†

We now come to a measure, one of the most important of Mr. Canning's administration, which did obtain the approbation of the "Liberal" party; and did countenance, if not create, the notion, abroad and at home, of Mr. Canning's attachment to that side of the great European question.‡ Always keeping in view our particular object we shall first ask how this matter—the recognition of the Spanish provinces in South America—stood under the administration of Lord Castlereagh? The answer is furnished by Mr. Stapleton.

"In July, 1822," when Mr. Canning had ceased to be a member of the Cabinet, "Lord Londonderry declared to the minister of the Spanish Constitutional government in London, in commenting upon some plan of reconciliation between the Colonies and Spain, which the Spanish government proposed to try, that 'while those measures were in progress, his Majesty would abstain, as far as possible, from any step which would prejudice his (Catholic) Majesty's endeavours for the termination of his differences with the said Colonies; but his Britannic Majesty would not act with the candour and explicit friendship which he owed to his ally, the King of Spain, were he not, under present circumstances, to warn him of the rapid progress of events, and of the danger of delay; that his Catholic Majesty must be aware that so large a portion of the world could not, without fundamentally disturbing the intercourse of civilized society, long continue without some recognized and established relations; and that the State, which, neither by its councils, nor by its arms, could effectually assert its

\* Stapleton, i. 217, 218.

† Parl. Deb. x. 53.

‡ Rabbe, 44, 45.

*own rights over its dependencies, so far as to enforce obedience, and thus make itself responsible for maintaining their relations with other powers, must sooner or later be prepared to see those relations establish themselves, from the overruling necessity of the case, under some other form."*\*

From this period the recognition of the Spanish provinces became a question of time and circumstance. And it is certain that, not between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, who died in August, 1822, but between Mr. Canning and other members of the Cabinet, there was a difference of opinion as to the period of recognition; there is much reason for believing that the indisposition of those ministers, which produced no inconsiderable asperity of feeling, was, in part, occasioned by the objections made to the recognition by some of our Continental Allies, as tending to countenance revolt. But it *was* only a question of time; the principle was the same, and must have operated "sooner or later."

"The degree of recognition," we are told by Mr. Stapleton,† "was of course intended to have been proportioned to the degree of force and stability which the several states might have respectively acquired, and to the absence of struggle for ascendancy on the part either of the mother country, or of parties into which each state might happen to be divided."

The recognition took place at the end of 1824,‡ and was unquestionably accelerated by the exertions of Mr. Canning. Whatever merit belongs to the acknowledgement of these provinces, at the moment at which it occurred, may very fairly be claimed by Mr. Canning. It was certainly with him a favourite object, zealously pursued through many difficulties, and finally attained in spite of formidable opposition. It is within our knowledge that he rated very highly the interest which the British public took in this his favourite measure. We suspect that he over-rated it. With the mercantile public the facility and freedom of commercial intercourse with these new States was, no doubt, an object of much importance; and to this importance Mr. Canning's attention was naturally turned by his own connection with Liverpool and Mr. Huskisson. The public in a larger sense took little concern in this, or in any other proceeding of the Foreign Office.

This acknowledgement of the South American States, sup-

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\* Stapleton, ii. 13, 14. In this, as in many other instances, Mr. Stapleton quotes documents, without saying either what they are, or where they are to be found; and sometimes documents which have not been published. We do not know whether this important paper has been published, though it strikes us that we have seen it somewhere.

† ii. 15.

‡ King's Speech, February 1825. Parl. Deb. xii. 5.

posing it to have been brought about by Mr. Canning sooner than it would have been effected by Lord Castlereagh—and this *can* only be a supposition—cannot possibly establish a fundamental difference of policy between those two statesmen; more especially as Mr. Canning, when challenged by Mr. Brougham for tardiness in the recognition, took particular credit for the *time* at which it was accomplished.\*

But a remarkable speech from Mr. Canning, and the new and ingenious comments of Mr. Stapleton, have so connected this subject with the European question, and the Holy Alliance, as to bring it necessarily under further consideration here. Our French author, indeed, considers the measure, or rather the language in which it was justified, as indicating a material change in Mr. Canning's principles.† We perceive no inconsistency in the minister, much in the critics and biographers.

So far as we can learn from published documents or speeches, Mr. Canning took up the question of recognition just as it had been left by Lord Londonderry; to whose declarations on the subject he referred in his communications to the French government‡ on the march of the French army into Spain. It was to be inferred from his communication, and is undoubtedly true, that Mr. Canning would have resisted any attempt on the part of France to indemnify herself in the Spanish Colonies for the expenses of the war. Is there the slightest ground for suspecting that Lord Castlereagh would, under any circumstances have permitted the interference of France?

Mr. Stapleton gives us, for the first time, a communication from Mr. Canning in August, 1823, to the American Minister, Mr. Rush, proposing concerted measures for the eventual recognition. This overture fell to the ground for want of powers in the American.

In October, 1823, Mr. Canning had a conference with Prince Polignac, ambassador from France, the minutes of which were published in the following March,§ together with a correspondence, which soon followed, with Spain herself.

From these papers it appears that Mr. Canning declined, on the part of England, any participation in a discussion of the question jointly with the other powers: because England had separate grievances against Spain in reference to commerce, and had moreover a more decided opinion upon the necessity of acknowledging the independence of the provinces. But every

\* Stapleton, ii. 72. Speeches, v. 320. Parl. Debates, xii. 77. † Rabbe, 53.

‡ Mr. Canning to Sir Charles Stuart, March 31st, 1823. Parl. Debates, viii. 964.

§ Spain has long been apprized of his Majesty's opinions upon this subject."

¶ Parl. Debates, x. 708.

one of the powers had been constantly and "unreservedly apprised not only of each step which the British government had taken, but of every opinion which it had formed upon the subject."\*

It also appears that the French government, or its ultra-royalist representative, admitting the hopelessness of attempting to restore South America to Spain, regarded the anarchical state of the provinces as a bar to the acknowledgment of their independence, and proposed a concert of European powers for "endeavouring to bring back to a principle of government, whether monarchical or aristocratical, people among whom absurd and dangerous theories were keeping up agitation and disunion."† "Mr. Canning," whose reply, wherewith the conference ended, we give as a proof of his judicious abstinence from irritating topics, and strict adherence to purely English motives, "contented himself, without entering into discussion upon these abstract principles, with saying, that however desirable the establishment of a monarchical form of government in any of the provinces might be, on the one hand, or whatever might be the difficulties in the way of it on the other hand, his government could not take upon itself to put it forward as a condition of recognition."

The intention to conclude commercial treaties with several of the new states was announced to parliament at the opening of the session of 1825,‡ and realized in the course of that year.

The whole transaction which led to this acknowledgment proceeded, as it appeared to the world, in a plain, simple and intelligible course; it was grounded upon the principles of public law, called into action by the interests of England. It did not necessarily place us in any new relation with the members of the Holy Alliance, or interfere with the stipulations of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. As we had abstained from opposition to the invasion, for reasons peculiar to themselves, of Naples and Piedmont by Austria, and of Spain by France, notwithstanding that we disapproved of these measures, so we now persisted, in spite of the remonstrances of those continental powers, in a proceeding which we thought just, and conducive to our separate interests.

But in December, 1826, two years after the measure had been

\* Mr. Canning to Sir William A'Court, January 30, 1824, x. 719, and his note to the Spanish minister, M. de los Rios, March 25th, 1825, Ann. Reg. p. 51. This note contains a clear recapitulation of the conduct of the British government with respect to these provinces during the administration of Lord Castlereagh, as well as during that of Mr. Canning, and a very able defence of the proceedings of both.

† x. 712.

‡ Parl. Debates, xii. 6.

completed, Mr. Canning opened, for the first time, to the House, a new view of this transaction.

Admitting\* "that the entry of the French army into Spain was in a certain sense, a disparagement—an affront to her pride—a blow to the feelings of England."—

He had asked himself,—

"if the possession of Spain might be rendered harmless in rival hands, harmless as regarded us, and valueless to the possessors? Might not compensation for disparagement be obtained, and the policy of our ancestors vindicated by means better adapted to the present time? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should attack Cadiz? No—I looked another way—I sought materials of compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that if France had Spain, it should not be Spain *with the Indies*—I called the *New World* into existence to redress the balance of the *Old*!"

In his reference to the policy of our ancestors, M. Canning had in view the combination of "the Indies" with "Spain" in all the votes of parliament whereby Queen Anne was exhorted to persevere in the war for keeping the Spanish monarchy out of the hands of the Bourbons: and in this his second great speech on the same day, delivered while he was under great excitement from his former exertion, and the just applause which he had received, he wrought himself up to the utterance of the singular opinion, and the statement of the astounding fact, which are found in the passage cited.

We cannot believe that it was Mr. Canning's deliberate opinion, that a permanent, undisputed, occupation of Spain by France could be *harmless* as regarded England, or valueless in any sense; nor can we be persuaded that Mr. Canning held, that the state and proportion of the powers of Europe could be made a matter of indifference, by the creation of independent states in South America! That the colonies were now the more valuable part of the Spanish monarchy—that without them Spain would be far less formidable—that a conqueror of Spain, *without the Indies*, would have accomplished but one-half of his undertaking, may readily be admitted. But that the union of France and Spain under one powerful prince, would hurt nothing of England but her feelings, was not, and could not be, the doctrine of Mr. Canning.

If it were granted that South American independence was a com-

\* Second Speech on Portugal, December 12, 1825. Speeches, vi. 3. Parl. Debates, xvi. 397.

compensation for the derangement of the balance of power in Europe, and that it was so regarded by Mr. Canning, we should have therein a fresh proof of the adherence to English interests, which we have recognised and praised in Mr. Canning. It is clear that he looked at the "balance" as it affected England alone. For it is not absolutely impossible that the new states might compensate England for an accession of strength to an European neighbour; but it is absolutely impossible that they should compensate Belgium, or Genoa, or Poland, or any German state, for the absence of a free constitution, or the repression of liberal opinions.

It is almost amusing to listen to the various imputations of deep design and complicated motive, whereby ingenious men adorn a simple matter. The acknowledgment of the Spanish provinces was the obvious occurrence in the policy of England, which no English minister could have long delayed; but Mr. Stapleton, not content with referring it to the simple grounds on which it was placed by Lord Castlereagh, or even to the more elaborate motives avowed by Mr. Canning, ascribes it (if we understand him) to an abstract principle of opposition to the Holy Alliance!

"The demonstration of the fact, that because the Spanish American governments were the offspring of rebellion, and republican in their form, Great Britain would not be prevented from entering with those governments into treaties of amity and commerce, provided that other circumstances prescribed the fitness of such a course, was an exact counterpoise to the conduct of the Holy Alliance in refusing to continue diplomatic relations with the constitutional government of Spain, because that form of government was not the free gift of the Spanish monarch.

"Moreover, the Holy Alliance was virtually dissolved by the measure; for, from that time forth, the intimate union between its members ceased to exist, and they no longer continued to act together upon the same principles."\*

Now we have already seen, first, that the recognition was contemplated by Lord Castlereagh† as an event not remote, at a time when the struggle for independence had at least as much of a rebellious character as in 1824; and secondly, that England had professed, and acted upon, different principles from those of the allies. To the proof already given of this fact,‡ we add the declaration of Mr. Canning, founded upon the same evidence which we have adduced, that this difference had existed, and had been avowed under the administration of Lord Castlereagh.

"In truth, the principle of *non-interference* is one on which we were

\* Stapleton, ii. 4.

† See p. 411.

‡ See p. 56, *ante*.

*already*," that is, when Lord Castlereagh was proceeding to Verona, "irrecoverably at variance in opinion with the allies; it was no longer debatable ground. On the one hand, the alliance upholds the doctrine of an European police; this country, on the other hand, as appears from the memorandum already quoted, protests against that doctrine. The question is, in fact, settled, as many questions are, by each party retaining its own opinions."\*

Parties thus differing, and retaining each his own opinion, naturally become more and more estranged; and it is probable that the consummation by Mr. Canning of that recognition of the Spanish provinces, which was only intended by his predecessor, accelerated and aggravated the estrangement. It may be that this estrangement was hastened by the more decisive tone which Mr. Canning assumed in reference to this and other points wherein he differed from the allies.

It does appear from Mr. Stapleton, that Mr. Canning's urgency for the recognition of the Spanish provinces, was increased with the probability of a more permanent occupation of Spain by the French troops. From the beginning he had been anxious to bring about the measure amicably, to persuade Spain herself to take the lead† in the acknowledgment of the independence of her provinces; he was ready, at one period, to mediate between France and Spain, on the condition that Spain would treat on the foundation of the independence of her colonies;‡ but he seems afterwards to have pressed the measure as one which England should adopt, in order to show that she could and would act for *her* own interests, if the other allies were uninterruptedly to pursue theirs.

All that we deny is, that this recognition of South America, or any of its consequences, placed England in any different position, in respect of the rest of Europe, from that in which she stood while the Holy Alliance was recent and in full force. We know not to what occurrences Mr. Stapleton alludes, when he says that its members no longer acted together; nor with our English views, is the question important. Most assuredly England did not co-operate in the Alliance after this measure was adopted, nor did she so co-operate at any period of its existence. Neither Mr. Canning nor Lord Castlereagh did, or left undone, any thing connected with the interests of England, at the instigation of the Holy Alliance. *Both* saw, and abstained from opposing by force, of arms, proceedings adopted by those allies, of which England disapproved. The case in which the English principle of ab-

\* Speeches, 30th April, 1823, v. 65. Parl. Debates, viii. 1485.

† See Letter to Sir William A'Court, Jan. 30th, 1824. Parl. Deb. x. 717.

‡ Speech, 30th April, 1823.

staining from interference, where the event, however unpalatable to England, did not immediately threaten her interests, was brought most prominently into action, was the case which fell to Mr. Canning. Spain assuredly touched us more nearly than Naples or Piedmont.

No part of Mr. Canning's administration gave him more anxiety, or required more of the various qualities which he possessed, than the affairs of Portugal and Brazil. It is with particular reference to these transactions, which are copiously related by Mr. Stapleton, that the variation of policy between Mr. Canning and his successors is maintained. For our present object, which concerns only the measures of Mr. Canning and his predecessors, an examination of the narrative is unnecessary. We shall only refer to one or two points, bearing upon the character of Mr. Canning's policy.

It must be recollected that interference, by friendly advice, in the affairs of Portugal, stands upon grounds quite different from those on which a similar line of conduct can be placed in reference to any other country. The intimacy of our union with Portugal, and the obligations under which we lie to defend her against all attacks; her weakness of position, which would render her an easy prey to one great power, if she were not protected by another; and the situation of her ports, which in hostile hands might be dangerous to England, and therefore render her independence an English object; and the close connection which existed during the war when our minister at Lisbon was a member of the regency; all these considerations\* peculiar to Portugal have for very many years occasioned an interference with the affairs of that country, which would in no other case have been offered or accepted.

We shall see how studiously Mr. Canning, notwithstanding the intimacy of this connection, adhered, through the whole of these transactions with Portugal, to his principle of non-interference in the affairs of other states.

In the year 1822, the constitution, which had been established in Portugal on the model of the Spanish constitution of 1820, had been overturned, and the King, John VI. had been restored to nearly absolute power. But he so far obeyed the spirit of the times, as to promise to his subjects a new constitution, to emanate from his royal will. According to Mr. Stapleton, the ministers of Austria, Russia, and Prussia endeavoured to prevent the accomplishment of this promise. Mr. Canning contented himself with this rational advice: he did not disguise his opinion, that—

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\* See Lord Palmerston's Speech, June 1st, 1829. Parl. Deb. xxi. 1647.

"Since the misfortunes with which Spain was at that moment afflicted, were in no inconsiderable degree to be traced to the violation of a like voluntary engagement on the part of her sovereign, and since the pledged word of his Majesty, and the declared sentiments of M. de Palmella, must have excited expectations in the people of Portugal, the fate of Spain ought to be considered as a warning, that those expectations could not be disappointed without incurring the danger of similar calamities."<sup>\*</sup>

The Portuguese minister, Palmella, then applied for British troops, in order to give security to the king's government. This was refused, as involving the appearance of

"a forcible interference with the internal affairs of another state. But Portugal was too old and too valued a connection to be lightly abandoned; and since the presence of a British naval force was sure to 'confirm, in the eyes of the Portuguese nation, the strict intimacy and good-will subsisting between the two crowns; and, by inference, the disposition of the King of England to lend every practical support to his most faithful Majesty;' it was determined by the British cabinet to send, without loss of time, a squadron to the Lisbon station."†

The English government was then asked, whether, in the event of a constitution being given to Portugal, England would guarantee it against the commotion which it was likely to excite among the prejudiced and perverse people of that country.

"I declined," said Mr. Canning, "on the part of Great Britain, to accede to this strange application; and I endeavoured to reconcile the Portuguese government to our refusal, by showing that the demand was one which went directly to the infraction of that principle of non-interference in the internal affairs of other states, which we professed for ourselves, and which it was obviously the interest of Portugal to see respected and maintained."‡

In April, 1824, the personal safety of the king was endangered by a rising in which Don Miguel took an active part; and on this occasion an asylum was afforded to the royal family on board of a British man of war. This personal assistance by one sovereign to another, when in danger, has been frequently afforded without any participation in the disputes which occasioned the danger. It was to have been afforded to the Neapolitan royal family in 1813; and was, as we have lately seen,§ provided for in respect of the Spanish royal family, at the moment of disclaiming interference.

The crisis was soon over; but the Portuguese government remained in a very insecure state, with an army greatly needing reform, and party running very high. The representative of France, M. Hyde de Neuville, most anxious to find an excuse

\* Stapleton, ii. 204.

† Speeches, v. 116.

† Ibid. 205. ●

§ p. 409, ante.

for introducing into Portugal a portion of the French troops which occupied Spain, persuaded (according to Mr. Stapleton,) the Portuguese government to apply once more to England for military succour. The refusal was to furnish to this enterprising French diplomatist an excuse for summoning French troops into Portugal; and it was intimated to our government, probably at his suggestion, that if England should refuse, an application would be made to France.

The British government hesitated between the danger of exposing Portugal to the invited invasion of French troops, and that of a forcible interference by England in the affairs of Portugal. But it was finally resolved to recommend to the Hanoverian\* government to send a body of troops into Portugal. "To prevent the entrance of French troops into Portugal was the one grand reason with the British government for listening to the solicitation of M. Villa Real." Mr. Canning's determination therefore is not to be taken as affecting one way or the other the question of interfering, *for* or *against*, free constitutions or liberal principles; but it must be remarked that on this, the only occasion on which Mr. Canning listened to an application for troops, except as imperatively required by treaty, the government which was to be protected had no claim to the designation of *liberal*.

Finally, the Hanoverian troops were not sent to Portugal. The French ambassador in London, M. de Polignac, hearing of the intention, and not participating in the schemes of Hyde de Neuville, remonstrated against it. Both parties then agreed to abstain from sending troops; Hyde de Neuville was disavowed, and cautioned.

Sir William A'Court, (now Lord Heytesbury,) in whose prudence and ability Mr. Canning had a deserved confidence, was now sent to Lisbon as ambassador; and British interests obtained a triumph in the recall of M. Hyde de Neuville, and in the dismissal of M. Suberra from the administration.

We are told by Mr. Stapleton,† and we readily believe, that in these struggles the representative of England had to contend not only with France, but with Spain, and the members of the Holy Alliance. We believe also that the opposition of the latter was occasioned by the avowed opinion of England in favour of a constitutional charter, and a consequent wish that France, rather than England, might retain an influence at Lisbon. We have already given, in the words of Mr. Canning himself, the grounds

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\* Hanoverian troops were preferred to English, because the employment of English would have required the assembly of parliament.

† Vol. ii. 242.

of his opinion in favour of a charter. The tranquillity of Portugal, and the maintenance of our connection with her, were always, as they ought always to be, the objects of the English minister. The opposition to France, or to the over-zealous partisan by whom she was represented at Lisbon, did naturally strengthen the connection of England with the party which France desired to suppress.\*

On March 10th, 1826, the King of Portugal died. It is a curious fact, that Mr. Canning and Prince Metternich, hereupon separately recommended to Don Pedro, a resignation of his crown in favour of his daughter Donna Maria, and the marriage of that daughter with her uncle Don Miguel.† Don Pedro acquiesced, but added the grant of a constitutional charter, an addition to the arrangements suggested from England, "which Mr. Canning neither advised nor wished."‡ Sir Charles Stuart, then on a mission to Rio Janeiro, having no time to receive instructions from home, consented to be the bearer of Don Pedro's charter—a crude and hasty composition. The British government, anxious that Great Britain should not be supposed to have been "the contriver and imposer of the constitution," peremptorily enjoined Sir Charles Stuart to return home so soon as he had deposited the instrument at Lisbon. To this constitution, however, though he pretty plainly indicated that he thought it open to criticism, Mr. Canning wished well; and he hoped that emanating from royal prerogative, it would be tolerated by the continental powers.

The regency established by King John on his death-bed, was in possession of the government; but the nation was far from unanimous. There existed a strong party against it, and the constitution, and the mal-contents were favoured by Spain. The interference of Spain went so far as to give assistance to those Portuguese who fled across her frontier, and to return them, armed and equipped, hostilely to oppose the Portuguese government. The regency hereupon solicited the aid of England in virtue of ancient treaties, and that aid was afforded with a promptitude, creditable alike to the good faith of England, and the vigour of her administration.

\* Extract of a Letter from Mr. Canning to Sir William A'Court, July 17th, 1826. "It appears to us, upon the whole, that the best chance of a safe and tranquil issue to the present extraordinary crisis in Portugal, will be to be found in an acceptance (as immediate as may be suitable with the importance of the measure) of the charter of Don Pedro, coupled (as it is) with his abdication of the throne. Any other course must, as it appears to us, be full of danger; but if, nevertheless, another course shall be pursued, we shall not be the less anxious for its peaceable and happy issue, than if it were one which we had ourselves advised."—*Comm. Journ.* lxxxiv. 774.

† Stapleton, iii. 170.

‡ 183.

In calling upon Parliament to sanction and continue the employment of the troops, Mr. Canning laid down, in language strictly conformable to that which he had used when only contemplating as possible the case which had now occurred, the principles upon which the troops were sent, and their duty when in Portugal. After reciting the treaties and explaining them—

“We go,” he said, “to Portugal in the discharge of a sacred obligation, contracted under ancient and modern treaties. When there, nothing shall be done by us to enforce the establishment of the constitution; but we must take care that nothing shall be done by others to prevent it from being fairly carried into effect. Internally, let the Portuguese settle their own affairs; but with respect to external force, while Great Britain has an arm to raise, it must be raised against the efforts of any power that should attempt forcibly to control the choice and fetter the independence of Portugal.”\*

We claim for these sentiments, wisdom, consistency, and moderation; but we deny to them peculiarity or novelty. They proceed in the uniform tenour of British policy, and are such as Lord Castlereagh would have uttered under corresponding circumstances.

While Mr. Canning† took care to mark that the vote which he demanded was “a vote for the defence of Portugal, not a vote of war against Spain,” he disclaimed any dread of war on the ground of the inability of England to bear it.

“I dread it, indeed,” he said, “but upon far other grounds. I dread it from an apprehension of the tremendous consequences which might arise from any hostilities in which we might now be engaged. Some years ago, in the discussion of the negotiations respecting the French war against Spain, I took the liberty of adverting to this topic. I then stated that the position of this country in the present state of the world was one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles; and that it was by neutrality alone that we could maintain that balance, the preservation of which I believed to be essential to the welfare of mankind. I then said, that I feared that the next war which should be kindled in Europe, would be a war not so much of armies, as of opinions. Not four years have elapsed, and behold my apprehension realized!” † \* + \* + “If into that war this country shall be compelled to enter, we shall enter into it with a sincere and anxious desire, to mitigate rather than exasperate—and to mingle only in the conflict of arms, not in the more fatal conflict of opinions. But I much fear that this country, (however earnestly she may endeavour to avoid it,) could not, in such case, avoid seeing ranked under her banners all the restless and dissatisfied of any nation with which she might come in conflict. It is the contemplation of this new power in any future

\* Speeches, vi. 83. Parl. Deb. xvi. 364.

† Speeches, vi. 89, 90.

† Stapleton, iii. 221.

war, which excites my most anxious apprehension. It is one thing to have a giant's strength, but it would be another to use it like a giant. The consciousness of such strength is, undoubtedly, a source of confidence and security; but in the situation in which this country stands, our business is not to seek opportunities of displaying it, but to content ourselves with letting the professors of violent and exaggerated doctrines on both sides feel, that it is not their interest to convert an umpire into an adversary."\*

Then followed this celebrated and mistaken passage:—

"The situation of England, amidst the struggle of political opinions which agitates more or less sensibly the different countries of the world, may be compared to that of the Ruler of the Winds, as described by the poet:—

‘Celsâ sedet *Æolus* arce,  
Sceptra tenens; mollique animos et temperat iras;  
Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumque profundum  
Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantque per auras.’

The consequence of letting loose the passions at present chained and confined, would be to produce a scene of desolation which no man can contemplate without horror; and I should not sleep easy on my couch, if I were conscious that I had contributed to precipitate it by a single moment."†

This passage created a great sensation, especially in foreign countries; the members of the Holy Alliance received it as a threat, the discontented of all nations hailed it as an encouragement. To him who now reads it with the slightest attention to the context, and to the circumstances of the times, its meaning appears neither portentous nor mysterious. It furnishes one additional illustration of the position which we have maintained, namely, that England, pursuing her own interests, may give her support at one time to one, and at another time to another of the two great principles which divide the rest of Europe. The war between Portugal and Spain, which occasioned the interference of England, had already assumed the character of a struggle of constitutional liberty against arbitrary power. It was certain that all the despots of Europe, and the indiscriminating upholders of ancient institutions, would be arrayed on the side of Spain; all the revolutionists on the side of Portugal. The slightest encouragement from England would call the latter from all parts of Europe, and give them a consistency and a strength probably irresistible. Mr. Canning desired not to wield so dangerous a weapon, and therefore the more deprecated war. His reasoning was intelligible and simple; but there were men who had an interest in perverting it; those, namely, who, in order to justify

\* Speeches, vi. 90, 91.

† Ibid. vi. 91, 92.

their support of Mr. Canning, found it useful to ascribe to him principles of policy opposite to those which they had theretofore opposed in him. Foreigners were easily misled, and we know it to be a fact, that Mr. Canning received offers to raise insurrections and levy troops in various parts of Europe, in furtherance of his declared intentions to revolutionize the world!

This would indeed have been a departure from the policy "which he found recorded in his office"—but the whole is an idle dream.

Notwithstanding all these strange misrepresentations, the British troops, by their mere presence, effected the object of their employment, in securing Portugal against Spain; their presence also, without doubt, gave a support to the constitutional government of the Regent, Donna Isabella; the government which had been formed under the constitutional charter granted by Don Pedro.

Through the unpopularity of this charter, and the strength of Don Miguel's partizans, it is not probable that the government could have stood, if the British troops had been withdrawn; and it is probable that this consideration had its weight in inducing the British government to retain them in Portugal, though it is in truth extremely difficult to name the period at which the danger of Spanish invasion had ceased. The British force then was, at the time of Mr. Canning's death, protecting in Portugal "constitutional" government; a government, which, compared with that by which it was wished to supersede it, might be called "liberal." But this was an accident—(we have elsewhere called it "a happy accident,"\*) and cannot with any shadow of correctness be taken as evincing a desire in Mr. Canning to afford the aid of British troops to any foreign country, in reference to the character of its institutions. It was with Mr. Canning, as with every British minister, an object to preserve an influence in Portugal; he had been much consulted in the formation of the present government, and moreover deemed it the legitimate government; the partisans of Don Miguel, who were opposed to it, were also opposed to British interests.† Mr. Canning was therefore desirous of preventing the subversion of this government by Don Miguel, though very anxious also to avoid active interference. Herein therefore we recognise the leading principles of Mr. Canning's policy. More recent events may, or may not, be deemed to have justified other measures; but they cannot alter the nature of those proceedings of Mr. Canning, to which alone we now refer.

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\* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, ii. 175.

† *Stapleton*, iii. 248.

We have already seen, that Mr. Canning had not deemed it consistent with his principles or policy, to interfere in the disputes between the Ottoman Porte and its Greek subjects. But the increasing importance of the contest, the consequent necessity of allowing to Greece the rights of a belligerent, which was difficult without the recognition of independence, which at the same time her situation scarcely justified, and finally, the solicitation of the Greeks themselves, induced him so far to depart from his determination as to mediate between the two parties. In this mediation England acted in concert with Russia,\* and did not at first contemplate the use of force, in case of a refusal, by either party, of the terms proposed.† After the change of government in 1827, and the union of France with England and Russia in Greek affairs, it was determined to enforce by war the proposals to be made to the contending parties. We cannot pursue these transactions without deviating from our present purpose; one point, however, it is, *for* that purpose, necessary to notice—the care which was taken to set forth, at the very head of the Treaty for the pacification of Greece, the reasons for its adoption—the necessity of putting an end to a sanguinary struggle, which, while it abandoned the Greek provinces and the islands of the Archipelago to all the disorders of anarchy, “*daily caused fresh impediments to the commerce of the States of Europe, and gave opportunity for acts of piracy, which not only exposed the subjects of the high contracting parties to grievous losses, but also rendered necessary measures which were burthensome, for their observation and suppression.*”‡

Another object, not avowed on the face of the Treaty, but apparent in one of its Articles,§ was to prevent the aggrandizement of Russia at the expense of Turkey.

These circumstances entirely separate the case of Turkey from all the cases in which a question of interference on behalf of a revolting nation, or invaded country, occurred in the time of Lord Castlereagh.

We have now referred to all those transactions of Mr. Canning which bear upon the averment which we have undertaken to controvert, viz.

“*that England, under Lord Castlereagh, was a party, assisting if not contracting, to a league of sovereigns for the repression of liberal and popular*

\* Protocol of St. Petersburg, signed by the Duke of Wellington, April 24th, 1826. Parl. Deb. xviii. 87.

† Stapleton, iii. 255, 263.

‡ Treaty of 6th July, 1827. Parl. Debates, xviii. 89.

§ Art. V. stipulates that neither of the parties will seek in these arrangements any augmentation of territory, any exclusive influence, or any commercial advantage for their subjects, which those of every other nation may not equally obtain.

*institutions, under the name of the Holy Alliance; and that Mr. Canning, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, disconnected England from this alliance, and gave her powerful support to the cause of liberty in Europe.”\**

We have not attempted a history of Mr. Canning's administration further than the discussion of the truth of this averment has required. No friend, therefore, of the deceased statesman must impute to us neglect of his fame, if we have passed over many instances of the exercise of his great powers in maintaining the influence of England, and arranging the complicated affairs of Europe in a most eventful period. Much as we condemn in Mr. Stapleton's book, we refer to it with pleasure for its elaborate exposition of proceedings, whereby the rare qualities of his patron are forcibly illustrated.

Yet in perusing the complaints of neglected interests and tarnished honour, we have sometimes been reminded of the memoirs by which Gil Blas described the ill state of Spain, when the Conde d'Olivares succeeded the Duque de Lerma.† “The balance of power was no more.” England, that had so long been looked upon as “the land of freedom”—“the protector of the oppressed,” was now a passive spectator of schemes for destroying “the just freedom of the people.” “The glory that had once surrounded her was fled.”‡ Now what does all this really mean? Is it possible that he who makes these representations can have read the history of his country, or the comments upon it in the speeches or the practice of Mr. Canning? He would there have learned that England had at no time been the protector of the oppressed from motives of philanthropy or chivalry, or for any motive independent of her own interest. And what are the instances of criminal passiveness? Naples? Piedmont? Spain? We ask as to these in particular, and we also put the question generally, what, and where, and when, were the injurious proceedings which Lord Castlereagh witnessed passively, while Mr. Canning, when a minister, proposed to interfere, or with which, according to principles subsequently avowed, we may conclude that Mr. Canning *would have interfered*!

We must deal in like manner, by demanding instances and proofs, with another of the vague charges brought by Mr. Stapleton against Lord Castlereagh, whose principles are, in this amended form of the calumny, allowed to have been sound enough, but it is said that he did not “make his measures accord with them.”§

We have hitherto described the policy of Mr. Canning as we find it developed in his speeches and his writings. As his style

\* See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, p. 35, *ante*.

† Stapleton, i. 61, 62.

‡ Gil Blas, liv. xv. c. 5.

§ Stapleton, i. 140.

was remarkably perspicuous and precise, there can scarcely be a more authentic or unerring exposition. We will listen, however, to his secretary, though he has not always imitated the precision of the minister.

He tells us, and very truly, that Mr. Canning placed his chief boast\* “upon the execution of the principles,”† which he had shared with his predecessor. Yet it is elsewhere said that he “conceived a scheme of policy regulated by fixed principles of action, and calculated to produce definite and foreseen results.”‡

In another passage “the fundamental principle of Mr. Canning’s policy” is thus described:—

“To preserve the peace of the world was the leading policy of England. For this purpose it was necessary in the first place, to prevent to the utmost of her power the breaking out of new quarrels; in the second place, to compose, when it could be done by friendly mediation, existing differences; and thirdly, when that was hopeless, to narrow as much as possible their limits; fourthly, *to maintain for herself an unflinching neutrality in all cases where nothing should occur to affect injuriously her interests or her honour.*”§

Unless it be thought that there is here, perhaps, a little more leaning to active but amicable interference, this delineation of Mr. Canning’s policy, *which is given by Mr. Stapleton as a quotation*, might be taken as a new version of Lord Castlereagh’s minutes and circular despatches.

But we have shortly afterwards another description of the system, or of the effects expected from it, which is *not* marked as taken from an existing document. The object is here,

“*first, to dispense the danger with which the world was threatened from the collision of the supporters of absolute power, and the advocates of revolution; secondly, to restore to Great Britain her just influence amongst the other powers of Europe; thirdly, to advance the prosperity of surrounding nations by a judicious use of that influence; and fourthly, above all, to promote by these means the interests of his own country.*”||

In pursuit of these effects, we are told, Mr. Canning, considering that the preponderance of physical force was on the popular side, and that if repressed by the measures and practice of the Holy Alliance, it would produce a convulsion, determined to delay the progress of those measures, by withdrawing England from its counsels, denouncing its doctrines, acting in opposition to its principles and wishes, thus decreasing its strength, and

\* Stapleton,  
† Ibid. i. 471.

† Speech, 24th Feb. 1823, p. 60, *ante*.  
‡ Ibid. ii. 376. || Ibid. iii. 289, 290.

finally extinguishing the body itself. *All this was accomplished by the recognition of Spanish America*; after that the Holy Alliance “ventured on no new crusades”—and it is given as a notable proof of the dissolution of the alliance, that Russia declared she would no longer act with such allies.

“Mr. Canning, by thus withering into nothingness this mighty combination of continental sovereigns, soothed the exasperated feelings of the people, and taught them to look with confidence towards the British government, and with increased moderation on the just pretensions of their own. He relieved Europe from the incubus with which she had been oppressed, and feelings of sympathy between kings and people again began to revive. Neither party, indeed, had triumphed, but both, in reality, had gained. The irritating oppression of the Alliance being removed, the excitement to resistance was withdrawn, so that while the cause of liberty was advanced, the foundations of monarchy were strengthened.”\*

He is no friend to any minister who establishes a test severe as this, for the trial of his measures! Mr. Canning’s friends may be satisfied with the fame which he has acquired, without ascribing to him all the glories here fancied by Mr. Stapleton. We feel pretty confident that Mr. Canning never indulged in speculations such as these. We are sure that if he did, he must have been woefully disappointed. Mr. Stapleton has not named the countries to which his flattering remarks are intended to apply—our recollection will not supply the deficiency.

But laying aside the exaggerations of the private secretary, we may observe that the dispersion of the danger to arise from the conflict of discordant principles, and the collision of two parties, is a legitimate object, in no way inconsistent with the policy of Lord Castlereagh. It is an English object, very different from that of supporting the popular cause, from a mere hatred of despotism. It was, moreover, an object avowed by Mr. Canning at the outset of his administration. To restore or maintain England’s influence in Europe, to promote the interest of his own country, were, no doubt, also parts of Mr. Canning’s policy, which it was scarcely necessary to set forth as peculiarly his. As a man of generous mind, Mr. Canning, we have no doubt, delighted to witness the prosperity of surrounding nations; but we apprehend that its advancement was no more a part of his policy than of his duty.

There is thus really no point in the policy of Mr. Canning, even as it is expounded by his biographer, whercon, *in reference to any practical question, affecting the conduct of England*, there

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\* Stapleton, iii. 291, 292.

is a difference with Lord Castlereagh. We have already shown that the principles and decisions of Lord Castlereagh, in all questions between England and foreign states, were approved by Mr. Canning; we affirm also that Mr. Canning took no decision inconsistent with those same principles.

All that can be gathered from Mr. Stapleton is, that Mr. Canning was of opinion that the existence of the Holy Alliance, and the continual intercommuning of the continental powers, on questions of internal government, did give to the despotic principle an undue preponderance, which might produce a collision dangerous to the peace of the world, and tending to involve England in war; he therefore greatly desired the destruction of the Alliance. And although this view of Mr. Canning's opinions as to the state of the question between despotism and democracy, is not supported, unless it be in distant allusion, by any of his public acts or speeches, we give credit to Mr. Stapleton, and to those under whose auspices he writes, for information substantially correct upon this point. Mr. Canning's early success, and the homage to which he had been accustomed from his youth, co-operated with a consciousness of his own powers and natural quickness of feeling, to occasion impatience and intolerance when his measures were opposed, or his principles disputed. It may be true that the tone as well as the extent of the opposition which he had sometimes to encounter in his administration of foreign affairs, from some of the European governments, and of his own colleagues,\* did generate in his somewhat irritable mind a more decided leaning towards the party which opposed those governments than he at any time avowed. We do not believe, with Mr. Stapleton, that this was his feeling from the period of his accession to office, and that he went on for four years without any public explanation of it.† Nor can we admit, with M. Rabbe, that he, who was in England the champion of the conservative principle, intended to put himself "at the head of a revolutionary" movement throughout Europe.‡ And certainly there can be no greater mistake than that of our French author, who imagines that Mr. Canning contemplated with satisfaction the prospect of war, and intended, in the character of *Ecce homo* to

\* We believe M. Rabbe to be incorrect (p. 48) in his enumeration of the members who opposed Mr. Canning in the cabinet; but Mr. Canning himself said (Sp. v. 316, 317) that the line of separation was a serpentine line, that is, that parties were not divided, on the South American, by the same line which separated them on the Catholic Question.

† Stapleton, iii. 295, 296.

‡ Rabbe, p. 55. "À la tête du mouvement constitutionnel." It is hardly necessary to observe that this expression, as here used, implies *change* of constitution, not *conservation*.

§ Rabbe (p. 65) prefaces some very disparaging remarks on Mr. Canning, by styling

let loose the winds which should shake heaven and earth to their foundations. We are satisfied that his patriotism, and his favourite English maxims, would have always kept him from acting in any way inconsistent with his public avowals, and above all we do not believe that he could have been induced to depart from the principle of non-interference with the affairs of other states. But we admit, only because those who had a right to know his sentiments have told us so, that he latterly apprehended evil from the recession rather than from the expansion of those notions of freedom, from which, in 1823, he had contemplated the more imminent danger. If there was here a new system of policy, it was a variation as much from Mr. Canning himself as from his predecessor.

An inquiry into the result of the more recent measures of Mr. Canning's administration, would lead us too far into the controversy touching the subsequent measures of the Duke of Wellington, from which in this article we intend to abstain. One remark only we shall make on the dissolution of the Holy Alliance. It was a compact never likely to endure for a long time. It was always to be expected that where any one or more of the parties had separate interests, each would rather act in pursuit of them than of the principles of the Alliance. Nor was there in the treaty any thing to restrain a power so situated. If Russia rejected the interference of her allies, in the affairs of Greece, it was because Austria had a distinct interest, and Prussia was her friend. If Austria co-operated with England, in the affairs of Portugal and Brazil, it was because the connection with the Braganza family gave the emperor an interest, which the other allies had not. If France consulted England as to the withdrawal of the troops from Spain, it was because England alone had objected to their introduction.

The operation, however, of these several causes, was facilitated by Mr. Canning, who assuredly obtained by his opposition to the continental powers, and the general character of his diplomacy, a great name throughout Europe as a gifted and liberal statesman. His talents, unquestionably, fully deserved the praise; and there was enough of merit in the measures which he adopted to enable him to reject the commendations bestowed upon intentions which he did not entertain.

There was in the mind of Mr. Canning a remarkable quickness of comprehension and precision of sentiment. He enforced with great ability, and inculcated with peculiar dexterity, an intelligible

him "*Cet Iole Britannique.*" He attributes his success to chance, and says that "*la guerre ne sera pas pour lui qu'une speculation commerciale commandée par l'aristocratie de son pays.*"

view of multifarious transactions. The power of his understanding, and the skilfulness of his argument, accompanied by a fascinating openness of manner, and at the same time a confident perseverance in his own purpose, gave him an irresistible influence in discussion, and sometimes obtained acquiescence in his views, from those who, without changing their opinions, found themselves beaten in the controversy. England never had a minister by whom her interests were more skilfully pursued, or sustained more firmly.

If we appear to detract from his comparative merit, it is not by depreciating him, but by giving a just value to the other object of comparison. Mr. Canning upheld,—he did not retrieve,—the honour of his country.

ART. VI.—1. *Réglement de la Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement.* Paris. 1830.

2. *Cours gratuits destinés aux gens du Monde sous les auspices de la Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement.* Paris. 1830 et 1831.

3. *Prospectus de l'Ecole Orthomatique fondée par la Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement.* Paris. 1830.

4. *Instruction du Peuple Français: livres vendus au prix courant; sous les soins de la Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement.* No. 1 à No. 18. Paris. 1830 et 1831.

5. *La Sentinelle du Peuple, feuille politique, agricole, et industrielle.* Journal Hebdomadaire. Paris.

6. *Le Père de Famille, Journal de la Société d'Instruction Populaire, manuel périodique, progressif, instructif, et amusant, destiné à améliorer la condition physique, morale et intellectuelle du peuple des Villes et des Campagnes.* Première et deuxième Livraisons. Juillet et Aout, 1831. Paris. 8vo.

WE are desirous of calling attention to some efforts that are making in Paris for the communication to the people of France of general information, and especially of that sort of knowledge which they are the most in need of. Amidst the political uneasiness which characterized the last year of the reign of the exiled sovereign, and the violent agitation of parties that has distracted the career of the citizen-king, there have not been wanting men of sufficient zeal and ability to devote a large portion of their time to the advancement of the permanent interest of their countrymen, having before their eyes the certain good which

the diffusion of intelligence cannot fail to produce, be the ministers and forms of government who and what they may. It may be useful to give some account of the publications which these efforts have brought forth—publications remarkable neither for the science nor erudition displayed in them, but having the modest, and in our eyes, the far higher, merit of the benevolent tendency of their declared object.

The various societies that have for some years been in action in France for philanthropical purposes are probably well known to most of our readers. But there was ample room for an association proposing to itself to inquire for, to examine, and to propagate the best methods of instruction, embracing every thing belonging to education, whether moral or physical, scientific or technical, or of what kind soever. With this view a society was formed in Paris, in 1829, under the title of *La Société des Méthodes d'Enseignement*, and its labours have been regularly continued, in reviewing dispassionately old systems, in examining without scruple new theories, and in trying practically the many methods that are constantly discovered, or pretended so to be discovered, in substitution of former ones. The society, in fact, tries to bring education to something near the level of a science, and the discussions at its meetings, (at which we have been present,) are well calculated to rouse observations and excite ideas of a nature to afford strong hopes of the real progress of that science. Gratuitous lectures have been established for the benefit of persons engaged in business, in the various branches of natural history, chemistry, law, moral philosophy, public economy, philology, &c. which have been successful. A most important institution, called *L'Ecole Orthomatique*, was founded by the society in October, 1829, and has now in it about sixty boys, whose education is conducted in what the society consider to be the most rational manner, under the constant superintendence of a committee of five of its members. It is a day school, at the rate of twenty francs a month, and the instruction given at present extends to reading, writing, drawing, music, gymnastics, the French, English, and Latin languages, arithmetic, geometry, natural history, geography, and book-keeping. Arrangements are making to add instruction in higher branches of knowledge, and in matters of social utility; but the school, as it is, cannot but be regarded as a very interesting example of the improvement of which the system of teaching is susceptible. The *Ecole Orthomatique* is carried on on the principle, not of fear, but of love. There are no punishments of any kind, but the feeling of emulation is roused by a judicious distribution of rewards. The masters and boys do not live in a state of war, but rather like

fathers and children; so that there is no necessity for the perpetual practice by the latter of those deceits and stratagems which originate from a system of terror, and seldom fail to demoralize the character in after-life. The society, justly regarding that education to be the best that conveys to the pupil the strongest sense of his moral and social duties, study rather the formation of a sound mind in a sound body, than the cramming the boy's head with a given quantum of information in a given time. We are assured that, in this school, moral offences, such as lying, are wholly unknown; and of the general disposition of the boys we judged most favourably from a visit to them in company with the president of the society, the Count de Lasteyrie. We shall never forget the joy with which this venerable and excellent man was received, at the institution that owes to him its origin, by his young comrades, for to these boys he has been always, as they well know, the comrade and the friend. Humanity owes so much to this unwearied philanthropist, that in speaking of him as the originator of the society, and the mainspring of all its movements, we are sure we speak the sentiments of every one in this country who knows him, when we wish him still the enjoyment of a long and useful career for the good of his species for whom he has already done so much. The school owes much also to General Lafayette, to the Duc de Broglie, M. Lafitte, and other distinguished persons who take an interest in its progress.\*

But this is not all that the society has done. It has been the means also of publishing a series of excellent little works proper to be read in schools, and to belong to popular libraries, selling them at the cost price, which is often as low as ten centimes, or less than a penny, for thirty-two pages of matter. So far as these publications have gone, we think the society has succeeded in furnishing, in a familiar manner, information of a practically useful character, and tending to impress sound principles on the minds of the lower orders of the people. The first and third Numbers consist of extracts from the works of Franklin. The second is a selection of national poetry, such as *La Marseillaise*, *Le Chant du Depart*, by Chenier, *Le Reveil du Peuple*, by Soumignières, *La Parisienne*, and other pieces fitted to keep the flame of patriotism burning in the breast of every Frenchman. No. 4. consists of extracts from the works of Vauvenargues, a military officer who died in the beginning of the last century, leaving be-

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\* Some additional particulars of the Ecole Orthomatique will be found in a pamphlet which we have met with since writing this Article, intitled "*Popular Education in France*," by J. H. Moggridge. It is worth perusal in many respects, and we are sorry it does not enter more fully into the subject.

hind him a mass of Reflections, founded less on learning than on common sense, and remarkable for their practical wisdom. Of the merit of this writer, so little read in England, an opinion may be formed from the estimation in which he was held by Marmontel, who says, "He was always in the right, and yet no one was humiliated by him. Mild, sensible, compassionate, he held our souls in his hands. A lively and deep sense of the force which virtue gives, sustained and consoled him;" and Voltaire, in his Elogy on the officers who lost their lives in the war of 1741, says of Vauvenargues, "I think there will be found in his book more than a hundred Thoughts which characterize the noblest soul, and one the most profoundly philosophical,—the most perfectly free from all party spirit." The reflections of such a man have been well chosen as landmarks in philosophy for the people. No. 5 is a natural history of the dog, written by Count de Lasteyrie, with a simplicity and plainness of style that remind us more than ever of the difficulty of the task of writing so as to be understood by those whose minds are in a state different from that of the writer. There are some entertaining stories in the series, such as *L'Histoire du Petit Jacques*, *Les Œufs de Pâques*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and selections from the Fables of Æsop and La Fontaine; there is a Number on popular arithmetic, and a first Reading Book; also a valuable collection of instructions for the preservation and recovery of health, and another, almost as useful, containing advice on conduct in society and in business. Fenélon's Abridgement of the Lives of the Ancient Philosophers has been reprinted in the series, and there are three Numbers devoted to the inculcation of morality, viz. *Les Devoirs de l'Homme et du Citoyen*, *Instructions élémentaires sur la Morale*, and *Principes de Morale, Extraits des anciens auteurs Grecs*.

The Society does not propose to give any religious instruction, not considering it a part of its duty to interfere with the province of the church. Without venturing an opinion whether there is in France any real want of elementary religious books, we feel assured the society has done wisely in not attempting such a task, and indeed it may be doubted whether lay associations ever do much good in taking upon themselves the business of the clergy. It would, indeed, be fortunate if the exertions of the French clergy for the intellectual improvement of their flocks were equal to the influence they still possess over a people the mass of whom, in the rural districts at least, are still attached to that ancient faith which has assuredly not become the less venerable, since its connection with the state has been dissolved under the new order of things.

The journal, *La Sentinelle du Peuple*, was established for the

sole purpose of setting before the lower orders, plainly and truly, passing events. It appears weekly in Paris, on Sundays, and a country edition is published every Thursday evening. The price is only twenty sous a month, or twelve francs a year, and it contains the ordinary quantity of matter of a Paris journal. The country edition has always an article on agriculture, or rural affairs, and there is information on domestic economy and the like topics. The principles of the paper are those of liberty and equality, and it urges the full development of the Revolution of July. It is not connected with the *Société des Modes d'Enseignement*, but is supported by a separate association with a capital of 60,000 francs, divided into fifty shares of 1200 francs each, the shares being subdivided into coupons of 300 francs, and demi-coupons of 150 francs each. The best results may be anticipated, if this journal should succeed as it ought. The superior facilities offered to the diffusion of knowledge in France, by the comparative absence of that oppressive system of taxation which our government still thinks fit to uphold in this country, afford a much better prospect of success to such an enterprise there than here. An experiment, with a somewhat similar view was, we understand, tried lately in London, by a benevolent and public-spirited individual, under the title of the "Englishman's Register," and, although it was discontinued, we are informed the sale was such, that, if it had been supported by an association, and the taxes on knowledge had not existed, its success would have been certain.

The magazine called *Le Père de Famille*, is the principal organ of the *Société d'Instruction Public*. It appears monthly, and consists of forty-eight pages of matter, the subscription being twelve francs a year for Paris and twelve francs and eighty centimes for the departments. The first Number contains an historical chronicle of the events of the month—rules for the preservation of health—and practical remedies against various injuries—an article on vaccination, and one on the rearing and education of children—a lesson on morals, and one on constitutional rights—a sketch of the history of agriculture in France—an agricultural and a horticultural calendar for the month—some recipes in domestic economy—remedies for the disorders of artisans—an exposure of some popular prejudices,—and a few entertaining anecdotes. The contents of the second Number are of the same kind. Now, we can imagine no publication more likely to be acceptable to the middle and lower orders than this, and hope not only that it will meet with every encouragement, but that it will be the example for an undertaking of a similar kind in this country. There are so few difficulties in the way of a magazine,

in comparison with those attached to a newspaper, that we are convinced that a well-conducted popular magazine could hardly fail to be a profitable speculation to any one who would undertake it. We see many defects in the *Père de Famille*, which it would be easy to supply or correct, but we are sure its plan may be followed in some respects with advantage. Miscellanies are, of all sorts of works, those which appear the most to gratify the present taste of the public.

A plan, projected by Count de Lasteyrie, has been for some months in agitation, for placing a popular library in each of the communes or parishes in France. We are sorry to learn that, owing to political agitation, no great progress has been made in carrying this useful design into execution, but there are hopes that the government will eventually be induced to lend it their aid. If the Perier administration should remain in office, it may probably be stimulated by the recollection of its defeat on the 12th of August last, when M. Cormenin's amendment to the address, declaratory of the necessity of providing for the people the benefit of gratuitous primary instruction, was carried by a respectable majority of the Chamber of Deputies, though an arrangement for the variation of the terms of such amendment was subsequently made. How far primary instruction could at present be provided *gratuitously*, is perhaps a difficult question; but the French government should remember that an outlay of the public money for the production of the greatest possible good that could be done to the mass of the people, would be the truest system of public economy on which they could act.

Having now given some instances of the interest which is felt in France for the welfare of the lower orders, we take leave to add a few words upon the state of things in our own country in this respect. Every one must be sensible of the lamentable deficiency of useful books written with sufficient plainness and familiarity, and sold at prices cheap enough, to spread information widely amongst our poorer classes. The *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* has, by its own admission, failed to fulfil its original intention, though it has been the means of bringing so many and so excellent publications into the world. What has been done by individuals, such as by Mr. Limbird of the Strand, amounts to but very little; and although there are books in existence, more or less calculated for popular use, many of which, such as the volumes of the Dublin Kildare Street Society's Tracts have already been, in some degree, made available, still the promoters of education are constantly at a loss what books to provide, or what to recommend. It is obvious that there is wanting some

machinery for the regular and systematic diffusion of information upon a scale far more extensive than has hitherto been attempted. There is need of some uniform and comprehensive plan, that should operate with a steady force throughout the country, for the enlightening the minds of the people.

It is possible that, by association, much might be done both towards the circulation of cheap publications, and the formation of popular libraries. The existence already of societies for public instruction, (originally called Political Unions,) in various parts of the country, affords a proof of the increasing desire of knowledge, and a foundation on which an edifice of still greater good may be reared. The friends of order and peace should regard it as of high importance that the views of these Political Unions should be turned from the exclusive consideration of politics, to the comprehension of literary and scientific objects within the scope of their institutions. Nothing is less humanizing than the constant habit of absorbing the mind in the political discussions of the day. Persons of education cannot be insensible to the ill effects of such an absorption; and it must, therefore, be doubly mischievous to the ignorant, whose polemical violence is not likely to be controlled by the reflection,

“How small, of all the ills mankind endure,  
That part which kings, or laws, can cause or cure!”

But the great point is, whether the cause of education is not entitled to ask something at the hands of the government, or rather of the legislature? The evil of ignorance is one of the greatest that can afflict humanity, and it is to be feared that such evil cannot be averted without the aid of a law, whereby education may be rendered compulsory. In the United States, in the Prussian dominions, and elsewhere in Germany, the law does not suffer parents so far to neglect the interests of their children, and consequently of society, as to suffer their minds to remain in a state of barbarism, after the manner of savages. So it ought to be with us. Provision should be made for affording the benefit of schools to our whole population, and it should be a penal offence in any parents to neglect to send thither their offspring. If government be instituted for anything more than a mere engine of police, it ought to be invested, in a special department, with the care of the public instruction. Should there be any who deny that the government ought to be charged with such a care, we beg to ask them why it watches over the public health—why it interferes for the protection of trade—why it executes public works and buildings—why it upholds an established religion—why, in

short, it interposes in a thousand ways whereby it is anticipated that the general welfare may be advanced? To the extent of supplying the deficiency of primary schools, and enforcing their use, as well as of the establishment of popular libraries, it does appear to us that the interposition of the legislature is imperatively called for by the necessities of the country, and the result of such interposition would, we are convinced, be a happier one than could be produced by any other measure of social amelioration.

It is understood that a bill has been prepared by direction of the Lord Chancellor, for the setting on foot, among us, of Parochial Libraries, to be charged on the parish rates. A well-digested measure of this kind, whenever it may be brought forward, will assuredly tend to strengthen the Whigs in the confidence of the country, but would do so still more if accompanied by an Education Bill. The ministers are, we trust, aware that much disappointment has existed at the slow progress of the promised relief from the taxes that impede the diffusion of knowledge, and they should, above all things, beware of allowing an impression to get abroad, that they are somewhat indifferent to the whole subject of public instruction. A government whose tenure of office depends on popular favour, ought not to be slow to take the lead in measures of so decidedly a beneficial, as well as popular character. The tide of public opinion is flowing so strongly against the ancient system of closing from the people the avenues of truth, that those who govern either England or France in the nineteenth century cannot safely carry "*le juste milieu*" as their motto, but must in this respect drink deep, or taste not, of reform. The work of destruction is likely to proceed with rapidity; but it is the mission of governments not only to destroy, but to fulfil. What task can be more noble—what ought to be more grateful—than that of dispelling the mists which blind the eyes of the ignorant, and opening upon the people that pure and steady light of knowledge, which is so inexhaustible, and continually increasing, a source of human happiness?

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ART, VII.—Ludwig von Beethoven. *Eine Biographie desselben, verbunden mit Urtheilen über seine Werke; herausgegeben zur erwirkung eines Monuments für dessen Lehrer Joseph Haydn, von Joh. Aloys Schlosser.* (A Biography of Louis von Beethoven, to which are added Criticisms upon his Works. Published for the purpose of raising a monument to his master, Joseph Haydn. By Joh. Aloys Schlosser.) 12mo. Prague. 1828.

THERE cannot be stronger evidence of the subtle nature of musical thought, than that out of the multitude of composers who strive and labour incessantly to gain honourable distinctions in the art of music, so few are destined to exercise upon it a strong and permanent influence. By a long series only of successful efforts calculated to display the same genius in a variety of attitudes, by fresh difficulties proposed and vanquished in never-ending succession, can the composer create an era in his art; and fortunate would it be for hundreds, if patience and perseverance would ensure high fame; but of a host of people who have endured the constant thought, toil, and irritation which are incident to the musician's profession, the name of one alone shall ring throughout Europe, while all the others are condemned to languish in some obscure corner of a biographical dictionary. Many an artist is awakened out of the agreeable dream of ambition at a time of life when it is too late to begin any thing fresh, and then first becomes fully aware of the unpleasing truth that he has no genius—in the true signification of the word—that he has mistaken his talents and mis-spent his time—that nature intended him for an admirer of the beautiful, but not for a creator of it. Others, more happy, dream out their lives, and die in the delusion that they possess invention. Seeing that nature has so much more bountifully bestowed a susceptibility to musical beauty, and a desire to communicate impressions (which provoke men to attempt composition) than the romantic genius, (the power of investing common things with something rich and strange, which should be its sole warrant,) it would have been a kind of cruelty in her to deny all reward to the plodding patience and industry, and the respectable talent by which the bulk of artists in every age is distinguished. Accordingly there is a second or third-rate immortality, a niche among the *Dii minorum gentium* for those who, having spent their lives in straining after excellence, have been now and then happy enough to hit the mark. The contemplation of such spirits as Mozart and Beethoven renders the musician's devotion to his art a very pure and refined feeling, totally divested of any selfish consideration; for these men, proposing to themselves objects far

beyond any that had entered the imagination of other artists, and succeeding as marvellously in the completion of their designs as in their conception while they elevated music into a grander and more intellectual art, necessarily made its cultivation more difficult, and placed it further out of the reach of such as should follow them. Yet who would basely wish a note unwritten in any work of these masters, for the sake of an additional chance for himself? who is there, indeed, who does not feel grateful to them for having made failure honourable? It is characteristic of the epochs created by both these artists, that at their decease music seemed to have run its course; originality of melody, design, and style, seemed exhausted, and nothing remained for future times save the imitation, at a humble distance, of their too perfect models. But the temporary stagnation which is to be observed at certain periods of musical history, lasts only until nature is pleased to present us with a man of genius. Thus we find that the resources of instrumental music, which seemed to be dissipated by Mozart, received fresh vigour from Beethoven; Weber also opened a new vein of interest in the dramatic style, and excited passion afresh, without interfering with any of those discoveries which peculiarly belong to the great head and master of the modern German school. The inference is obvious; whenever an artist asserts that the springs of harmony and melody have run dry, it is a sure proof of his own short-sightedness and want of invention, and the truly original and beautiful styles which are from time to time invented even in these days, must, we fear, put to the blush the most disappointed man who would fain console himself at the expense of the art. It would save much bitterness and many after-repinings, now that the musical profession is often adopted from motives of vanity, even unaccompanied by love, that the young artist should seriously consider how great a thing it is to be a composer. Has he the power to get rid of *himself*? Is he free of the ideal world, and does he live apart, in communion with fancies akin to the most subtle refinements of poetry? Without the faculty of abstraction, all his sensibility, industry, and patience, will but leave him one of those small geniuses who hover perpetually in the same track, and seek in vain to break loose from the enchanted circle which confines their ideas. He may be a Beethoven or Mozart for *once* in his life, but he will have spent himself in the effort. It is the inexhaustible variety of these masters, their perpetual welling-up of subjects of most "unlike resemblance," which is the wonder of their genius, and shows that they have been

" List'ning to what unshorn Apollo sings  
To th' touch of golden wires."

Weber, in some measure, lets us into the secret of this variety, when he asserts that he never saw a beautiful landscape that did not produce in his mind a train of corresponding musical associations. A universal sympathy, and the faculty of expressing it in forms as multifarious as the aspects of nature—remote ideas instinct with truth—the power of awakening in a phrase of melody, a long train of dormant feelings which seem before to have wanted their true expression; these are qualities sufficient to account for the rarity of high musical genius, and especially so when it becomes necessary to suppose them refined by a tedious education, and an experience in the details of art the most painfully minute. The herd of musicians are but the almsmen of the great masters,\* and exist upon their superfluous wealth; they are the dogs eating the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. How many has not Mozart, Beethoven, and even Weber set up? An acquaintance with musicians, great and small, and a thorough intimacy with the difficulties of composition, are necessary to the estimate of Beethoven—a meteor, at the brilliancy of whose track Europe has hardly yet recovered its amazement. Fancy and feeling were in him full to overflowing; the characteristics of his genius are an almost unprecedented exuberance of imagination, and a peculiarly penetrating and searching quality of melody. Within himself he possessed all variety. At one time charming by a noble simplicity which impressed the most unpractised ear, at another, running into extremes of the wild and fantastic, which mystified even educated musicians, no composer ever more embarrassed and divided the judgment, and it is not surprising to find that among the more vulgar of practical musicians, Beethoven was actually supposed to be a madman, with occasional lucid intervals! This notion prevailed here about fifteen years ago, upon the appearance of some trios for the piano-forte, violin and bass, in a style so unprecedented, and at that time so extravagant, that good people, aided by vague rumours of the eccentric life of the author, retailed here by travellers from Vienna, hastened to the short, easy and charitable conclusion that the author was lunatic. But “there is more between heaven and earth than dreamt of in their philosophy.” Music is now in a state to afford a clue to the meaning of elaborate compositions which before seemed to be one labyrinth of inextricable doubt and error; and we would fain hope that such of Beethoven's later works as still remain incomprehensible, are only conceived in some exalted region of the fancy beyond the flight of ordinary

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\* Mozart, who never wrote any thing superfluous, compliments, in a letter, one of his acquaintances for *composing with his own ideas*—as if this were a singular virtue in musical authors.

imagination. When the solution of difficulties is found in the gradual refinement and progress of an intellectual taste, such a deduction is surely not unreasonable, and we confidently expect that time will dispel the mists which yet envelope the composer's meaning in his posthumous quartets, his last grand mass, and his symphony with a chorus—works in which he has pushed to extremity the usual license and audacity of his harmony, and which have produced a vast deal of debate and many ingenious hypotheses. We are sticklers for the orthodoxy of the canons of composition, certainly not from any affection for pedantic mysteries, but because we believe them to be founded on the principles of correct taste and feeling. Beethoven, though accounting himself free from the restraint of rules, has not so often abused this liberty as to become chargeable with constant incorrectness, and we apprehend no favourable argument will be drawn from him by those who would have the laws of harmony revised, if not *repealed*. It will be seen by our brief memoir that his musical education was solid and scientific, and that it was after being a graduate in the systems of the schools, that his style was formed. If, in the indulgence of so vast an imagination, in the pursuit of ideal beauty, and of surprising and grand effects, he risked every thing towards the emotion he would create, with comparatively few trespasses upon rules, he is only another proof of the propriety of their institution, though we admit that no one among the great composers has better shown when, and how far, they may give way with advantage. Among the crowd of Beethoven's imitators, there are some who ape the extravagances of his imagination, purely that they may conceal their defects of real science, and who are *wild*, only from inability to produce what is correct, symmetrical and beautiful. Indeed, to many artists, the lustre of Beethoven's effects has proved but a will-o'-the-wisp—they have followed its guidance, and have been left in the mire. Some of these, supposing that the true secret of the composer's fascination lay in the ugliness of a passage on its first hearing, and remembering that Beethoven's symphonies were not liked at first and now *are* liked, concluded that repetition not only wore off the first impression, but even changed it entirely. They therefore congratulated themselves when they had made a good hideous composition, and saw that it was very much disliked, flattering themselves that it would be greatly relished when often heard. Unfortunately, the insensate public have seldom taken the pains to renew the trial, and by refusing to have merit dinned into them, have left neglected genius to pine in the belief that success can only be obtained by what Falstaff calls "damnable iteration." It is a pitiable delusion: the musical public (properly so called)

have an instinct which does not mislead them in judging between performances which have a meaning, though they perceive it not, and such as from first to last can only be found vacant.

Ludwig van Beethoven was the son of a tenor player in the service of the Elector of Cologne, and was born at Bonn, in the year 1772. Like most of our great composers, he gave signs of talent in infancy; readily quitting his companions and play when he heard his father preluding on the piano-forte, listening to him always with great attention and pleasure, and often begging him to continue when his music was finished. The greatest treat he could have was to be taken on his father's knee, and his own little fingers directed upon the keys proper to form the accompaniment to a song: these notes he would afterwards retrace alone, with such accuracy, that at five years old it was deemed necessary to think of regular and serious instruction for him. His father at first undertook the task himself, but such was the boy's progress that he soon required a master of more experience and skill. The organist to the Court, Van der Eden, was the best player upon the *clavier* that Bonn could produce, but the elder Beethoven was in no condition to pay for his instructions. This difficulty was, however, got over, by Van der Eden offering to give the child gratuitous lessons; but as he was much occupied by the duties of his situation in the electoral chapel, young Beethoven gained little advantage from his promise. However, his progress continued, and he was known throughout Bonn as an extraordinary child. The Elector having heard him, was so struck with surprise and delight that he charged Van der Eden to give him a daily lesson at his expense—a favour which was attended with the happiest consequences, and the boy soon performed both in the chapel and in the private apartments of the Elector. In the year 1782, Van der Eden died, and was succeeded as court organist by Christian Gottlob Neefe, who was commanded by the Elector to make the formation of young Beethoven's talent his particular concern. Neefe was a man of excellent character, open-hearted and friendly, and the best master that could have been chosen. He was not unacquainted with his pupil's ability; he rejoiced in the task which had been delegated to him, and exerted himself the more from the great affection which the boy took to him, and the diligence he used to reward his pains. The compositions of Neefe certainly do not display either the power or the brilliancy of high genius; they could therefore have had nothing to do with a revolution in art, or have even influenced the progress of taste. They show, incontrovertibly, talent, knowledge and feeling; and it follows that he might easily have been better suited to his employment than a man of a higher

order. Neefe soon directed his scholar to the source of the purest taste, in the works of Sebastian Bach, and put him into a method of conquering the great difficulties inseparable from their execution. In his eleventh year he played Bach's Collection of Fugues and Preludes in all the keys major and minor, entitled *Das wohltempirte Klavier* (The well-tempered or tuned Clavier); and when we consider how much labour it costs even artists to perform these fugues in a manner fit to be heard, it may be imagined what expectations were formed of a boy who executed them to the universal admiration of judges.

Beethoven's first attempt at composition was made in his ninth year, but as Van der Eden had given him no insight into the rules, it may be naturally supposed that he could produce nothing correct. The cognoscenti, however, ventured to predict great things of him, and the prophecy has not wanted fulfilment. About this period, nine variations upon a march, three sonatas, and some songs of his composition, were printed in Mannheim, which, though mere attempts, do honour to the young composer. As he had already far distanced both his masters in execution upon the piano-forte, and appeared also favourably disposed for organ-playing, the Elector designed him successor to Neefe, and at his own expense despatched him to Vienna, to be perfected in the art of composition under Haydn. Mozart was just dead. A strong attachment took place between the master and scholar: Bach was again studied, and Beethoven now first learned fully to comprehend him. Along with his own works, Haydn introduced those of Handel and Mozart, and by constantly discussing the highest beauties of the art, quickly formed a refined and elegant taste in his pupil; the course of their studies was however interrupted by Haydn's journey to London in 1795, and the young musician from that period was turned over to the care of the learned contrapuntist Albrechtsberger. Beethoven had in his native city acquired the rudiments of the Latin, Italian and French languages; he now perfected his knowledge of them, and added that of the English; his favourite recreation was the reading of history, for which to his death he retained a strong attachment, and to this study he brought a memory so remarkable, that not only were events, but even the manner of the narration was easily registered there. When he had reached maturity, the principal attraction of the artist centered in his piano-forte playing, the triumph of which was his extemporaneous performance, and the art of varying a theme unpremeditatedly.

In 1801, Beethoven suddenly lost his patron and benefactor, and with him the prospect of a settlement in Bonn, an event he the more regretted on account of its involving a separation from

his family, to whom he bore a lively affection. Though now thrown upon his own resources, his compositions, which were eagerly sought by the music-shops, procured him ample provision, and banished all uneasiness as to the means of income; he was not even obliged to teach. Strongly solicited, he was indeed induced to gratify many of his friends with his advice, but this was done purely from good-will; nor could the composer be prevailed upon to receive any remuneration. Beethoven at this time accepted an engagement which obliged him to reside with a noble family at Vienna, but some unforeseen disagreeables on both sides soon caused an arrangement to be broken up which was peculiarly unsuited to a man of his independence and uncourtier-like habits—one living apart too in the abstractions of music. In this unsettled state of his affairs, he frequently cast an eye towards England, whither his old companion, the inimitable contrabassist Dragonetti, had already gone, and where his compositions were still more highly prized than in Germany. The strong solicitations he received to settle in this country might probably have influenced him, had not the removal of his two brothers into Austria, in whose society he promised himself much happiness, thrown a decisive weight into the contrary scale. Besides, it was uncertain whether the cheapness and the sociality of Vienna would be advantageously exchanged for the more splendid offers but expensive living of England. He continued therefore in Vienna, composing, and playing in public concerts and private parties, and although his performance was not the most delicate, and was sometimes even awkward, he obtained greater reputation in Vienna as an artist upon the piano-forte than even as a composer. In his improvisation, the difficulty appeared to be, to make his fingers execute the conceptions of his fancy—the warmth of his ideas so much overtasked them, that there was not unfrequently produced a semblance of bungling execution. His method of varying a theme extemporaneously reminded many of Mozart. Besides the patronage of the Princess Lobkowitz and Kinsky, and the Archduke Rudolph, who allowed him a pension for life, on condition of his never exchanging Austria for a foreign land, and the sum he received for the copyright of his works, he had many considerable presents for dedications. The late Empress of Russia, after the performance of his *Battle of Vittoria* symphony, during the congress, sent him 200 ducats as a mark of regard. The impression which has gone abroad that Beethoven was at times in uneasy circumstances, is altogether erroneous; he had enough for the highest comfort of an artist's life—he lived above care—in a very different state from Mozart. True it is, that he had other bitternesses in his cup—for he was an unhappy lover, and, to

make the matter worse, lost his hearing—an accident which led to his almost total seclusion from society, and confined him to intercourse with such friends as he mostly knew well enough to read what they would say upon their faces. This misfortune to the artist sent him with redoubled vigour to composition; the piano-forte was set aside; he began to live wholly to himself and to his art, and to revolve in his loneliness the most original and daring plans. He was seldom heard to complain of his isolated condition. Beethoven's deafness was not a sudden calamity, or the effect, as some have supposed, of a casualty, but a gradual decline of the powers of the ear, originating probably in the excessive sensibility of that organ. The defect at first appeared on his entrance into manhood, but in a very small degree; it however increased constantly, and at last arrived at such a pitch as to prevent all further communication with him except by means of writing, for the ear-trumpet occasioned him pain, and was, moreover, insufficient for its purpose. All attempts to discover the source of the evil, and to remedy it, proved fruitless; for composition he retained as much ability as before. The calamity, however, was a great drawback from his execution as a piano-forte player, by increasing the indistinctness of his performance. His voice, too, was affected sympathetically with his ear; although it would never please in singing, before he became deaf, it was at least well-toned in speaking,—subsequently it became somewhat harsh. Any one skilled in the characteristics of physiognomy would have received at the first sight of Beethoven, the conviction of an extraordinary being. In the emotion and expression of his mouth, the brilliancy of his eye, and in the breadth of his ample forehead, (the true seat of poetical invention,) there were found infallible signs of his genius. His face, during the cheerful intercourse of friendship, wore a character of the most perfect goodness, and his laugh was cordiality and sincerity itself.

Beethoven has been supposed to have been unpolished and rude in his behaviour, which is not true; he was certainly not a *fashionable* man, according to the standards of London and Vienna; like many other great artists, he was eccentric—but he was not ill-mannered. He was as strong a partisan of his native music against the pretensions of the Italians as Mozart. In his person and dress he was clean and neat, neither in the extremes of old or new fashion, and in his dwelling there was always the greatest cleanliness, though the Viennese used to complain of a certain want of *gentlemanly* order in the arrangement of it. The gentlemanly objectors were, however, very far from knowing Beethoven, or what was becoming in the furniture of his apartments: looking after a sofa they might miss a symphony. Every

spring he went into the country to compose in the open air, for Beethoven was one of Horace's tribe:—" *Scriptorum chorus omnis amal nenius, et fugit urbes.*" His return to town was in the latter part of autumn, and by these constant journeyings backwards and forwards he was necessarily obliged to remain a considerable time in a place before he could bring his papers into order. And who would think of costly furniture or of style in the lodgings of a migratory bachelor, and above all of one like Beethoven? Great as the genius of the composer was, it was surpassed by the goodness of his heart, which was possessed with an unconquerable detestation of all falsehood, meanness, vanity, and avarice, in a word, of the suspicion of an unworthy thing. One of his most beautiful characteristics was his attachment to his family: for the two brothers who followed him into Austria he did every thing possible to advance their interests. When one of them, who had an official appointment, died, he received his son into his house, spared no expense to procure him a good education, and even sacrificed to him his freedom and peace of mind. The constitution of Beethoven in youth was robust—but in the latter part of his life it was much broken-down by care and sorrow. For the last six months he received the constant assistance of a physician, who contrived to alleviate his pain, though it was impossible to restore him to health. His illness terminated in a dropsy, which caused inexpressible suffering. Beethoven bore it with resolution, supported by the proofs of sympathy he received on all sides. During his last days the surgical measures resorted to greatly increased the violence of his anguish—but his death was a gentle slumber. This took place on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 56th year of his age. The exequies of Beethoven were performed with many honours, and a long musical procession, chaunting a dirge arranged from his own celebrated March on the Death of a Hero, attended the corpse to its place of repose, which is a cemetery in one of the pleasantest country roads out of Vienna. The laurel wreath, appropriately offered to musician-poets in this country, was dropped into his grave by Hummel, and we may imagine with what feelings, when we know that he had been an old friend of the composer, but separated from him by one of those unaccountable misunderstandings which sometimes estrange the most cordial and sympathetic spirits, and which in this case only left him time to make his peace, and to assume his office in the last sad ceremonies over his friend. A short time before Beethoven's death, the Abbé Stadler was engaged in a controversy with Gottfried Weber, brother of the celebrated composer, respecting the authenticity of some of the passages in Mozart's Requiem. In an autograph letter of the volume before

us, we find by what a powerful auxiliary the opinion of the venerable Abbé was reinforced—and we give the substance of it merely for the sake of recording Beethoven's sentiments upon Mozart, which are yet new to the musical public, and not on account of Gottfried Weber, or of any notions which *he* may entertain, as we confidently believe, that whenever the world may be deprived of that gentleman, no very great vacuum will be left either in art or literature. We have omitted the musical extracts, the scrawl in which they are written not sufficiently indicating where the force of the critical objections lies.

"MOST REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

"YOU have indeed acted well, and done much service as well as great justice to Madame Mozart, through your very masterly and acute little work, for which I am persuaded that both the composer and the amateur, and all indeed who have interest in musical knowledge, are your debtors. There is nothing at all, or a vast deal, required in the examination of such a subject. Can Mr. Gottfried Weber, who has, as I understand, written a work on composition, attribute a passage like the following to Mozart? . . . . When we consider such a passage as this of his own writing . . . . Mr. G. Weber's surprising knowledge of harmony and melody reminds us of the style of the old long-deceased composers of middle Germany—Sterkel, Nümeier, Kalkbrenner (the father), André, &c. . . . *Requiescant in pace.*

"I, in particular, my dear friend, return you sincere thanks for the pleasure your work has afforded me, having always accounted myself among the most ardent admirers of Mozart, and feeling that I shall remain so to my latest breath.

BETHOVEN."

It has been justly observed by an acute German critic, that under the name of music, considered as an independent art, we should understand instrumental music only, which, free from the shackles of verse, and pure from all admixture or foreign aid, can alone express the *propre* of the art. Much of the originality and beauty of modern music is attributable to the felicitous employment of instruments; the ideas of composers keep pace with the ability of performers, and the character of its compositions for instruments is the test of the refinement of an age in musical taste. The human voice is, at best, but circumscribed—its powers are little calculated to impel the art forward; but in instruments, there is gained, from mechanical skill and scientific research, a lever wherewith to move the world. Every improvement in modern music, nay, even that of the human organ itself, its more remarkable flexibility, and more just intonation, may be traced to the influence of instrumental composition and performance, and first in this department of music must be considered the symphony. The very name of Beethoven brings into the mind a crowd of

exquisite subjects from his symphonies, which prove how firmly his fame is erected on their foundation. Under this composer and Mozart, the *adagio* attained a high vocal and sentimental character, which it certainly wanted in the earlier symphonies of Haydn—compositions abounding, indeed, in spirit, fancy, and ingenuity, but not of a kind to enrol the author among the great triumvirate; this distinction he more honourably earned, we think, in his twelve symphonies for Salomon, and his *Passione*, a series of slow movements, in which the poetical gusto of Mozart is fairly rivalled. The instrumental style demands peculiar qualifications, and admits of no mediocrity. Mozart led the way in it, and was the first to complete a model of the symphony, but his genius, all passion and voluptuous grace, though divine, is touched with too many human sympathies, and his “music, yearning like a god in pain,” left much to Beethoven, who, if we would give his spirit a form and habitation, should have that face of calm, conscious, power, which distinguishes the sculptured heroes and demi-gods of antiquity. As it is the characteristic of eminent composers to outstep the judgment of their age, it is not surprising to find that the excellencies of Beethoven were for a long time warmly contested; but it was in this nebulous atmosphere of England, (according to M. Fétis, most unfavourable to music,) that they were first acknowledged. Every season of the Philharmonic Society brought over new converts, and even Salomon, the personal friend of Haydn and Mozart, and who upheld their superiority with the zeal of a political partisan, was at last fairly a renegade. Beethoven’s earlier symphonies—the Numbers 1 and 2, for instance—in certain passages show the composer assaying his unfledged wings; but they do not indicate the extent and boldness of his flight. In the slow movements, particularly that of the second, there is a foretaste of the delicious undefinable emotion which possesses the hearer in the performance of his *adagios*—but in both, beyond the choice of an unusual time  $\frac{3}{4}$ , with here and there a characteristic transition or so—there is nothing widely different from the physiognomy of Mozart. But in the *Pastorale*, in the symphony in B flat, in the *Andante* of that in A, and last and chiefest, in the energy of that sublime production the symphony in C minor, we have pure Beethoven, and a revolution of style so complete, that by no construction possible can the ideas be attributed to other masters, or the smallest share be claimed in them. And herein is the glory of Beethoven’s invention—that he followed Mozart, the musician who has made the strongest appeals to the sensibility, and by means totally new, attained the same end, and not less powerfully affected his hearers. To show properly the distinction

of style between Mozart and Beethoven would call for a lengthened disquisition, and many citations from their works, not altogether suited to the character of this publication; but yet, avoiding technicalities, something may be said upon this subject not unworthy of the amateur's attention. Under Beethoven the first movement grew more wild, and the *scherzo* (an invention, by the way, of his own) more capricious than the most playful minuet of his predecessors. In the second parts of his *allegros*, he at first seems like one in a reverie, and following no settled plan, but more intimate acquaintance with his music serves to show that in the wildest of his effusions there is a prevailing order and symmetry, and that it is greatly by means of his extraordinary and fanciful episodes that his novelty is effected. He appears to deem it sufficient that the main features of a work shall be conformable to the laws of order: in artfully veiling the rest of his design he only carries forward what Mozart began, who did not choose that the conduct of his compositions should be too palpable, or that his whole plan should reveal itself at once, and provoke no curiosity or examination. Beethoven's symphonies, notwithstanding their unintelligibility at first hearing, are really remarkable for their simplicity as well as for the roughness and grand effect of their instrumentation. It was the *style* that embarrassed musicians, most of whom have a nervous horror of committing their taste upon any thing new. They were not so well provided as that prudent lord commemorated by our English Pindar, who, wishing to know when to disapprove at the Opera, took an Italian singer with him, with directions whenever he should find

" A singer's voice above or under-pitch,  
To touch his toe or give his arm a twitch."

And really that invaluable twitch may be excused when we find one of the most energetic *allegros* of instrumental music built out of elements like these:



for if we are moved by so simple a theme, performed by a large band, we are aware that it is contrary to all precedent, and consequently are not certain that it is correct to admire. But did not Beethoven mean by the suspense of the key in this impressive *unison*, to raise in the mind that expectation and excitement which form the fittest state for the powerful agency of music? Assuredly we think he did, and that herein also is an instance of the sublime of simplicity, which he was the first to illustrate in

instrumental composition. If the reader would penetrate further into the causes of the originality of Beethoven's effects, we would refer him in brief to the frequent doubling of certain intervals of a chord, while others are left thin or wholly omitted—to the placing of notes at remarkable and unusual distances—to the studied omission of some usual note, &c.; and we recommend him to examine, as a favourable specimen of the author's peculiarities, the introduction to the symphony in B flat. Hoffmann speaks worthily of the *andante* of the C minor symphony, when in his usual enthusiastic way he says, "Do we not seem to hear in it a divine voice discoursing to us of love and hope?" In the whole range of music there is no type of this beautiful *andante*, no, not even in Beethoven himself; the artist is no longer indebted to Haydn or Mozart, the whole movement is purely an emanation of his own feeling and fancy. There is an *andante* in A flat in a well-known symphony of Mozart with which this is often compared. If Mozart, out of the inexhaustible store of his ideas, sustains the hearer in a more constant state of luxury, Beethoven's melodies are, perhaps, more appealing, from being employed with an exquisite cunning of simplicity, and from the attention being less occupied with constant touches of the artist. We can imagine the truth of the confession of an amateur, that the opening of one of Beethoven's symphonies at the commencement of a concert will often so much excite him, that he becomes dead to all further impressions from music for the evening—incapable of feeling anything more. The *scherzo* is not less removed from the ordinary course of experience, and is as different from the minuet and trio of Mozart, as Haydn's manner from that of Emanuel Bach. In its grotesque employment of the minor key with alternate major, we seem to be present at a village festival; witnessing the voluntary pranks and comic dances of some half-drunken clown—thunder is heard in the distance, and the sports are for a time suspended, till the *finale* bursts in it, as it were, in a flood of sunshine and of joy. The association with rural scenes and sounds is common in Beethoven—it is not only in his pastoral symphony that we hear the rich monotony of the cuckoo and the simple note of the quail, and according to the ancient mariner:—

"A noise like that of a hidden brook,  
In the leafy month of June,  
Which to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune."

Beethoven most easily found the elevation of his ideas in the country, and he sought materials for his art in the silence and

remoteness of forests and caves, by day and night, in storm and sunshine, more like a Caspar under demoniacal influence than one who haunted those shades to commune with the awfulness of nature and his own thoughts. He loved too, to paint the emotions with which we view the obsequies of heroes, and appears himself the last loiterer at evening in the dim cathedral cloister. Seriousness, energy and sublimity, are the characteristics of this author in the symphony, and in our opinion he has left no more perfect combination of them, and no more durable monument of his genius, than in the one in C minor. In Germany they make an affecting use of these compositions, in performing them as preludes to public solemnities, such as the annual commemoration of their great poets and other illustrious men; here we allow the spirit of them to evaporate in one vague sentiment of admiration. Our fortnightly concerts of the Philharmonic Society, however, do much, if only in preserving an exalted idea of musical expression, and giving sensations of elegance and grace to a body of persons, who again disseminate the taste they acquire; vulgarity is by this means entirely dismissed from music, Vanhall and Stamitz are doomed to eternal oblivion, and nothing but high excellence is endured. It would be far beyond the compass of an article to speak here of many symphonies which may seem to claim notice equally with the one on which we have bestowed our principal observation, for Beethoven is entirely various. Even the symphony commemorative of the Battle of Vittoria, which had so great a run at the Drury-lane Oratorios, when under the management of Sir George Smart, had some peculiar effects (owing to the disposal of the performers in the orchestra) that were never thoroughly understood in this country, and we heard an eminent foreign virtuoso say, with a quaintness that increased the amusement of his hearers, that if Beethoven had heard the manner in which Sir George allowed his music to be performed, he would have *put him into prison*; a particularly natural resolution in an Austrian composer, and of right imperial example, in a country where a slight offence and a deep dungeon are a common cause and consequence. For this symphony, Beethoven used merrily to say, he wished the king of England (to whom it was inscribed) would send him a thousand pounds of turtle; another proof of imagination which it requires a stretch of aldermanic genius to contemplate. But as the ancients thought that Apollo's cold water could never inspire good dithyrambics, by parity of supposition we imagine the ascetic musician will want unction in the symphony. The celebrated Septet was the product of the robust middle period of the author's life, and is a composition so remarkable that it can never lightly be dismissed in any notice of the progress of instru-

mental music; it is fortunately not a little known in private society, as forming one of the most elegant and delightful piano-forte duets that have ever been arranged from classical composition. Its melody is so captivating, that it takes the ear from the very first acquaintance, yet the real author cannot be disguised, and one circumstance in particular, viz. the unusual number of movements which occupy it, fully proves with what thronging fancies Beethoven was beset in the writing, which certainly helped to produce many more movements than could be even titled on the authority of any former production. The Septet has been a great favourite at concert rooms on account of the novelty of its combination, and because it brings together and sets off to advantage the finest talent of an orchestra. And here we must be permitted to observe that the instrumental writers have not only generally signalized themselves in improvisation, which accounts for the rapidity, clearness, and connection of their thoughts, but they have been always excellent in their variations; things which in other hands are justly detested by good amateurs, their beauty being mostly in an inverse ratio to their length. There is not perhaps a surer test of genius than the power to make elegant variations, nor a greater resource to the instrumental composer; but they must be mental, not mechanical, the produce of the imagination, not what the ingenious fingers are but too apt to furnish of their own accord. Beethoven in the violin quartet and quintet, a species of chamber music now greatly cultivated in England, runs, what, in the language of sportsmen, would be termed a neck-and-neck race with Mozart. He had the advantage, be it remembered, of some twenty years the larger share of life, and died at last when his genius was declining instead of being called away in its full vigour, and stimulated by success and appreciation to higher exertions. We doubt much, if the major part of Mozart's sixteen violin quartets were thoroughly known, (which, through the inertness of performers, who like only to play such things in public as show themselves off, they are not,) whether the effect would not be very greatly to lower the opinion of Beethoven's discoveries in this department of musical composition. The true secret of the neglect of Mozart's compositions is their excessive difficulty, which those who play to hearers generally prefer the show of to the substance. It is but lost labour, however, to institute comparisons between such consummate masters: Beethoven, too, has passages of sentiment so exquisite and thoughts so happy, that we wonder at their discovery, and feel as if we could in a life never have the like success again, and in the luxury of listening are almost unwilling to participate our sensations with those for whom we do not feel a

regard, and a conviction that they enter fully into the beauties of the composer! The art of both these authors in a *coda*, in reserving the highest interest for the close of a movement, and winding up the pleasure of the hearer to a pitch which almost borders on pain, will be acknowledged as equally characteristic of them. During the musical season of London, these quartets and quintets form a principal part of the entertainment of amateurs, yet they are not frequently understood, the difficulties of their execution being more apt to provoke the vanity of the performers, than the raciness of the compositions to excite their interest. Our professional violinists, with a great deal of tone and manual ability, are wanting in that unanimity as to the more delicate shades of an author's meaning, which produces the perfection of quartet playing, and for which the performances of the Müller family of Brunswick and of the Bohrs of Paris are especially remarkable. We must not omit to mention, as characteristic of the improved taste of the age, that instrumental performances, which were formerly wont in parties to be the signal for general conversation, (as well they might be, when there was nothing better than Stamitz or Sterkel to be heard,) now find a number of attentive and even absorbed listeners.

The library of piano-forte music,\* which a great composer bequeaths to posterity, must not be considered as a mere repository of trifling amusement: the collections of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber constantly discover the germ of ideas which have appeared in other works in their full-blown magnificence. *En pede Herculeum*: if the composer be able to sustain the interest of his audience in a current of noble thoughts on the piano-forte, or with a quartet of instruments, he demonstrates sheer invention, and will be only so much the more powerful when he has the advantages of a full band to give force and variety to his effects. Hoffmann, in a pleasant rhapsody which he puts into the mouth

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\* An old author, in a fine vein of humour, apostrophises those happy sick men who have been fortunate enough to meet with his works, and truly we know no one who has soothed more languishing hours than one of our day—Sir Walter Scott. But even in the fullest health there are intervals in one's pleasures,—there is the satiety of books and the fatigue of writing, against which a resource is wanted; and which we will venture to say is found in nothing so complete as in music. The piano-forte is an instrument always at hand, and it depends neither upon friends nor upon the weather, but solely upon our own fingers. If men of intellectual occupation, who at certain times would gladly exchange their overworking thoughts for sensation, knew the complete relaxation and renovation of mind which music affords, they would all become players. We might quote the authority of Dr. Priestley on this subject, who advises literary persons, even with a bad ear, to persist in the practice of music. The philosopher might have remarked that the utterly bad ear is the anomaly in our constitution, and that if the elements of music were imbibed as a school exercise with the rudiments of grammar, there would be few who in after-life would not soon be in a capacity to please themselves and others.

of his fictitious Kapellmeister Kreisler, indulges his own feelings, and yet contrives to baulk those who would have a sneer at the enthusiasm.

"O, Beethoven, what an impression have all thy works for the piano made upon me! How discoloured and feeble does every thing appear which is not the work of thy genius, or of Mozart or Bach! With what pleasure do I return to those admirable trios of thy opera 70, which I have played so many times! Like one who, lost in the flowery alleys of a delicious garden and surrounded by perfumes, strays on without power to extricate himself from the enchanted labyrinth, or to burst the garlands which oppose him, I penetrate deeper and deeper into the delightful sinuosities of thy works; a voice like that of the Syren's draws me onward with irresistible force. I have just played from memory some of the most remarkable passages of these trios. The piano is an instrument certainly more favourable to harmony than to melody. The height of expression upon it does not give that life to a melody which it receives from the bow or the breath, and the artist contends in vain with a disadvantage of mechanism which makes the strings resound through a foreign medium. On the other hand, what instrument, except the harp, embraces like this the whole realm of harmony, and reproduces its treasures under the most varied and magnificent forms? The imagination can conceive no idea so vast as not to be produced by the fingers upon the piano. The full score, that enchanted volume, is vivified by it under the hands of a master, and in the effects of the majestic chorus and orchestra we are presented as it were with a faithful engraving from the great picture. The piano-forte is then the instrument for improvisation, for the score, for sonatas, trios, quartets, and, in short, for whatever is written in the true style, that is, in four or five real parts. But I do not conceal my aversion for piano-forte concertos; though those of Mozart and Beethoven are rather symphonies with a piano-forte *obligato*. After a majestic *tutti* of stringed and wind instruments, how meagre and wretched appears the *solo* for the piano! One admires the agility of the fingers, but of emotion there is nothing. The character of Beethoven's music banishes all those passages in which the hands appear to be running after one another, as well as all the leaps, and capricios, and notes perched up in the clouds, with which modern compositions abound. If one should consider them only as it regards the difficulty of fingering, the compositions of Beethoven have but little merit, for a moderate pianist executes them without trouble: notwithstanding more than one pretended virtuoso has thrown aside the cahier, crying out—'This passage is ungrateful!—This is unplayable!' To execute the productions of Beethoven properly we must understand them, and penetrate into the author's intentions: let him not attempt them to whom music is but a pastime or a momentary attraction. The true artist despises and rejects all personal considerations, and every desire of vulgar applause, his only aim and hope being to reproduce in their pristine splendour those images which the conception of the master has embodied; by such means alone he endeavours to stir up the human heart, and to transport the imagination far, far from this world."

We see nothing to dissent from in the foregoing eloquent apostrophe of Mr. Kreisler, save where he is pleased to describe the fingering of Beethoven's piano-forte music as easy; the abomination of the music is that fingers can hardly be found for it. Few persons wanting the excitement and the passion of the author would play Beethoven tolerably, so entirely destitute is he of that system in the fingering, which favours the execution of other pieces. Every difficulty of performance is but comparative; Beethoven's difficulties are, however, such to good players. In his *allegros* and *finales* all is so new, so unexpected, and so abrupt, that no *studio* can smooth the way to them; as no one dreamed of Beethoven's passages, or anticipated their employment, they are to be encountered as they best may, and if the poetic phrensy of the composer whirl us over them with scarcely a knowledge of their being executed, we have rather our own strength of feeling than the ease of the composition to thank. Here we might have a good opportunity to inveigh against the *finger-music* now in fashion, and to exclaim, with Weber, that he who composes at the piano-forte is but the child of poverty, for so accustomed are the fingers to wander in their old tracks, that to trust to them is to sacrifice all vigour and originality. Beethoven pursued beauty in the abstract; he considered nothing of convenience in the means of producing it; hence his difficulty, and at the same time his originality.

That this master in his latter years, probably as he felt the waning of his youthful powers, carried the caprice which was in some measure peculiar to his style to an unusual excess is unquestionable, and we have authority for the assertion in his last symphony, with chorus, which occupies in performance one hour and twenty minutes, and wears out the patience and the faculties of every person who attempts to listen to it. Probably the author's deafness\* may have tended to such mental concentration, as to enable him to see the connection in a design of much greater extent, than is within the scope of ordinary mortals; but we know the opinion of musicians respecting this work is, that he has raised so huge a pile that the eye cannot take in its proportions. He was writing for Titans, not for human pigmies. Again, in his posthumous mass, and set of quartets, of which the most learned audiences have not been able to discover whether they have a meaning or not, we may discover a mind brooding over more ambitious designs, and deviating yet more extraordi-

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\* After Beethoven became completely deaf, when he would try over a new quartet, he used to sit and watch the performers with intense earnestness, and by this means judge whether they understood his composition or not.

narily from the common track. Some have surmised that the protracted calamity of the author had unsettled his notion of the connexion and relation of sounds; but we know not how such an opinion can be tenable, when it is remembered that he was in the constant practice of writing; and though by appealing to the eye and mind alone he might have gradually accustomed himself to tolerate greater dissonances, or *hardnesses*, than his ear would willingly have borne in its acute state, we do not see how his principles could have become unfixed without reducing his compositions to a chaotic confusion, which is certainly no where to be found.

A kindred spirit of grandeur made Beethoven the idolater of Handel,\* and that desire to arrest the hearer by some powerful thought, which Haydn, speaking of the latter, termed his striking like a thunderbolt, is equally observable in the symphonies of the one, as the oratorios of the other. Mozart's genius, on the contrary, less astonishing, but always flowing on in one deep current of feeling, assimilates more strongly to that of Bach. The Mount of Olives, in spite of the fine things it contains, the admirable instrumental introduction, and the Hallelujah chorus a complete specimen of grandeur in modern choral music, will on the whole be considered a failure. Its character is too monotonous, and the attention is fatigued by the length to which movements of one peculiar expression are extended: this fault is for the most part attributable to the subject. The last chorus indeed produces something fresh—but there are few hearers of the entire oratorio that do not hail it joyfully, because it is the last. An age of instrumental improvement like the present is little favourable to the development of that simple grandeur which is the prominent characteristic of the oratorio style; the beauty and refinement now sought in the use of instruments rob the voices of a force which every one acknowledges in the composition of the ancient authors. The more music depends upon the accompaniment, the more it is exposed to the fluctuations of taste, which the discovery of new instruments continually modifies, and thus often renders preceding efforts old fashioned and unbearable.

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\* Let us here be allowed to mention with honour an instance of liberality and good taste in an amateur. M. Stumpf, the harp maker of Great Portland Street, who is an enthusiastic admirer of good music, and who possesses the valuable MS. of a set of quartets by Mozart, became during a sojourn in Vienna the friend and companion of Beethoven. On his return to England he became anxious to send some token of his remembrance of the happy hours he had passed with his illustrious friend; and he hit upon an idea which every one will envy. It was to send a complete and costly set of Handel's Works to the composer, with the precaution that it should be set down in his chamber free of all expense. This was actually put in execution, and we may imagine what were Beethoven's feelings—between the value of the present itself, and the rare enthusiasm of the giver.

Oratorios are no longer the first order of musical composition—their finest qualities, being found in the elements of the science, naturally fell to the lot of the earliest masters, and the second-hand simplicity of our own times is so lightly valued as to be looked upon as little better than so much quotation. The Ambrosian and Gregorian chaunts have outlived a hundred revolutions in the employment of instruments; *their* immortality is secure—but he who would attempt to revive such a style now would stand a poor chance of gaining admirers or making proselytes. A composer may advance as much as he will beyond his age, but if he return to the manner of antiquity, his productions will be received with scorn, as at once deficient in invention, and insulting to the acquirements of his contemporaries; the genius of the artist, if he would enjoy success, must, therefore, be moulded by circumstances. Perhaps the most striking instance of a modern oratorio, based upon the ancient simplicity, yet original, is Mehul's *Joseph*. It may enforce the reason just hazarded upon the degeneracy of this class of composition, that the best Scriptural stories have been ransacked by Handel, and that the authors who now put together these pieces for composers are generally not masters of their craft, nor always aware that the music requires both dramatic interest, and a plan artfully constructed, so as to place the various movements in relief. But if the oratorio style was somewhat disadvantageous to Beethoven, a fine field was open to him in the composition of masses, where his abundant fancy and mastery in the use of instruments might have had the fullest scope. The mass has been set and reset, so often and with so much license, by the whole tribe of composers, as to partake at last more of the instrumental than the vocal character of expression; the voices are frequently used as instruments, and the composer, satisfied that his work bears some general relation to the text, gives himself up to his imagination, and is by turns grave or joyous, tender or animated, as the inclination takes him. Indeed some composers have freely abandoned all thought of the words, and none more grossly than the good Catholic Haydn, many of whose *Kyrie eleësons* partake more of the character of a jig than of religious supplication. Two masses are the whole of the Church music of Beethoven known in the English amateur circles—the first in C, for its extreme beauty and originality without a misplaced note from beginning to end—the second in D, a posthumous work, so replete with difficulties, such a complicated and astounding score, that it stands a good chance of never being heard, and hitherto has met with a signal failure wherever it has been attempted. We know of one musical party in London got up for the express purpose of trying this composi-

tion, at which the conductor suddenly dashed down the score, caudidly avowing that he could make nothing of it, and that in fact it was "the blind leading the blind." It is worthy of note, that this work, which contains some of the profoundest harmonic combinations, and at the same time so new as to require the nicest ear as a test, was the product of the deafest part of the author's life, and proves that by some extraordinary mental process he must have judged of the union of sounds that he not only could not hear, but could never have heard! As a dramatic composer nothing is known of Beethoven in London, except through certain extracts from *Fidelio*, which have been executed at the Philharmonic and other concerts; they convey a high idea of the character of the work, but leave its stage effect to conjecture. More dramatic works might have fallen from Beethoven, for during the presidency of Waters over the King's Theatre, the composer commissioned a friend to treat with him for an engagement in London, with such offers of service as could not fail to have been readily accepted by any one sensible of the advantage of possessing such a composer, and with spirit enough to propose honourable terms; the offer made by Waters was, however, so contemptible, that the negotiation was indignantly broken off. The wish expressed by Beethoven arose more from the uneasiness of his situation abroad, where he was harassed by the movements of hostile armies, than from any violent affection for the dramatic style, in which, had he felt much inclination, he might have been easily gratified. We are not among those who lament over misapplied talent, being of opinion that men are the carvers of their own fortunes, and for the most part do what they are intended to do.

The first impulse on hearing of the calamities of celebrated authors, is to exclaim how much more might have been expected from them had their course of life run smoothly? but it is extremely doubtful, in the cases of Mozart and Beethoven, whether the poverty of the one, by compelling him to write, and the deafness of the other, by excluding communication with the outward world, and constraining him to be original, have not greatly benefited posterity. If the musician demur to the poverty, he will, at least, allow that the idea of an eternal silence surrounding the great composer is gratifying to the imagination, and, doubtless, Beethoven, amid the universal dumbness of nature, heard melodies more sweet than ever met the sensual ear. Has he not in his lonely forest walks surprised Pan and the wood nymphs, and peopled the solitudes about Vienna with shapes and sounds more than human? The cravings of the purse, constraining Mozart to write, compelled him to leave fine things to posterity, for it

was impossible that he could do any thing bad;—instead of descending to the popular taste, he brought it many degrees nearer to himself. With the noblest ideas of the character of an artist, Mozart could not be indifferent to fame, or fearful of the “laborious days” and self denial that lead to it. A great musician and a fine extemporaneous performer is perhaps the most easily excusable for doing little. By nature luxurious and social, and carrying about with him a talent which makes him the admiration of every circle into which he falls, inventing and putting his ideas into execution at once, himself revelling in what he does, and receiving the rapturous acknowledgments of his delighted hearers:—such a life cannot be easily quitted, to encounter the tedious business of writing the thoughts, for solitude, meditation, and dreams of posthumous fame. This is to enjoy “the future in the instant,” and to anticipate the verdict of posterity; such were Mozart and Beethoven’s triumphs, and so easily were they earned, that under the favourable circumstances of life, they might have squandered all their treasures of thought and beauty; as it is, we are convinced that nothing they have left behind equals what in these moments has been heard and forgotten. It may be truly affirmed of composition, *c’est le premier pas qui coûte*; once fairly engaged in it the composer enters into the pleasure of his work; but there is a pleasure too, in playing, which none but the player knows. What hidden delight there is in the contact of the delicate ivory, by what invisible train of nerves a certain joy is diffused through the whole body, and how the sensorium, the finger-tops, and the feet are influenced by one common sympathy, it were vain to inquire, but the true lover of music feels all this in the performance of a beautiful movement, and if thus a common mortal, what must have been the excitement of a Mozart or a Beethoven! Theirs are the emotions that make sleepless eyes, and a brain overworking with thought, until the imagination becomes a torment, and unless Providence by some fortunate accident put it out of their power to repeat the too intoxicating draught of beauty, make them drop into the grave in the prime of life, from sheer bodily exhaustion. Thus we prematurely lost a Mozart, and, but for his obtuse ear, might have lost a Beethoven. Artists are, in the end, often gainers by events which seem to them the bitterest misfortunes, and we even go so far as to think that the state of placid security and competence, so much extolled by visionaries as favourable to contemplation and great works, only serves to dull the wits; while all the energy of genius is often roused by obstacles, and stimulated by adversity.

It only remains for us to speak of Beethoven as a player, and this we can the more readily do, as the authentic testimony of

judges is still to be obtained. In companies, where the finest players executed the finest set compositions, when Beethoven sat down to the piano-forte to conjure up something upon the spur of the moment, he was sure to throw all who had played before him into the shade. His fertile fancy, and the impetuosity of his temperament, rendered him a prodigy, and his performance was of a nature to stagger the faith of those present, even though they saw and heard. In his poetic fury at the piano, he elicited combinations of the most complicated difficulty, and executed passages which he would have shrunk from attempting in cold blood. Nor was it only surprise that excited his hearers—they were carried away by the strangeness and beauty of his fancies. The style of some of his piano-forte productions may give an idea of his *extempore* playing, though nothing *written* by him can equal the ideas fresh from his own brain, executed by himself. Difficulties stimulated him, and he loved those who dared them; he took an affection to Ferdinand Ries his pupil, for venturing an extraordinarily difficult cadence in public, and coming out of it successfully. With all this he had but small hands, and a manner of execution which would be deemed inferior to that of some piano-forte teachers. But what cannot love accomplish! It is this devotion to her, and enthusiasm in her service, indicative of a simple nature; and inconsistent with personal vanity, avarice, or envy, the usual vices of artists, which the Muse never fails to reward with her choicest gifts. Whatever may have been its influence upon the character, if any, while music was more allied to mathematic calculation than to poetical feeling, we are certain that since with the moderns it has been elevated into a matter of sentiment, the lives of the great masters have furnished some chapters in the history of our nature, which redound not less to the praise of music than to the honour of humanity.

ART. VIII.—1. *Recherches Historiques et Critiques sur la Nature, les Causes, et le Traitement du Cholera Morbus, d' Europe, de l'Inde, de Russie, de Pologne, &c., Spécialement appliquées à l'Hygiène Publique.* Par F. E. Fodéré, Professeur de Médecine légale, Police médicale, et des Maladies épidémiques à la Faculté de Médecine de Strasbourg, &c. Paris. 1831. 8vo.

2. *Rapport au Conseil Supérieur de Santé sur le Cholera-Morbus, les Caractères et phénomènes pathologiques de cette Maladie, les Moyens curatifs et Hygiéniques qu'on lui oppose, son Mode de*

*Propagation, &c. &c.* Par Alex. Moreau de Jonnés, Membre et Rapporteur du Conseil, &c. &c. Paris. 1831. 8vo.

3. *Die Asiatische Cholera in Russland in den Jahren 1829 und 1830, &c. Nach Russischen amtl. Quellen bearb. &c.* Von D. I. R. Lichtenstadt, Arzt. Professeur. Leipsic and Berlin. 1831. 8vo.
4. *Trattato delle varie Specie di Cholera Morbus.* Di Michele Bunavi, M.D. Turin. 1831. 8vo.
5. *Memoire sur le Cholera Morbus de l'Inde.* Par P. F. Kerauden, Inspecteur-Général du Service de Santé de la Marine Royale, &c. Paris. 1831. 8vo.
6. *Memoire sur un Nouveau Traitement du Cholera-Morbus, et des affections Typhoïdes.* Par H. F. Ranque, M. D., &c. Paris. 1831. 8vo.
7. *Instructions sur le Cholera-Morbus, contenant les Moyens de s'en préserver, d'en guerir, et d'empêcher sa propagation.* Publiée par les Docteurs C. Horn, et G. Wagner, Professeurs à Berlin. Traduite par M. L. Paris, M. D. Paris. 1831. 8vo.
8. *Précis Physiologique du Cholera-Morbus, &c. &c.* Par H. M. J. Desruelles, M.D., &c. &c. Paris. Sept. 1831. 8vo.
9. *Memoire sur le Cholera-Morbus.* Par M. le Baron Larrey, Membre de l'Institut de France, &c. Paris. 1831. 8vo.
10. *Observations faites sur le Cholera Morbus à Moscou.* Par B. Zoubroff, Naturaliste. Moscow. 1831. 8vo.
11. *Ueber die Cholera im Allgemeinen und die Asiatische Cholera insbesondere.* Von Dr. Georg. Freiherrn von Wedekind. Frankfurt am Main. 1831. 12mo.
12. *Die Indische Cholera nach allen ihren Beziehungen, geschichtlich, pathologisch-diagnostisch, therapeutisch und als Gegenstand der Staats- und Sanitäts-Polizei dargestellt.* Von Dr. C. F. Harless. Braunschweig. 1831. 8vo.

Numerous attempts have been made by writers on the present destructive pestilence, to show that it is essentially the same disease with that form of cholera which has appeared at various times in warm climates. After the best attention we can give to the subject—from the history of the present malady furnished us by the very numerous authors who have closely observed its phenomena—and from an extensive experience of those varieties of cholera which occur in this country during warm seasons, and in the more unhealthy localities in intertropical countries, we are entirely convinced that the pestilence which has ravaged the East, and is gradually extending itself over Europe, is not only distinct from all visitations of the disease to which the name cho-

lera has been attached, and with which the history of medicine has made us acquainted, but is altogether a new disease, and one totally unknown to medical science previously to the year 1817, when it first made its direful irruption in Jessore, a populous and unhealthy city in the centre of the Delta of the Ganges.

That the *Mort de Chien*, or the severe form of cholera, which was called *spasmodic*, long before the present pestilence made its appearance, frequently occurs as a sporadic disease in many inter-tropical countries, and even rarely in temperate climates, after very hot and unhealthy seasons, must be well known to all who have enjoyed a sufficient range of medical observation; and that its frequency as well, indeed, as the frequency of the bilious or common cholera, depends as much upon particular localities, seasons, and climates, and upon certain changes of the temperature and constitution of the atmosphere, as dysentery, bilious fever, or hepatitis; either being endemic, or assuming features approaching to epidemic, owing to those causes in conjunction with various circumstances proper to the inhabitants where it appears. When, therefore, the bilious and spasmodic forms of cholera assume characters approaching to those usually denominated epidemic, they will be traced to certain causes similar in kind to those now referred to, and will disappear as these causes cease to exist. But this distinctive character cannot be applied to the truly pestilential malady now desolating Europe. It has ravaged nearly all Asia, and a great part of Europe, during every grade of atmospheric temperature and humidity, in every vicissitude of weather and of season, and in every kind of locality.

But instead of referring to those circumstances connected with the origin of the common forms of cholera and the disease under consideration for grounds of distinction between them, let us look closely into, and at the same time analyze, the phenomena which characterise each during their progress, and we shall find proofs not of variety merely, but of generic difference. In truth the present pestilence, in all its most prominent features, has but little in common with any of the forms of cholera,—no more than it has with fever, plague, or dysentery. This, however, is not a new remark; it has been made by many of the experienced reporters to the Medical Boards of the three Indian Presidencies, and by the writer of this article as far back as the beginning of 1822, as well as by several able authors. The appellation of cholera is therefore not appropriate, as respects the present pestilence. The misnomer would be a matter of but small importance, if, in the usual routine of medical practice, names were not things, or, at least, too frequently taken as such. This, however, is not the place to change further than we have done the appellation by

which the present malady is now generally known, or to inquire as to what name would most accurately convey some idea of its nature and tendency. We shall find our limits small enough for the consideration of matters of greater importance; waiving, therefore, all minor topics, we shall limit ourselves to the discussion of certain facts connected, in the first place, with *the nature of the disease*, in the second, with *the modes by which it is propagated*, and in the third, with *the means by which it may be prevented and remedied*.

I. The nature of this pestilence is best inferred from a faithful history of the phenomena manifested by it during its progress, and of the changes it produces in the organization, and from the means found successful in limiting its extension and in restoring the frame to its healthy state when subjected to its attack. We have to regret that neither the occasion, nor the space to which we are necessarily limited, will admit of that fulness of inquiry and illustration which the professional reader may desire: we will, however, confine ourselves to the more interesting topics of the subject, and endeavour to arrive at inferences, which, we hope, may be productive of useful results.

Since the first irruption of the malady in the Delta of the Ganges, during its various manifestations in India, and other parts of Asia, and in its different visitations of northern and western countries;—whether observed in British India, in Siam, Java, and the adjoining islands,—in China, in Tartary, in Arabia, Persia, Syria, or in Russia, Prussia, Hungary, and Austria;—whether attacking the Hindoo, the Mussulman, the Malay, the Mongul, the Asiatic Caucasian, or the European branches of this race, the characteristic features of the disease have been uniformly the same, modifications as respects grade, or intensity of attack, being the chief sources of distinction. Age, constitution, and varying degrees of predisposition, frequently occasion different manifestations of certain functions, or peculiar forms of disturbance, yet still the principal phenomena continue but little modified excepting in degree; and it is not until consecutive changes are induced in the system by the morbid actions characterizing the disease that any marked difference manifests itself,—such difference evidently proceeding from pre-existing states of the internal viscera, innate vigour of constitution, and the remedial means employed to remove the attack. This uniform character of the malady indicates the operation of a specific cause, with which, however, several others may combine, favouring its action, by disposing the frame to its invasion, by reinforcing its activity, or calling it into operation after the body has been exposed to its influence.

The specific cause producing the disease may be supposed not only to be thus reinforced by other causes, some of them of no mean influence, but itself may vary considerably in intensity, producing *ceteris paribus*, effects of co-ordinate severity, yet still acting with a certain relation to the predisposition of the individuals exposed to it. This may be more clearly illustrated by taking for granted the operation of a certain infectious product, or poison, the existence of which will be shewn in the

sequel. This product or effluvium emanating from the bodies of the attacked with the disease, often in a form rendered manifest to the senses of the observer, necessarily varies as respects concentration and quantity, dilution in the air, and rapidity of dissipation by means of ventilation; its effects, therefore, may reasonably be supposed to vary equally in grade, the state of predisposition to become affected by it being the same. Where, however, the predisposition is great, as after great fatigue, during mental depression, &c., a less concentrated and abundant effluvium proceeding from the body of the diseased will produce a more intense effect, than this principle in its most active and concentrated form acting upon a person but slightly predisposed; whilst this intensity of cause will altogether fail of producing any marked effect in the strong, the unpredisposed, or the person whose moral confidence and equanimity generally repel the invasion of any form of infection. Thus, therefore, the manifestations of the malady will be modified chiefly in grade, and scarcely at all as respects its form. In these respects the efficient cause of the disease is perfectly similar in its operation to the causes of other diseases familiarly known, and frequently observed in an epidemic form;—when concentrated and intense, the subject being also predisposed to its invasion, its effects are rapidly produced, remarkably severe, and speedily arrive at a termination. On the other hand, when weak, or much diluted, or when the predisposition of the subject is slight, its operation is slow, and the train of morbid actions of longer duration, and diminished severity. Thus we have seen a person struck down nearly inanimate, by the infectious effluvium proceeding from the bodies of the sick, and concentrated in a close apartment, and death following in a few hours, without the energies of life being rallied, and similar results have been often observed in respect of the pestilential cholera. Owing, therefore, to the intensity of the efficient cause of the disease, to the number of concomitant causes which may reinforce its action, and to the state of predisposition of those exposed to them, the modified results which we are now about to detail will present themselves.

The *invading* or *preliminary symptoms* of the disease generally consist of pallor, and collapse of the countenance, slight pain of the forehead and vertigo; sickness, heat, and pain at the epigastrium; nervous agitation, remarkable loss of muscular power, general uneasiness; slight diarrhoea, at first feculent, but afterwards watery; sickness at stomach; slight cramps of the legs; extremely weak, small, slow, or creeping, and sometimes intermitting pulse, and coldness and humidity of the surface. These symptoms are of varied duration—sometimes of several hours, at other times not of as many minutes; and in some cases they have been scarcely remarked, the patient having been struck down almost lifeless, with a dark or livid state of the surface, and all the symptoms characterising the fully-formed state of the disease.

Dr. Smith observes, that several of those about to be attacked, may be seen with a peculiarly dark ring round their eyes: and others state that the features evidently collapse, and the expression becomes anxious for a day or two, or at least for hours, before they sicken. At Oren-

burgh, dyspeptic symptoms are stated to have preceded its attack, and a similar observation has been made in other places. Various authors have said, that stomach and bowel complaints, of a less serious nature, often preceded a fully developed seizure for a day or two: and that these complaints have likewise occurred in the place where this pestilence has prevailed, and been removed by treatment, or disappeared spontaneously, without being followed by the cholera.

The *fully-developed state* of the malady consists of great vertigo, nervous agitation, with complete loss of muscular energy; cramps commencing at the fingers and toes and rapidly extending to the trunk; slow, thready, and weak pulse; great collapse of the countenance, the eyes being sunk deep in their sockets and surrounded by a dark circle; vomiting and purging of a fluid resembling whey, or rice water; a peculiar sharp and contracted state of the features, and wild and terrified expression of countenance arising from a feeling of rapidly approaching dissolution. The whole surface, particularly the hands, face, and extremities, assumes a leaden, blue, or purplish tint, varying in shade with the intensity of the attack and complexion of the person; the extremities are shrunk, shrivelled, sodden, and the skin is deadly cold, damp, and raw to the touch; the nails assume a bluish-white line; the pulse is either reduced to a minute thread, or is entirely lost at the wrist, and often can with difficulty be felt in the neck; the course of the large superficial veins is marked by flat lines of a darker tint than the adjoining surface; a burning heat and inexpressible anxiety is complained of at the epigastrium; the patient tosses about incessantly, from a feeling of intolerable weight and anguish around his heart; he struggles for breath, and often lays his hand on the stomach and chest, referring his agony chiefly to those situations; his voice is nearly gone, and his respiration is quick, irregular, most laborious, and imperfect; the inspiratory act being effected by an immense effort, and expiration being quick and convulsive. The patient calls frequently for cold water, speaks in a plaintive whisper, and utters only a word at a time, the lungs not containing air enough for a sentence. The tongue is always moist, often white and loaded, and generally flabby and cold. A thermometer introduced below the tongue, indicates an animal temperature, frequently of ten or twelve degrees below the standard of health. The sense of touch is generally greatly obscured, and deafness is often present. If blood be obtained in this state, it is black, flows by drops, is thick, and feels colder than natural; and the air which is expired is cold and raw. Vomiting and purging, which are far from being the most dangerous symptoms, and are often the most remarkable in the less urgent cases, are generally slight, or at least not profuse, in those attacks where the sinking of the vital energies are the most rapid and the greatest; or are readily allayed by medicine. The integuments of the abdomen are often raised into irregular folds, whilst the epigastrium and hypochondria, with the whole abdomen, are commonly, especially in the intensely severe cases, drawn inwards and upwards upon the chest. The spasms are generally of a more or less passive kind, but they sometimes, particularly in the loins, legs and thighs, present a tetanic rigidity. They are often

slight, or nearly absent, in some of the most rapidly fatal cases. There is occasionally a low whine of suffering expressed. The secretion of urine is totally suspended, as well as the biliary, the salivary and lachrymal fluids; and a peculiar earthy odour issues from the body, with a singular fetor of the perspiration and evacuations.

These are the symptoms in the more severe attacks, varying, however, somewhat in degree. If the remedial means succeed, the animal heat is slowly restored, the pulse becomes fuller, and the colour of the surface more natural. But if these means fail, rapid extinction of the functions takes place. Frictions even then may reduce the lividity of the part to which they are applied, but that of the face and hands increases. The lips and cheeks sometimes puff out in expiration as in apoplexy; and towards the close of the scene, the respiration often becomes slow, with a quivering of the tendons of the extremities. The mind is generally undisturbed, the patient feeling merely a certain degree of apathy towards the close, and a desire to be left to his fate. At last he is unable to swallow, he then becomes insensible, and he dies after one or two long convulsive sobs. In some cases, when the patient has been thus rapidly cut off, without any rallying of the energies of life, convulsive motions of the muscles have been remarked an hour or two, or even longer, after expiration had ceased.

Such is the history of the disease when it terminates life, without any reaction of the nervous and muscular systems, the patient generally dying in from six to twenty-four hours. But, both in the East, and in Europe, particularly the latter, or amongst Europeans resident in India, a consecutive state of disease, attended with efforts at reaction of an imperfect or malignant character, was not unfrequently observed. It was rarely evinced in the weak Hindoo, or in the previously debilitated, of whatever race, but sometimes in the stronger or less predisposed in India, and often in Europe.

From the aggravated state which has been now described but very few recover, particularly if that state have existed as long as three or four hours before active treatment has been resorted to.

“A thread of pulse, however small, is almost always felt at the wrist, where recovery from this state is to be expected. Hiccough coming on in the intermediate moments between the threatening of death and the beginning of reaction, is a favourable sign, and generally announces the return of circulation. In less severe cases, the pulse is not wholly extinguished, though much reduced in volume: the respiration is less embarrassed; the oppression and anguish at the chest are not so overwhelming, although vomiting and purging and the cramps may have been more intense. The coldness and change of colour of the surface, the peculiar alteration of the voice, a greater or less degree of coldness of the tongue, the character of the liquids evacuated, are invariably well marked in all the degrees of violence of attack which we have hitherto witnessed in this epidemic. In no case or stage of this disease have we observed shivering; nor have we heard, after inquiry, of more than one case, in which this febrile symptom took place.”—*Report from St. Petersburg, by Drs. Barry and Russell.*

The *Consecutive Phenomena* of this malady vary considerably. In the East, when recovery took place from the previous state, it was often rapid

and without much subsequent disease having been experienced. The numerous writers, however, in the Reports from the Medical Boards of the three Indian presidencies make particular mention of a consecutive form of fever characterized by nervous and malignant symptoms, such as we are about to enumerate, and which was very commonly observed to follow the attack at St. Petersburg. They also state that the malady often passed into visceral disease, and dysentery; and that the danger was not over although they succeeded in rallying the powers of life. According to Drs. Barry and Russell,—

“After the blue or cold period has lasted from twelve to twenty-four, seldom to forty-eight hours or upwards, the pulse and external heat begin gradually to return; headache is complained of, with noise in the ears; the tongue becomes more loaded, redder at the tip and edges, and also drier. High-coloured urine is passed with pain and in small quantities; the pupil is often dilated, soreness is felt on pressure over the liver, stomach, and belly; in short, the patient is now labouring under a continued fever, not to be distinguished from ordinary fever.”

A profuse critical perspiration sometimes comes on from the second or third day, and leaves the patient convalescent; but more frequently the quickness of pulse and heat of skin continue; the tongue becomes brown and parched; the eyes suffused and drowsy, with a dull flush, stupor, and heaviness of the countenance resembling typhus. Dark sordes collect about the teeth and lips; and sometimes the patient is pale, squalid, and low, with the pulse and heat below natural, but with the typhous stupor. Delirium generally supervenes, and death takes place from the fourth to the eighth day, or even later, in the very person, too, whom the most assiduous exertions had barely saved in the cold stage. Dr. Reimer states, that of twenty cases treated under his own eye, who fell victims to the disease, seven died in the cold stage, and thirteen in the consecutive fever. Drs. Barry and Russell add, that persons employed about cases in this typhoid stage, are never attacked with ordinary fever, but with a genuine cold, blue cholera.

In another class of cases, serious disorders of the secreting organs of the abdomen, particularly of the liver and of the digestive tube, supervene, instead of the low nervous fever now described. The evacuations from the bowels become of a dark, blackish, offensive, and highly irritating kind, and attended frequently with discharges of a bloody fluid, with mucus, and extremely urgent irritation of the rectum, the consecutive symptoms assuming nearly the character of dysentery. Sometimes an inflammatory, or sub-inflammatory state of the stomach and bowels take place, either alone, or accompanied with great tenderness in the region of the liver, and disorder of the biliary secretion. In other cases these symptoms assume very nearly the form of bilious or gastric fever; and in a few this state of disease is associated with inflammatory irritation of the lungs. When these states of consecutive disease are severe, they not seldom carry off the patient; and where recovery takes place, are frequently accompanied with tedious convalescence.

The *points of difference*, between the manifestations of this pestilence in India, and in the north of Europe, appear to be chiefly the following.

1st. The evacuations seem to have been more profuse and ungovernable in the former than in the latter, although the characters of the evacuations were entirely the same. 2d. Restoration to health from the cold state, without passing through consecutive fever, was by far more frequent in India than in Europe, nor did the consecutive fever there so generally assume a typhoid type. 3d. The proportion of deaths in the cold, compared with those in the consecutive stage, was far greater in the latter, than in the former country; and 4th, The proportion of medical men and hospital attendants attacked seemed greater in St. Petersburg than in the East. Relapses, also, in the hospital attendants were not infrequent; whilst convalescence was generally perfect and rapid elsewhere. Mr. Jameson states, in the Calcutta Reports, that, although relapses were not uncommon, there seemed to exist an immunity from second attacks.

It may, perhaps, be difficult to explain the modified state of consecutive disease now described. Much, perhaps, may be owing to the state of predisposition, the intensity of the cause, and the constitution of the affected: something also may be attributed to the effect of treatment in the early stage of the malady, particularly the more general employment of blood-letting and large doses of calomel,—means evidently calculated to remove the oppressive congestion of the vital organs, and re-animate the functions of the secreting organs and excretories of the frame, but which seemed not to have been so generally, nor so decidedly, resorted to in Russia and Poland as in India.

The *morbid appearances* described by authors in the Eastern and in the European disease, as having been found after death, are in every respect the same. When death took place in the cold stage, or within four-and-twenty hours from the seizure, but little actual change of organization could be detected, although the viscera were much altered, *in appearance*, from the healthy state. The surface of the body usually presented the same aspect as in the fully formed stage of the malady—being livid, corrugated, constricted, and humid. The *lungs* were commonly found collapsed, sometimes remarkably shrunk, and always loaded with black blood, of an oily or ropy consistence, and very closely resembling tar. The cavities of the *heart* were filled with a black blood, and they frequently contained polypous concretions. Blood of a similar appearance was generally found in the arch of the aorta and other large arteries. The blood-vessels of the *brain* and its membranes were more or less gorged with dark blood, particularly towards its base. The arachnoid membrane was frequently deprived of its transparency. A serous fluid of various quantity was often found effused between the convolutions of the brain, and in the lateral ventricles. Similar appearances to those detected in the cranium were also found in the vertebral column. The *stomach* and different parts of the *bowels* were frequently partially, but considerably contracted: the internal surface of the stomach sometimes seemed but little affected. A whitish or yellow fluid matter, resembling the evacuations, was often observed in different parts of the alimentary canal, which occasionally contained much air, but neither bile nor fæces. The colon was frequently much contracted, generally

throughout. The internal surface of the digestive canal presented evident marks of congestion, in some cases approaching to a sub-inflammatory state, but generally in spots or patches of various sizes, the colour of these varying from a very dark venous congestion, to a more roseate hue. Decided signs of inflammation were always wanting, even in the most remarkable of those congested states. Both stomach and bowels were frequently of a paler colour than natural both in their inner and outer surfaces. The liver was generally pretty full of dark-coloured blood: the gall-bladder often much distended with tenacious ropy bile, of a dark yellow or green colour. The gall-ducts were sometimes contracted, at other times not. The appearance of the pancreas, spleen, and kidneys, was various, frequently differing but little from their natural state, in other cases somewhat gorged with blood. The urinary bladder was always contracted and empty. The vena porta and all the large abdominal veins were loaded with black blood, resembling tar in appearance.

In cases, the duration of which extended from one to three days, the same leading appearances as now described were observed, but often with considerable addition. The vessels of the stomach in these were found loaded with blood, presenting a surface sometimes of a pale pink hue, sometimes of a deep blue, at others of so dark a tint as to resemble sphacelus of the membrane, from which, however, it was readily distinguished by the firmness of the texture. Similar changes were found in the small intestines, and but very rarely in the larger. In those cases in which coma had existed, serum was sometimes effused in larger quantities than already alluded to, but occasionally congestion only of a very black blood was found. Those who died of the consecutive disease showed no appearances after death different from such as are usually observed in other cases, attended with corresponding symptoms.

It may be interesting next to inquire into the *various degrees of prevalence and of mortality* which this pestilence has presented in different countries. According to Moreau de Jonnès, one tenth of the population of Hindostan was attacked, and one sixth of those died. We should consider this estimate by far too low. The disease is even now prevalent in India, particularly in the countries under the Bengal government, although much less so than previously. In Arabia, one-third of the inhabitants of the towns which it visited died of it. In Siam, Java, and the Mauritius, the number seized was extremely great, as well as the mortality from it. In China, its fatality was also great, owing chiefly to the density of the population and the neglect of precautionary measures. In Persia, one-sixth of the inhabitants of several of the principal towns died of it. From one-fourth to one-third of the population of Mesopotamia was said to have perished. In Bassorah and Bagdad, situate in unhealthy localities, and a humid atmosphere, a third of the inhabitants were carried off by it in little more than a month. At Errivan and Tauris it destroyed about one-fifth of the population. But in more elevated and healthy situations it was much less fatal. In Syria its ravages have been extremely varied: in some places one-half of the inhabitants were swept away, whilst in others, as in Tripoli, only one

perished out of every 200. During the prevalence of the pestilence in the southern and eastern provinces of Russia in 1830, the mortality was also various. At Tiflis three-fourths of the sick, at Astrachan two-thirds were carried off. Out of 16,000 attacked in the province of the Caucasus 10,000 died; at Moscow one-half, and at Orenburg one-fifth only perished. According to the author last quoted, out of 51,000 and upwards attacked in the provinces of Russia, in 1830, more than 31,000 died.

The questions which naturally suggest themselves to the professional and scientific reader are, what is the intimate *nature* of this pestilence, and from what *cause* does it proceed? As to both, the difference of prevailing opinions is extremely wide. The uniformity of the symptoms, under every circumstance of locality, climate, and constitution of the affected, would point to one specific or principal cause. But in what does this consist? The manner of the attack, the selection observed in its victims, the circumstances connected with the seizure, the characteristic symptoms which it presents, and various other considerations, would seem to point out the existence of some animal poison or effluvium proceeding from the diseased and infecting the healthy. But in what way this poison, or leaven of the disease, originated, we have no certain data from which to venture an inference. Did it originate about the period of the first irruption of the pestilence in the Delta of the Ganges, and propagate itself by extending its influence to the predisposed ever since, without any subsequent generation of the principle *de novo*, assuming more destructive features under circumstances which predispose to, or facilitate its transmission, as moist, unhealthy or epidemic states of the air, &c.? Or does this disease arise in distant and unconnected places at nearly the same time, from some peculiarity of the air, or of its electrical states; or from some foreign material extricated from the earth, or floating in the atmosphere; and, having produced the fully formed disease, an effluvium emanates from the affected body, capable of producing the same train of morbid actions as those in which itself originated, the infectious principle being thus generated *de novo* on numerous occasions? That an infectious property is evinced by the disease cannot be doubted by any one who intimately examines its phenomena, particularly in connection with their origin; but whether this principle originated with the first irruption of the malady, or has been re-produced on numerous occasions subsequently, the disease which re-produces it proceeding from a very different cause, is a difficulty which will not readily be solved. We cannot believe, however, that, where the symptoms of the disease are uniformly the same, the causes which produce it should be so entirely opposite

as are aerial influence and an animal poison generated in the bodies of the diseased; or in other words, that very different and even opposite causes should be *uniformly* followed by the same effects on every occasion and combination of circumstances; the disease at the same time generating a cause which shall perpetuate it of a very different nature from those in which itself originated.

In whatever way this question may be answered, if indeed it be ever satisfactorily answered, is not very material as respects the nature of the malady. But, whatever may be the exact origin of the efficient cause, there seems little doubt that it is inhaled into the lungs with the inspired air, where it acts as a poison, depressing the energy of the nerves supplying this organ, destroying the expansile actions it performs during respiration, and thus impeding those changes which the blood undergoes in the lungs. That the vital energy of the nerves distributed to the respiratory, the circulatory, and the secreting organs is either uncommonly depressed or entirely annihilated is shown by the uniform and characteristic symptoms constituting the malady. The state of the respiratory function, particularly the laborious inspirations and rapid expirations, the coldness of the expired air, the involuntary and forcible retraction of the epigastrium and hypochondria, and the inexpressible oppression and anxiety referred to the chest, all indicate that the vital actions of the lungs are nearly suspended, and that the state of collapse and congestion, presented by them soon after death, had actually commenced during life. The state of the actions of the heart, the small, weak and nearly abolished pulse, and the black colour of the blood, evince a suspension of those changes produced upon this fluid during respiration, and demonstrate not only a paralysis of the nervous energy of the lungs, but a marked diminution of the nervous power actuating the heart and arteries; the loss of vital or nervous power being necessarily followed by a suspension of the changes produced upon the blood in the lungs, and by a total cessation of all circulating and secreting actions, unless the vital power be re-animated. The vital class of nerves, which forms a sphere of intimate union with each of its parts, supplies the lungs, the heart and blood-vessels, and all the digestive, assimilating and secreting viscera; and, when powerfully impressed in any one part experiences a co-ordinate effect throughout the whole. Hence the arrest of all the natural secretions so rapidly supervening upon the morbid impression made by the cause of the disease on the lungs,—hence the almost total abolition of circulation, assimilation and secretion,—hence the congestions of the large vessels and vital organs,—and hence also the rapid extinction of voluntary power, as a necessary consequence of the suspension of those

changes, which, being produced in the blood, support the nervous energy and all the voluntary and vital actions. The evacuations and cramps or convulsions, so generally observed, uniformly follow upon any sudden diminution of vital power, and upon congestions of the nervous centres; and seem to answer wise purposes in the economy, inasmuch as they tend to bring about a natural restoration of the vital actions, and to throw off the injurious load by which the springs of life are oppressed. They are efforts of nature to expel what is injurious, or to rally what is sinking. Where the powers of life are not too far reduced, these efforts will be energetic and often successful, as have been very frequently remarked in respect of the less dangerous cases of this pestilence; but when the vital energies are far sunk, these efforts will generally prove weak and inefficient, even when assisted by rationally devised means.

It has been now shown, both by reference to the appearances displayed by investigations after death, and by connecting these with the phenomena presented by the disease during life, that the requisite changes are not produced upon the blood by respiration; and that the emunctories, which remove from the circulating mass those materials which would prove highly injurious and irritating to the frame if they were allowed to remain in it, have their functions entirely suspended. Can it, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that when re-action of the vital powers of the system is brought about, very great disturbance, not only of the circulating system owing to the impure state of the blood, but also of the different emunctories, is immediately manifested? Indeed these consecutive states of disease, which have been well illustrated by observation, are entirely in accordance with *a-priori* inferences in pathology. But here we must stop and proceed with the next topic which we proposed for consideration.

II. The *contagious* or *non-contagious* nature of the pestilential cholera is one of the most important topics to which we can direct our attention; and one which, owing to the manner of viewing it, adopted both in this country and on the Continent, requires the serious consideration of the informed part of the community. Knowing that much important information had been furnished by the medical observers of the disease in India, which was either entirely overlooked, or wilfully neglected, we made it our business to examine carefully the mass of reports to the Medical Boards of the three Indian Presidencies, and there printed, and to which access can scarcely be obtained in this country, from their extreme scarcity. We had also an opportunity of referring to the medical reports at the India House. From those sources, therefore, and from others within our reach,

we can state that much misapprehension of this terrible disease has gone abroad, and been propagated by authorities that should have been more accurately informed on the subject. We can truly state that, although our attention has been much engaged by this disease, since the time of its irruption in the Delta of the Ganges, we approached this topic with our minds entirely unbiassed, and desirous of adopting that view of it, which well-ascertained facts should most fully support. When, therefore, we perceive the first professional authorities stating opinions which have misled, and will still further mislead, those who have it not in their power to detect their unsound basis, it becomes the duty of those who have detected their unsoundness to place the particulars within the reach of the misinformed. One able writer remarks as an acknowledged and proved fact, "that by an overwhelming majority of the British medical officers, who have witnessed epidemic cholera in the East Indies, this disease is not considered to be of a contagious or infectious nature. A few incidents occurred which excited suspicions in the observers, that it might really after all possess this property. But scarcely a single person has advocated the doctrine of contagion with any earnestness." The same writer afterwards states, that "the almost unanimous and earnest recommendation of British practitioners was not to consider the cholera contagious." In another country an eminent physician, in an elaborate memoir on the disease, read very recently before the "Académie Royale de Médecine" of Paris, states, as a well-ascertained matter, "that in India the medical men and attendants on the sick were not more frequently seized by the disease than others of the community." Other instances of gross misstatement, made both by foreign and British writers, may be adduced, but these will suffice. Now, when we turn to the great authorities on the subject—to the official depositaries of the origin and rise of this pestilence, we find that all the reports—the Bombay, the Madras, and the Calcutta, favour the infectious nature of the disease more or less. It is true that a majority of the surgeons and assistant-surgeons in India, who sent reports to their respective Medical Boards, state that they do not believe the disease infectious; but a large number of them give a very different opinion, whilst the reasons assigned by many for believing the disease to result from other causes than infection, are actually favourable to the existence of an infectious property.

When we entered upon the present inquiry, and commenced with the Reports from the three Presidencies, in the order of their appearance, we had not completely made up our minds on the subject, as respects the manifestation of the disease in India. But in order to come to a just conclusion, we took the earliest and the best information, and read and noted every individual report which these bulky publications con-

tained and so far are the remarks above quoted wide of the truth—so far are the medical men of India nearly unanimously against the belief in cholera possessing an infectious property, that the members of the Medical Boards of Bombay, in the preface to the Reports sent to them, and published at Bombay in 1819, state that the disease had extended from Poonah, to Panwell, a considerable village in the main line of communication between Poonah and Bombay, that a man who had left Panwell and arrived at Bombay, a distance of about fifteen miles, was soon afterwards attacked by the disease, and communicated it to those attending him, that it was traced in parts adjoining Bombay, and on the Island, from village to village, by the arrival of persons affected with it from places where it was known to prevail, and that there were places which, from want of this sort of communication, had, up to the time of the report, entirely escaped. From the foregoing and other data, the members of the Bombay Board—the first to furnish information respecting the disease—conclude that “it appears to them incontrovertible that this disease is capable of being transported from one place to another, as in cases of ordinary contagion or infection, and also to possess the power of propagating itself by the same means that acknowledged contagions do, that is, by the acquisition of fresh materials with which to assimilate.”—*Bombay Reports*, p. 2. 21. &c.

In the same Reports we find Captain Sykes stating that he ascertained that the disease did not break out in any village “until that village had communication with a neighbouring place in which the disease existed,” and he furnishes several instances proving this fact. Besides, he states that the attendants on those first seized in his company were attacked, and that it spread from one of his servants to five, whilst the gentleman in the next tent had not one affected, and he remarks that he could add similar instances to those now adduced (p. 118.) Mr Coats, surgeon, in a letter to the President of the Bombay Medical Board, states that the idea most prevalent was that the disease was brought from Jaulua to Aurungabad, and that its progress could be traced distinctly through the villages on the chief road from Nagpore to those places.—p. 145. He afterwards states that the information as to the extension of the disease by infection was not only furnished by Europeans, but that some Brahmins had given similar information, without any particular inquiry on the subject having been made of them. From these and other facts, he concludes by considering the disease infectious, and that, “if it was occasioned merely by a distempered state of the air, it would have spread over the country with some regularity, but the epidemic seems generally to have travelled in lines along the post roads, and always to have required a succession of subjects for its propagation. In Candesh, where there is not sufficient population and but little intercourse between the villages, its progress was slow. At Pundergoor it made its appearance at the time of the great Jatra, and was spread at once in all directions by the pilgrims returning to their homes.”—p. 150, 151.

Dr Jukes, in his able report to the Board, states that the disease travelled along the high road from the Deccan to Panwell, and that he has not heard of any village in the Conkan that has had the disease but

by intercourse with places in which it had been already prevalent. "If it be something general in the atmosphere," he remarks, "why has it not hitherto made its appearance in some two distant places of the province at the same time? Nothing of this kind has, I believe, been observed: it still seems to be creeping from village to village, rages for a few days, and then begins to decline."—p. 173.

Dr. Taylor reports that "whenever the disorder appeared in any particular spot or family, a considerable proportion of the family or neighbours were attacked within a very short period of each other: on many occasions I have seen three or four of a family lying sick at once."—p. 195. Dr. Burrell informs us that in the short space of six days every attendant, in his hospital, on the patients affected with cholera, had the disease.—*Bombay Report*, p. 9. And Mr. Craw states that every one of the attendants, thirty in number, in the hospital of the 65th regiment, were attacked.

The next Report which issued from India was edited by Mr. Jameson, and was published at Calcutta in 1820. This gentleman, whilst he reasons in an extremely loose manner against the existence of an infectious property having been evinced by the disease, and without furnishing proofs of its absence, actually adduces evidence of the action of what he is endeavouring to disprove. Thus, where he is stating in general terms, and without any reference to reports from the different medical officers in the establishment, that the disease did not seem to be more prevalent in the tents or hospitals of the divisions of the army, in which the sick were treated, he communicates the following important fact in a note. "A Sepoy died of the pestilence. Five of the corps, who had shown no signs of illness, were employed to carry the body to the grave. They were all seized with the disorder during the ensuing night, and all died."—p. 130. Mr. Jameson, instead of appearing as the editor, or publishing reporter, of the opinions sent to the Calcutta Board, states his own views, endeavours to explain away those which are different from them; and thus the publication, which in the title-page professes to be a Report, conveys not a single line of information from any one on the Bengal establishment, excepting this writer himself. The work, therefore, cannot be looked upon as furnishing the opinions of the majority of medical men in this part of India, inasmuch as we find no authorities or opinions contained in it but those of Mr. Jameson himself; and these are evidently so perfectly at variance with one another, and with the ascertained laws by which those diseases, which are familiarly recognised as infectious, are grounded, that we cannot, even although we receive some of the facts which he adduces, consider him as an authority on this subject. In all his remarks he seems to suppose that contact is requisite to the propagation of contagious diseases, and that because some persons in contact with the sick so frequently escape, the cholera is not contagious. He overlooks the influence of predisposition, which is so remarkably influential in all maladies which perpetuate themselves; and he entirely forgets the operation of those causes which often come in aid of the poison or effluvium exhaled from the bodies of the diseased, even after the exposure of a healthy person to it, and which frequently determine its

action or call it into operation, when, without such reinforcement, it may have failed in producing its specific and deleterious effects. Notwithstanding those misapprehensions, and the evident bias which the whole work betrays in favour of pestilential cholera being non-infectious, numerous facts escape him, evidently calculated to support the opposite doctrine. Thus he informs us that the Medical Staff present with the Hansi force, was "*persuaded*" that the infection was extended to it from the Meerut detachment, which caught the disease on passing through Delhi, where it prevailed. And at another place he informs us, that the centre division of the Bengal army were infected by a detachment which joined it whilst subjected to cholera. He endeavours, however, to explain away this occurrence; but it is evidently shown, and even admitted, by himself, that the pestilence was introduced into this division, either by this detachment, or by some of the Rajah of Sumpter's troops, which were affected, and mixed with some regiments of the division.

After proceeding through a number of pages, in which Mr. Jameson reasons against the infectious nature of the disease, what was our surprise when we found him, towards the conclusion of his observations on the subject, express himself in the following manner:—

"This much, however, may be affirmed, from a review of the whole progress of the epidemic in this quarter, that the infectious medium, in whatever it consisted, was confined within a very circumscribed circle, and was very slowly extended to healthy parts of the atmosphere. If, setting aside the circumstances militating against it, we take it for granted that the infection was truly received by the centre and Hansi divisions from the detachments above mentioned, we must believe that the disorder, although not communicable by contact from person to person, was so from one large body to another large body; and that whenever the poison got head amongst a number of men, it assumed some new quality, so as, when mixed with the atmosphere, to become infectious. What constituted this additional quality, we cannot pretend to determine; but in support of its existence, we may quote the predilection of the epidemic for cities and camps; the infection of the left division, and the Nagpore and Meerut troops, immediately after entering into the diseased medium at Jubbulpore, Nagpore and Delhi; and the similar case of the troops and followers in attendance upon the Governor-General being attacked shortly after communicating with an infected village in the Gornuckpore district. To the same account may be placed the progressive march of the disorder from one part of an infected place to another, as in the centre and Hansi divisions, and more particularly the Rajpootana force, in which the virus seemed to be regularly propagated from corps to corps. In some instances the suffering body would appear to have sickened immediately upon coming into the poisonous medium, as was the case with the Nagpore troops, who were affected on the very day in which they encamped at the infected village of Gaongong; but more frequently one or two days would seem to have been requisite to bring the virus into action. Thus the Meerut detachment entered Delhi on the 29th, and was not affected till the 31st; thus too, the Hansi troops had not the disease till the 6th, the day after the junction of that detachment. Again, by those abetting the opinion of the disorder being communicated to the centre division by the Shergur detachment, it is stated that the first cases occurred on the 11th, two days after its junction. Lastly, the followers of the troops in personal attendance on the Governor-General in April first suffered on the 23d, three days after encamping near the infected village."—pp. 141—146.

This author afterwards adds that the disease recently appeared in a detachment of the Rajpootana force under such circumstances as at first seemed to warrant a suspicion of the existence of contagion. The foregoing quotation will be found to differ but little from the conclusions which an attentive consideration of the subject has led us to adopt, and which we will give in the sequel. We have thought it right to be thus particular in the investigation of this subject, because upon the adoption of correct ideas respecting it will mainly depend the employment of successful measures to circumscribe, entirely to prevent, or counteract the disease. And we hesitate not to maintain, that, owing to the very loose manner in which this subject has been considered, and to the neglect of means which the due interpretation of the information furnished even by the most sceptical as to the existence of infection, amongst the reporters to the India Medical Boards, ought to have led, are to be imputed, in no small degree, the extension of the disease not only throughout India, but its propagation also to other parts of Asia and to Europe. We have thought it most advisable to go to the original sources for information as to this and various other topics, because the opinions of the Indian reporters were generally derived from an extensive and varied experience of the disease during a number of years, and they were not certainly previously biased in favour of contagion, that being a property which the diseases of India seldom presented. Whilst also the information, which these able and most zealous men furnished us with, was of a superior description to that which has appeared elsewhere, the impossibility of obtaining it in this country—particularly the reports, the most valuable part of it, has induced us to refer to them in preference to other authorities. Having shown the identity of the Indian with the European epidemic, the arguments derived from facts observed in the one are equally applicable to both; and therefore we pursue the present topic, and demonstrate, from the most valuable and voluminous reports published by the Madras government, the inaccuracy of the views which have gone abroad respecting our experience of the disease in India, and which have vitiated the doctrines and paralyzed many of the measures, both preventive and curative, which have been adopted in Europe.

Mr. Scott, the editor of the numerous and able reports which were transmitted to the Madras Medical Board, and were published at length at that presidency, has given an able summary of the evidence which was furnished him, in conjunction with the results of his own observation. The value of the information here conveyed, its accordance with the most accurately observed facts connected with the manifestation of the disease in Europe, and the difficulty of access to the original, will be a sufficient apology for the length of the following quotation:—

“Bodies of troops in motion have been attacked, and have retained the disease, while it was unknown to the fixed inhabitants of the country through which they passed. One of two corps in a camp has been attacked, and the other has escaped the disease. Ships arriving from other parts of the world have never suffered under the assumed epidemic constitution of the atmosphere before reaching the shore. \* \* \* Diseases avowedly infectious, such as small-pox, measles, &c. have not at all times the power of spreading epi-

demically for while it is certain that then exciting causes are never wholly extinct, it is only at particular periods that these diseases become epidemic; but we are unacquainted with the circumstances under which this power of epidemic propagation arises. The same may be the case with cholera. All the atmospheric phenomena, and other circumstances brought under the head of occasional causes, have, with little or no interruption, existed from the beginning of time until now, without producing cholera—consequently the super-addition of a new cause must be inferred.”

“An European, proceeding on his journey to Trichinopoly, on the 15th October, was taken ill about a mile from the Mount, brought back to the house where he had passed the day, and there died. On the 17th the wife of that person, on the 19th the owner of the house, and on the 21st his wife, all experienced attacks of cholera, but recovered. Several of the native servants also suffered. The instances of the disease appearing at places immediately after the arrival of corps and detachments which were suffering from it are very numerous. For example, it appeared at Jaulnah immediately after the junction of a party from Nagpore, amongst whom it prevailed. It appeared at Aurangabad, and at Malligum in Kandish, after the arrival of parties who had left Jaulnah at the time the disease was prevalent there, and amongst whom it had broken out on the march to these places. It appeared a second time at Malligum, after the junction of the 1st battalion of the 5th regiment, in which cholera prevailed. It appeared at Secundrabad after the arrival of a detachment suffering from it, and it appeared afterwards in the villages through which the detachment had moved. It appeared at Gooty, where no case had been observed for six months before, immediately after the arrival of the 1st battalion of the 16th regiment of foot, in which it prevailed with great mortality. It is remarkable that the same formidable type of the disease which prevailed in the marching corps was communicated to the corps at Gooty. It also spread on that occasion to the adjacent villages. It also appeared in a detachment of artillery, previously perfectly healthy, upon their encamping on the ground which had been immediately before vacated by the 1st battalion of the 9th regiment, in which corps the disease prevailed. The bodies of several persons who had died of cholera remained exposed on the ground when it was taken up by the artillery.”

“The prisoners in a jail, inclosed by a high wall, have escaped cholera, while it prevailed all around them, and the inhabitants of certain hilly ranges have also escaped the disease. These have been said to have interdicted all intercourse with the people below. When cholera is once established in a marching regiment, it continues its course in spite of change of position, food, or other circumstances. Its approach to a town has been traced from village to village, and its first appearance in a town has been in that quarter which was nearest the track of its progress.

“The sudden appearance and disappearance of cholera, however unlike the progress of known infectious diseases, is not admitted, as being irreconcilable with the doctrine of infection, especially if the disease be of sudden invasion after the application of the exciting cause.”

“The relations who have attended on people ill of cholera, as well as the nurses appointed in military corps for that duty, and in general those whose employment has led them to be much with the sick, have been observed, in very many instances, to be attacked with cholera during, or shortly after, their attendance. The sick in hospitals labouring under other diseases have likewise been observed to be attacked with cholera, especially those who lay near the patients ill with that disease. Sometimes whole families have been swept off successively. Servants have often been observed to sicken after attending their masters.”—p. xlviii. *et seq*

This, however, is only a portion of the facts and circumstances advanced by Mr. Scott in proof of the infectious nature of this pestilence. In addition to the foregoing we may add the opinion of several able and experienced surgeons and physicians, contained in their reports to the Madras Government: Superintending Surgeon Duncan states, that "the 34th regiment carried the pestilence with them from Bellary to Nundydroog, and there was no trace of the disease in any village on the road: since the regiment passed, every village on the road has been attacked by cholera."—(*Mad. Rep.* p. 111.) Mr. Train adds, that "the attacks have shown a great disposition to run in families, and even among the attendants on the sick; and have in such cases been much more severe than usual."—p. 131. Mr. England observes in his report, which evinces great experience of the disease and extensive information, that "the disease has been greatly felt amongst the attendants on the epidemic patients at various places; consequently those occurrences, together with the progressive extension of the disease over a great extent of country, tend to establish its contagious principle."—p. 170. This gentleman proceeds to notice the extension of the disease from troops and travellers to places on the roads through which they had passed, and other facts similar to those already recorded in proof of its infectious nature. Mr. Chapman, after stating facts perfectly in accordance with those furnished by the reporters already quoted, adds, that he feels most confident of having experienced the attack of the disease, under which he had with difficulty recovered, from infection. Being anxious about a patient, he remained with him for several hours watching the progress of the disease. He felt nausea on quitting him, but attributed it to the peculiar factor evolved from the evacuations. On the following morning he was attacked with cholera, which nearly proved fatal. He proceeds—In the same detachment, a woman anxious about the safety of her child, slept in the hospital tent, in which several choleric cases were present, in the morning she was attacked with the disease and died. Three orderlies, also, slept in the hospital, and in the morning one of them was attacked, but recovered.

"Thus it will be seen, four persons sleep in an hospital containing the infection of cholera, and that two are on the following morning attacked with the disease. Whereas from the whole camp, consisting of 1500 or 1600, not five cases had occurred." "That the disease is contagious appears to have been observed by the natives themselves, and it thus commonly happens that the sick are avoided by those whose duty does not call on them to attend. A village in which cholera is prevailing is usually evacuated for a short period, until the disease is annihilated; these, and many others, are the proofs of their opinion of its contagious nature."—p. 189.

Mr. Stokes, in his very interesting and comprehensive Report, states several well-ascertained facts showing the infectious nature of the disease. The case of Mr. Rumbold, assistant surgeon, is almost demonstrative. He had been visiting some very bad cases, when he was seized with sickness at his stomach and giddiness; and coming out of the tent he fell down faint, and from that period he believed himself infected with the malady. He soon became one of its victims. The sickness and faintness with which Mr. Rumbold, in a state of high predisposition

"from fatigue of mind and body," was affected, may be easily accounted for by the information which Mr. Stokes gives in the following page. He states that in the worst cases—

"a peculiar and offensive sœtor was observed to issue from the body, particularly when it was covered with much sweat; it was very disagreeable when first perceived, and seemed to hang about the nostrils, exciting, long after, an unpleasant sensation."—p. 211.

This gentleman in another place remarks—

"It was found amongst many who came to the hospital, that some time previous to their being attacked, the disease had existed in the family to a greater or less extent, or some one branch had been ill or died of it. In others, it had spread progressively through the whole, or nearly; and among those who officiated as orderlies or attendants at the hospital, several were attacked and some died."—p. 217.

Mr. Patterson observes as follows:—

"I feel convinced that a corps on its march, catching the exciting cause, will carry it along with the corps for weeks, and to a very considerable distance. Let this corps be halted on the finest spot of ground possible, let healthy corps join this, at short and regular intervals, and I feel convinced the disease would attack those healthy corps in a few days, and according to their respective arrivals. If this be not contagion, I do not know what name to give it."—p. 224.

Dr. Daun, whilst he refrains from giving any opinion as to the contagious nature of the disease, states the following facts in proof of it:—

"On the 10th, when in attendance on O'Brien, I became indisposed in such a way as to lead me to apprehend an attack of the epidemic. On the 12th Mr. Gray was attacked, after having been up part of the night with Thomas Flannigan. Mr. Gray was, during his illness, constantly attended by Lieutenants S. and M'D., who have since had both of them attacks of the epidemic, and no other officers except them at this station have been attacked. Perhaps also this opinion might seem to receive some additional confirmation from the fact of Sergeant Murdoch, the hospital serjeant, being attacked; and that Corporal Irwin was the non-commissioned officer in charge of the convalescents' ward, and by his duty required to be present twice daily in the hospital, and consequently must have been nearly as much exposed to the influence of contagion (if the disease really be contagious) as Serjeant Murdoch was."—p. 273.

And lastly, as respects the official reports, Mr. Kellie furnishes both facts and arguments, many of them similar to those already adduced in support of the infectious character of the pestilence.—*Mad. Rep.* pp. 68—77.

Such is the evidence, which we consider amply sufficient, to prove that the disease, even from the commencement of its ravages, evinced, unequivocally, infectious properties. If our limits would permit, we could also demonstrate from the same sources that the eyes of many were shut, by previously entertained dogmas on the subject of contagion, against this property; and that several, even where they were arguing against its existence, were actually adducing important facts in support of what we have been cautiously led to believe in, namely, that the disease manifested a tendency to propagate itself by means of a morbid effluvia exhaled from the bodies of the affected, similar to what is evinced by

fevers, whose infectious properties have been well ascertained and generally admitted. It appears to us extremely singular, that notwithstanding the evidence which we have now quoted, in the very words of the reporters to the different Medical Boards, no means of preventing the propagation of the malady were resorted to during the number of years it has existed in the east. Surely the doubts even of the sceptical ought to have led to a careful inquiry; and most certainly the natives of the country and the European population under the British dominion had even a *right* to expect that those placed to watch over their health, and to devise measures for its preservation, would have attended to the unequivocal opinions expressed by a number of the best informed medical officers in the service; and that, although a great difference of opinion existed amongst them, this very circumstance should have led to more intimate inquiry and a careful sifting of the truth. At all events the error—if error it could be called—should have been on the safe side, and the Medical Boards, superintending surgeons, or others, to whom the duty appertained, should have pointed out the importance of preservative measures to the government, and to civil or military officers placed over districts and corps, and have adopted the suggestion of one of their most able medical officers, who has stated the following in one of his Reports to the Madras Board.

“Whether or not the disease in question be contagious is a subject of infinite importance, and one which will require a vast experience unequivocally to determine; but where the slightest gleam of doubt obtains, it is surely better to adopt the means usual for the purpose of preventing its propagation, by appropriate *quarantine* of troops on the line of march, by preventing their immediate entrance into stations when under the influence of cholera. By these precautionary measures, I conceive it possible to preserve the lives even of thousands of individuals.”—p. 189.

That no precautions of any description were taken in India to prevent the extension of the disease, we have it in our power to state: and hence most probably the reason of its extension over so very large a portion of the whole globe.

Before leaving this part of our subject, it may be as well to take a hasty glance at the opinions expressed by some other authors who, having observed the disease in India, have written respecting it. Mr. Otton, who published at an early period of the epidemic an able work on it, refers it to the electro-aerial influence. Mr. Annesley expresses himself in his publication against the doctrine of infection, and imputes the disease to a similar state of the air to that assigned by Mr. Otton, without being able to point out in what this state consists. But “*de non-apparentibus et non-existentibus eadem est ratio.*” Mr. Annesley, however, appears not to have directed his attention sufficiently to the subject of infection in relation to the disease, to lead us to impart much importance to his disbelief in its existence. In proof of this we may merely refer to the circumstance of his quoting the letter of a correspondent containing the following remarkable proof of infection without adding any explanation or remark: “We have, however, been particularly fortunate till our arrival at this station, not having lost a man, or having one seriously ill, though we had been under canvass above five

weeks. We fell in with a battalion of native infantry who were suffering from cholera; the next day six Europeans were attacked, the number increased daily, and most of the first cases proved fatal." Mr. Searle also considers the disease not infectious; but from the execution of his work we are not disposed to place much reliance on his opinion. Dr. Kennedy, from extensive experience of the malady amongst both native Indians and Europeans, states facts and arguments, in his interesting publication, in proof of its infectious nature, and he justly places particular stress upon the peculiar odour exhaled from the bodies of the affected, as indicating the generation of a principle calculated to propagate the malady.

We have now shown, from the chief sources, that the disbelief of infection in respect of the pestilential cholera was not general in India—that the productions which issued from the Medical Boards very strongly favoured, and indeed proved, the existence of this property,—that two out of the three actually insisted upon the activity of its influence,—and that, therefore, the dangerous opinion, so very generally propagated, and even acted upon, both in this and foreign countries, that the authorities in India did not consider the disease infectious, is entirely without foundation in truth.

The identity of this pestilence with that which has ravaged the East has been proved, and, indeed, is scarcely any where called in question. Some authors have supposed that it has acquired new properties since its first appearance and early prevalence in India; and that its infectious tendency is one of these. But we are entirely convinced that this is not the case. Even varieties of the disease cannot be admitted, for it is essentially the same, presenting merely gradations of intensity, and modified effects according to these gradations. Several authors of great merit have supposed that the disease has originated, and still continues to arise from time to time, in a great number of distinct and far distant places, from those causes, to which the disbelievers in infection altogether impute it, and to which we shall immediately direct a brief attention; and that it has, owing to the combination of those circumstances and causes which are generally admitted to be productive of infection, assumed this character,—or in other words, that the malady was not originally infectious, but that it has had this property superadded to it, from the circumstances of imperfect ventilation, neglect of cleanliness, and crowding together of the sick. There cannot be the least doubt of those being influential sources of an infectious principle, and that they tend greatly to aggravate all diseases, whether infectious or non-infectious: but we have in the course of our inquiries remarked in numerous reports, and in the accounts of various observers, that the propagation of the malady from the affected to the unaffected frequently took place, although not to the same extent, or with the same malignity, in open, and airy, and thinly inhabited situations; and during opposite states of the atmosphere as respects both humidity and temperature.

Before we leave this part of the subject, it may be as well to examine shortly the proofs of the infectious nature of the disease furnished us in Europe and elsewhere. On this topic we shall be very brief, because,

having ascertained the identity of the malady in both hemispheres, and proved its infectious nature in India, it must necessarily possess the same character in Europe, unless counteracted by powerful means; and, therefore, a minute detail of facts is not required. Here we shall chiefly refer to the authors, whose works are placed at the head of the article. MM. Moreau de Jonnés and Fodere notice first the proofs which have been furnished of the introduction of the disease into the Isle of France by the *Topaze* frigate, the circumstance of about 20,000 of the inhabitants having been seized with it, above two-thirds of whom died, no precautionary measure having been resorted to: but that when the malady had been propagated to the adjoining Island of Bourbon, a sanitary cordon was established, and only 256 persons were attacked. When the disease appeared in Aleppo, in 1822, the French consul, M. De Lesseps, convinced of its infectious nature, placed himself, his family, and all those who wished to join him, in strict quarantine, in a place adjoining the town. This colony, consisting of about 200 persons, remained perfectly secure from the disease, although 4000 persons died of it in the city. If it proceeded from some unknown state of the air, as supposed by the anti-infectionists, to what cause can we impute the escape of those who had so secluded themselves, for they surely must have breathed the same air as those who were affected? M. Hubenthal states, that a peasant having arrived from Arkatal, on the borders of Persia, at the village of Neskutshne, to visit an uncle, was seized, the night of his arrival, with the disease. The persons engaged in restoring the heat of the body by frictions, &c., four in number, were attacked on the following day, and three of them died. Precautions were taken by the police to arrest the progress of the pestilence in the village, and it spread no further. If the causes of the seizure had existed in the air, or state of the locality, how came all the inhabitants, excepting those who had been exposed to the inhalation of the effluvium from the affected person, to escape?

According to the reports of the Medical Board of Ceylon the disease made its appearance in 1819, in Jaffnah, in Ceylon, imported from Palamcottah, with which Jaffnah holds constant intercourse, and thence it was propagated over the island. In August, 1820, the *Leander* is stated to have called at Trinquemalee from Pondicherry, and to have landed several of her crew affected with cholera. Trinquemalee soon afterwards was infected, and the disease was again propagated over the island. The island of Sumatra was believed to have been infected in 1819, from the intercourse carried on between Achem and Malacca across the intervening strait: and it seems to have reached Penang and Singapore towards the end of the same year, in the same manner. Dr. Labrosse states that the prisoners in the jail of St. Denis, in the Isle of Bourbon, who were employed in the removal of the dead bodies, all died of the pestilence:—that at the lazaretto, two servants alone escaped the disease,—and that in the hospital it was communicated to the attendants and other patients. M. Moreau de Jonnés states that the malady was imported into Muscat, in Arabia, by the English East India ships; and Dr. Salinas says that it was carried into the port of Bassorah, in 1821, by a vessel from India; and that it spread from this port, extending

from town to town, even as far as the coast of Syria. When the pestilence reached Manilla in 1820, where it was believed to have been imported by ships whose crews had been, or were, infected, the vessels in the harbour abstaining from intercourse with the shore entirely escaped. At Bankok, the capital of Siam, it was said to have been introduced by the ships trading there from British India. It was supposed that 40,000 persons were attacked in this city and vicinity. Its appearance in Java, in 1821, was likewise considered to have been owing to the unrestricted intercourse of infected vessels, particularly the junks trading to Samarang, whence the pestilence spread over the island, carrying off upwards of 100,000 of its inhabitants. Its irruption in Canton, in 1820,—in Macao, in 1823,—in the Moluccas in the same year,—and in various places in the Persian Gulf, and on the coast of the Arabian peninsula, was generally attributed to vessels which had arrived from infected places.

Dr. Meunier states, that, at Bagdad, where a third of the inhabitants was attacked, none was affected but those who approached the sick. Dr. Reimann says, that there was not a single instance of a town or village in Russia which contracted the malady without previous communication with houses or persons affected. Drs. Russell and Barry, who were sent by the British government to St. Petersburg, in order to investigate the nature of the disease, state the number of medical men and hospital attendants attacked with cholera in that city was extremely great, particularly in ill-ventilated hospitals; and they, as well as Dr. Walker, who was sent to Moscow, express their belief in its infectious property. The last report from these gentlemen to the Privy Council, dated the 20th of September, at St. Petersburg, has been, at the moment of writing, kindly allowed us for perusal, by Sir William Pym, and it abounds in proofs, remarkably in accordance with the quotation from Mr. Scott's Report, (see p. 479), demonstrating the infectious nature of the disease.

The director of sanitary police at Petersburg, Dr. Reimann, after expressing his conviction that the Russian pestilence is entirely the same as that which has been so fatal in India, states that most decisive proofs have been furnished him, that it has not been of indigenous production, but has been introduced by persons who have arrived from infected places on the borders of the empire. He further states that the physicians of Moscow have not had sufficient facts furnished them in that capital, to judge with accuracy respecting its contagious properties, which he supposes to present certain peculiarities; but that he is convinced of its being less active, and less fatal, according as the place in which it is introduced is more airy, elevated, clean, and free from the usual cause of insalubrity; whilst its increased fatality in low, moist, thickly inhabited, and dirty places, has been demonstrated on numerous occasions. The personal and domestic cleanliness of the inhabitants has also a most remarkable effect upon the infectious property of the malady and its fatality. In proof of this, Dr. Reimann states, that in a village almost entirely peopled by Jews, 700 deaths occurred from amongst few more than 800 who were attacked. These conclusions

are perfectly in accordance with the laws of all infectious diseases, and are entirely such as *a-priori* reasoning would lead us to adopt.

In September, 1823, the disease first appeared at Astracan, and the Russian government resorted to preventive measures in order to arrest its progress. Whether or not those measures were the cause of its disappearance may be difficult to determine; but it did disappear, and it was not until 1830 that it showed itself again in that city. In 1828 the pestilence broke out in Orenburg, and was supposed to have been introduced either by the caravans which arrive there from Upper Asia, or by the Kirghis-Cossacks, who are adjoining this town, and were said to have been about this time affected with the disease. During the winter the number seized was not great; but in the spring of 1829 it raged severely, and extended to the villages in the province. During its prevalence in this part of the Russian empire, many of the physicians, who at first did not believe in its infectious properties, were induced to change their minds, chiefly owing to the circumstance of the disease breaking out in places very soon after the arrival of persons affected with it. Several instances of this description have been recorded by Dr. Lichtenstadt amongst the official documents published by him. Another circumstance favourable to the opinion as to its infectious nature was the peculiar irregularity of its course; and to this may be added, its extension in the lines of the principal roads and channels of traffic.

The introduction of the disease into Astracan, in 1830, was traced to a vessel which arrived from Baku, a town on the shore of the Caspian, and at that time affected with cholera. This vessel lost eight of her crew on the voyage, and the sick were brought to the lazaretto; a day or two after which the pestilence first appeared in this populous town. According to Dr. Solomov, it attacked the suburbs on the 27th July, and gradually extended to the nearest villages, and thence over the whole government. It proceeded through the Cossack stations and towns on the high way to Moscow, and up the streams of the Volga, at the mouth of which Astracan is situated. Its extension was attributed to the fugitives from the places successively attacked. After visiting the principal towns, and committing unheard-of ravages on the high roads to Moscow, the pestilence reached that city at the end of September. Towards the end of 1830, or soon afterwards, a body of troops from Koursk, a province at that time affected with the pestilence, was marched against the Poles. These troops carried this scourge along with them, affecting the places in their line of march through Podolia and Volhynia. In this way the towns of Astrog, Zaslaf and Luck became infected; and from the last of these places the disease passed the Bug into Poland. Here it appeared with the invading Russian army, and was communicated to Lublin, Siedlec, Praga, the Polish army, and Warsaw.

But little advantage would result from our tracing the disease through the various places which it has visited subsequently to Moscow and Warsaw. Its extension to Riga, Dantzic, Petersburg, Biody, Lemberg, and more recently to Berlin and Vienna, is well known; but the exact channels and modes of propagation have not yet been made public with

sufficient accuracy: enough, however, has been already shown, as to the manner of its extension elsewhere, to lead us to suspect that similar ways of transmission have been observed in its progress to these places, as to those already referred to; and the recent reports received from our commission at St. Petersburg confirm this inference.

Before we leave this part of our subject, we will notice those causes to which the disbelievers in its infectious nature have imputed the disease, with some of their arguments against this property.

Many of the earliest reporters and writers on this pestilence, who disbelieved in its infectious nature, had recourse to the state of the seasons in India to account for its occurrence. Some referred it to the prevalence of easterly winds, with long-continued or heavy falls of rain, by which the air was rendered moist and vitiated,—others, to sudden or extreme variations of the electrical conditions of the atmosphere, which variations were mere suppositions and not matters of corroborated observation,—not a few, to the extrication of some peculiar terrestrial miasm, projected in distinct or remote places from one another, and proceeding in singular currents, so as to involve a part of a village, or detachment, or even company of a regiment, whilst the vicinity was intact,—and several could detect no other cause for it, but exhalations proceeding from low, moist, and swampy situations, and other sources of malaria, rendered peculiar by some unknown cause, or productive of this peculiar disease from errors in diet or incautious exposure. Now it should be kept in recollection, that the existence of all, or any of these, was merely supposition; that proofs were never adduced, and that the commonest meteorological observations were generally wanting. We find no uniform relation between the appearance of the malady and marked variations in the barometer, thermometer, or hygrometer, even in the few places where these were registered; but we frequently observe the irruption of the pestilence in states of season, weather, and atmosphere opposite to those to which it has been confidently imputed. But admitting that all the above-mentioned causes were actually in existence, (and we believe they were frequently present,) particularly during the severer irruptions of the disease, they merely show the truth of a part of our doctrine, viz. that the infectious nature of the disease was more strikingly evinced during conditions of the situation, season, and atmosphere, of acknowledged insalubrity,—that whatever tended to lower the energies of the frame, as such causes indisputably do, favour the operation of the infectious effluvium issuing from those affected by this pestilence, and render it tenfold more prevalent, when they are concentrated or uncommonly active; and that, in this respect, as well as in many others, the infection of pestilential cholera observes the same laws as other infectious maladies; as scarlatina, measles, &c., manifesting itself in isolated or sporadic cases, during healthy states of season and atmosphere, and breaking out into epidemics of greater or less extent, during seasons of marked insalubrity, or peculiar constitutions, and vicissitudes of the air.

So far from disputing, therefore, the influence of many of those causes to which many highly respectable authors have imputed this malady, we

fully admit their operation, even although their existence is more a matter of inference than of observation. We deny, however, that they are sufficient for the production of the destructive effects which at present distress the human species; and contend that no such effects having, in the history of our species, been known to result from them, we cannot, with justice, admit, that they are capable of producing them at the present epoch: we view them merely in the light of predisposing and concomitant causes coming in aid of a more powerful agent, which, emanating from the bodies of the affected, contaminates those of the predisposed in such a manner as to give rise to the same morbid actions as characterized those which generated it;—that those imputed causes favour the operation of this infecting agent, 1st, by predisposing the frame to its influence; 2d, by reinforcing or assisting its action; and 3d, by determining or calling into operation the infecting principle. The predisposing and reinforcing influence of the different causes already referred to cannot be denied. We know, or at least observe, too much of their influence in respect both of contagious and infectious diseases which are familiar to us, to doubt their operation as regards the present pestilence: indeed their action would be a matter of undoubted inference to the well-informed physician, independently of the results of observation in relation to it. But besides, there are others not yet enumerated, of equal influence, not only in favouring the operation of the efficient agent of the malady, but also in calling it into action after the frame has been exposed to its invasion. The chief of these are depression of the mind; fear of the disease; physical and moral debility; low living and unwholesome diet; anxiety of mind; previous disorder of the digestive organs; neglect of personal and domestic cleanliness; deficient or filthy clothing; exposure to cold; the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, or excesses of any description; sleeping on the ground, or in low, ill-ventilated apartments, or in the open air; the use of cold, indigestible, or unripe fruits; cold drinks when the body is overheated; fatigue; sudden arrest of the cutaneous exhalations, however produced, &c. All of these, whether acting shortly before, or at the time, or even soon after the body is exposed to the invasion of the infectious effluvium, will favour the production of the malady, particularly if at the same time those causes, whether proceeding from the state of the locality, or of the air, to which allusion has been already made, are also present.

It has been already stated, that a great number of the medical men called upon to treat this pestilence, have chiefly imputed it to this latter class of causes, denying altogether the influence of infection; and one of the chief arguments which they advance, in order to show the absence of this property, is the escape of many of the attendants in hospitals, and of the medical men called upon to treat the disease. But they overlook the circumstance, shown by the history of the malady in every country it has visited, of its requiring a certain predisposition of frame to manifest itself, even although exposure by contact of, or proximity to, the affected be indisputed. Moreover, we verily believe that this malady is infectious in as similar manner to measles and scarlet or typhus fever; that is, not by contact, but from the inhalation into the lungs, along with the air, of

the morbid effluvia given out from the body or bodies of the affected. We know that the mere contact of persons suffering from the diseases now mentioned, will not communicate them even to the predisposed; whilst the presence in the air which is breathed of a scanty portion of the effluvia given off from the affected during their progress, will often produce them: and such, we are confident, is the case with the pestilential cholera. We further know, that it is impossible to perpetuate these acknowledgedly infectious diseases by inoculation, when access of the morbid effluvia to the lungs is prevented. It, therefore, is no matter of surprise to us to learn that M. Foy, and others of the young physicians who visited Warsaw, failed to propagate the malady by inoculation, or by tasting the matters vomited by the affected; even although the fasting matters vomited, under any circumstances, may well have turned the stomachs of many. Indeed, though cautiously convinced of the existence of its infectious nature, we could have told those gentlemen, that inoculation, or the introduction of the morbid secretions into the stomach of the healthy, even were they predisposed to an attack of the malady, would have failed, in accordance with the laws which infectious diseases observe, to communicate it, provided the effluvia proceeding from the bodies of the affected be prevented from being inhaled into the lungs. We as firmly believe that it is the presence of this effluvia in the lungs, and its influence on the predisposed, that paralyzes the nervous energy and functions of this very important organ, occasions the singular collapse of it, observed after death and evinced during life by the state of the hypochondria, epigastrium and respiratory organs, and gives rise to all the consecutive phenomena of the attack, as we are confident of any fact in pathology.

Our readers may think that more space has been devoted to this part of the subject than it deserves. We are, however, of a very different opinion. We consider it of the most transcendent importance; for upon accurate views respecting it altogether depends the success of measures to prevent its extension, and even to remedy it where prevention has failed. Before, however, we proceed to discuss the *third* topic we proposed for our consideration, we shall briefly recapitulate the inferences which may be deduced from the evidence which has been furnished us on the *first* and *second* heads of our subject.

1. The pestilential cholera seems to be propagated by an animal miasm or effluvia of a peculiar kind, emanating from the bodies of the affected; and this effluvia, being inhaled with the air into the lungs, acts as a poison on the class of nerves which supplies the respiratory, the assimilating, the circulating and secreting viscera, vitiating also the whole mass of blood, and thereby occasioning a specific disease, which in its turn gives rise to an effluvia, similar to that in which itself originated; which, also, in like manner perpetuates its kind, under the favourable circumstances of predisposition, aerial vicissitudes, &c. and thus

a specific form of disease is propagated far and wide, as long as a concomitance of causes favours its perpetuation.

2. The morbid impression of this effluvium or poison upon the nerves of organic life, and probably the effect of its introduction also into the current of the circulation, are of a sedative kind, rapidly destroying the vital energy of the one, and vitiating the other, and thereby giving rise to the characteristic phenomena of the malady.

3. The impression of this effluvium on the organic class of nerves, and the vitiated state of the blood, may be viewed as the proximate cause not only of the disturbance evinced by the respiratory, the secreting, the assimilating and the circulating functions, but also of the actions of the stomach and bowels, as well as of the muscular spasms, the sinking of all the vital and animal powers, of the shrunk and collapsed state of the surface of the body, of the black thick state of the blood, and of the rapid depression of the animal temperature.

4. The morbid state of the perspiration, and the peculiar appearance of the evacuations, proceed from the alteration produced in the condition of the blood; and it is chiefly through the medium of the cutaneous surface, and of the mucous membranes, assisted, perhaps, also by the other secreting viscera, that this morbid state of the blood is remedied, and its impurities removed; and that the morbid effluvium or poison which propagates the disease, is formed on these surfaces and membranes during the elimination of the impurities generated in the circulation.

III. The above inferences, drawn from an extensive view of what is known of the disease, as it has appeared in Asia and in Europe, lead to various considerations calculated to arrest the progress of the pestilence, and to remedy it when an attack has not proceeded too far in the destructive processes which we have pointed out. On each of these topics we shall offer a few remarks, and *first* we shall notice the remedial means calculated to cure the disease, when a rational hope can be entertained of accomplishing this important object.

The *remedial measures* usually adopted by medical men, both in Asia and in Europe, to remove the disease, have almost uniformly been directed to the following ends:—1st. To remove the internal congestions of blood characterizing it; 2d. To rouse the depressed energies of the frame, and bring about a salutary state of action; and 3d, to allay the spasms of the digestive canal, and of the muscles of voluntary motion. One of the most efficacious means which can be employed, and one which has been found the most successful, when the energies of life have not been too far reduced by the severity of attack, to fulfil the first intention, is full blood-letting; by it the load which oppresses the springs of life, and prevents their reaction, is lightened, and the

body to be moved is thereby brought to a nearer relation to the moving power. But while the mass to be moved is thus reduced, care must also be taken to increase the moving power by a judicious administration of stimulants, of which dry external heat and frictions are amongst the most efficacious. When the vital energies are so far depressed that the stagnant blood will no longer flow, or when the disease is far advanced, blood-letting has been found prejudicial rather than productive of advantage. The powers of reaction are now entirely destroyed, and this, as well as most of the means hitherto resorted to, are seldom productive of relief. Moreover, even early in the attack, and when blood may be readily procured from a vein, the abstraction of this fluid has not proved so serviceable in some manifestations of the disease as in others. In individual cases, a due reference should be made to the habit, constitution, and previous health of the patient, as well as to the state and progress of the disease. At the same time that depletion is being instituted, as well as in cases where this measure cannot be practised, internal medicines should be administered, in order to rouse the energies of the nervous and vascular systems; and thereby, whilst the second and third intentions of cure are being fulfilled, the internal load of congestion will also be removed. Of the various internal stimuli which have been recommended—and almost every one in both the mineral and vegetable kingdoms of nature has been tried—the most eligible, and we believe the most successful, are camphor in large doses, with laudanum, opium, and ether; ammonia, the aromatic and essential oils, particularly the oils of peppermint, cloves, cajeput; the spirits of mint, lavender, cardemoms, &c.; solutions of phosphorus in ether, or in oil; the magistery of bismuth; large doses of musk; the hot spices, and numerous warm and aromatic plants.

Our limits will not permit us to enter much more into details; but we may remark that *M. Benoit* states that he found the combination of camphor, laudanum, and sulphuric ether, with the external use of sinapisms to the epigastrium and extremities, extremely successful in the visitation of the pestilence at Manilla in 1820; he losing only 21 patients out of 400: *Mr. Craw (Bomb. Reports)* speaks very favourably of large doses of ammonia and musk. *Dr. Peitsch (Fodéré, p. 261)* states that his practice in Java showed the uncommon efficacy of two parts of spirits of mint, one part of spirit of lavender, and one of laudanum, taken in doses of a spoonful, until the vomiting ceased. *Mr. Milward (Bomb. Rep.)* found four drachms of magnesia to remain in the stomach, and procure natural evacuations, other means having failed. The treatment, which was recommended by *Mr. Corbyn*, and very generally adopted in India, where it was followed by *Mr. Annesley*, and several other writers, consisted in from fifteen to twenty grains of calomel, washed down with sixty drops of laudanum, and twenty drops of the oil of peppermint, in two ounces of water. He adopted full blood-letting in Europeans, and repeated these medicines every three hours until relief was obtained. The use of the oils of peppermint and cajeput was very general in India, and they seem to have been frequently extremely serviceable, but as adjuvants merely. Many of the phy-

sicians at Warsaw ascribed very beneficial effects to the magistry of bismuth.

Calomel was very uniformly employed in India, and generally in conjunction with opium, in some form or other, and certainly few remedies succeeded better in allaying the vomiting, when the disease was neither uncommonly severe nor too far advanced. In cases of moderate severity, and when given early in the attack, it seems to have been remarkably beneficial in restoring the secretions of the abdominal viscera, particularly of the liver, and in these, in conjunction with bleeding, it seems to have had no mean share in preventing the consecutive states of disease, into which this pestilence so frequently passed, more particularly the nervous and malignant state of fever sometimes following it in India, but more frequently in Russia. Mr. Ogilvy (*Bomb. Recp.* p. 210) remarks that where the calomel affects the mouth, the consequent symptoms of bilious fever were not observed.

Besides the remedies already noticed, we may enumerate the application of moxas, and the actual cautery, to the scrobiculus cordis, and the use of stimulating lavemens. Dr. Mahir, of the Polish army, attributed his recovery to large doses of opium and prussic acid, with lavemens of assafoetida. Frictions, either with dry substances, or with liniments, which will not occasion cold by evaporation, are always beneficial. The same may be said of dry heat, as the application of hot bricks, hot salt and bran, hot oats, &c. around the body. In general, it may be remarked of the use of remedies in this disease, that in its most severe attacks, or when far advanced before medical aid is procured, scarcely any means, however well and energetically devised and practised, will arrest its fatal tendency; whilst the less severe visitations will generally be removed by any of the remedies enumerated, when judiciously combined and employed; and we have reason to suppose that the slightest manifestations of the malady will even, by means of the tumult excited in the frame, operate their own cure; and hence the reputation acquired by various medicines and methods of treatment. There are few diseases, perhaps, which, while they preserve a perfect identity of character, present a greater range in grade than this; excepting, indeed, those maladies which propagate themselves in a similar manner to it. We conceive, therefore, that it is chiefly to the mildness of the attack that we are to attribute the imputed success of such remedies as successive draughts of warm milk, olive oil, the Glauber's salts, common salt, and various other mild preparations. In the more intense visitations of the disease, where the depression of the vital energies of the frame and the vitiation of the blood are extreme, remedial agents must possess a co-ordinate degree of activity, in order to produce any effect whatever upon the frame.

Before we leave this part of our subject, it will be well to notice the probable effect of remedial means administered through the channel of the respiratory organs. We have already argued, and, we may add, shown, that it is through these organs that the specific cause of the disease invades the frame, and that they suffer in a most remarkable manner from its impression, having their functions altogether paralyzed.

If this view be entertained, the means of individual prevention which we are about to recommend will appear deserving of adoption; and the directing of medicinal agents to this quarter will not be considered unreasonable. Perhaps the inhalation of the nitrous oxide gas, or common air with a slight addition of oxygen, will be the most energetic remedies that can be employed in this way. Other means, also, which will readily suggest themselves to the well-informed physician, may be employed.

The writer of this article, having been called on in various fields of practice, and during an experience of many years, to treat diseases sometimes as rapid in their progress, and generally as fatal in their results, and even more so, on some occasions, under the usual methods of treating them, as the malady now the subject of consideration, conceives that he would not be discharging his duty to the community, if he neglected to state the means of cure, which, from his having employed them successfully in diseases of equal malignity, and of an analogous nature to pestilential cholera, he would be induced to employ in it. When approved means fail, others, which have succeeded in similar states of morbid action, particularly when they cannot prove detrimental, should be resorted to; and we are not aware that the following means, particularly as respects the combination of them, have ever been employed in this disease. If the writer were called to a severe case of cholera, besides directing blood-letting, if the circumstances and symptoms of the case appeared to warrant it, we would recommend the patient to have a bolus consisting of from ten to fifteen grains of camphor, an equal number of grains of calomel, one or two grains of opium, and ten drops of any essential oil, as of mint, cajeput, &c. with a sufficient quantity of conserve of roses. This should be administered without any regard to the presence of vomiting. If this be retained, another may be given, and repeated in from one to two, three, or four hours, according to the urgency of the attack; but if rejected, it should be immediately repeated, until it at last remains. At the same time external heat should be applied, and frictions, with a liniment, composed of two ounces each of liquid ammonia, of olive oil, and of camphor, with three ounces of spirits of turpentine, and a few drachms (from three to six) of hard soap and cayenne pepper, to which one or two drachms of cajeput and lemon oils may be added, ought to be assiduously employed. From two to four hours after the exhibition of the bolus, a draught, consisting of from two drachms to half-an-ounce each of spirits of turpentine and olive oil, with a few drops of the above essential oils, and forty grains of magnesia, should be taken in mint water; and if it be rejected from the stomach, another should be given, and repeated, if again rejected, in half-an-hour afterwards; if retained, not until from six to twelve hours, when another may be taken. We have seen cases where the most urgent vomiting existed; and yet the above remedies (although both the bolus and the draught were taken at the same time) allayed, instead of aggravating this symptom. In order to promote the influence of these means, a lavement, consisting of twenty grains of camphor, from half an ounce to an ounce and a half of spirits of turpentine, and an equal quantity of olive oil, in a suitable

vehicle, should be administered, and repeated according to the circumstances of the case. Much will depend upon the succession in which these remedies should be given, the periods which should be allowed to elapse between their exhibition, on the doses, and the decision with which they may be prescribed. When the irritability of the stomach continues, and if the attack be severe, then flannels wrung as dry as possible out of very hot water, and immediately soaked in oil of turpentine, ought to be instantly applied, as warm as possible, over the stomach and abdomen, and retained there, or renewed, until a decided effect is produced. This is the most powerful means we are acquainted with, and the most successful, in procuring reaction and restoring the heat of the body. In aid of these means, and when reaction is commencing, effervescent draughts, composed of the carbonate of ammonia and the pyroligneous acetous acid, in mint water, with the addition of aromatics, may be given. Having found the above treatment eminently successful in diseases of remarkable malignity and fatality—by rousing the energies of life, restoring the secretions, and removing internal congestions—we have given a brief detail of it in this place.

As intimately connected with the *preservative measures* to be adopted against the pestilential cholera, there are two facts which require to be kept in recollection:—1st. That a peculiar principle or effluvium proceeding from the diseased is necessary to the communication of the malady; and 2d. That peculiar predisposition to receive or to become affected by this effluvium is equally required. In what this predisposition consists is not sufficiently known, further than that the debilitated, the physically and morally depressed, and those the vital energies of whose frame are greatly reduced, by whatever means, are more disposed than the robust and well-fed to contract the disease. The measures of prevention which may be recommended naturally divide themselves into those which concern individuals more especially, and which they may adopt of themselves and for their own safety, and into those which concern the community generally, and which require the sanction and assistance of governments.

Under the former of these heads may be comprehended the injunction of avoiding the predisposing and exciting causes of the disease. Whatever tends, directly or indirectly, to debilitate or fatigue the body; whatever lowers its vital energy, as excesses of every description, low and unwholesome diet, disposes to the operation of the exciting cause of the malady. On the other hand, whatever tends to support this energy, and preserve, in their due regularity, the healthy functions of the frame, serves to render it impregnable to this agent. Exposure to cold, to chills, to the night-dew, to wet and moisture; the use of cold fluids, and of cold, flatulent, and unripe fruits, ought to be carefully avoided. If at any time exposure to the night-air or to cold and moisture is inevitable, the system should be fortified against them, but the mode of doing this requires caution. It should not be attempted, unless when better means are not within reach, by wines or spirits; and even then these should be used in very moderate quantity; otherwise they will leave the system, as soon as their stimulating effects have passed off, more exposed than before to the invasion of the infectious effluvium

producing the disease. Medicinal tonics, however, and those more especially which determine the circulation to the surface of the body, at the same time that they improve the tone of the digestive organs and promote the regular functions of the bowels and biliary system, may be resorted to on such occasions. For this purpose the infusions or decoctions of bark, of cascarilla, of calumba, &c. with the spirits of *Mindereri*, or any warm stomachic medicine; or the powdered bark, or the sulphate of Quinine, or the balsams, may be taken either alone or with camphor, or with the spicy aromatics. These medicinal means are especially called for whenever the disease is present in a town or house in which the person resides; and they should be had recourse to when he retires to sleep, and in the morning before he leaves his apartment. He should, moreover, avoid sleeping in low and ill-ventilated apartments; and be equally distrustful of sleeping near, or even of passing through, in the night-time, close and unwholesome situations and streets, particularly without the medicinal means now suggested.

The state of the stomach and bowels should be always attended to, and their functions regulated and carefully assisted; but in no case should these objects be attempted by cold, debilitating medicines, such as salts. The warm stomachic laxatives, or those combined with tonics, may be adopted with advantage as occasion may require. Particular attention ought to be paid to personal and domestic cleanliness. The surface of the body should be kept in its natural and perspirable state. The use of flannel will be useful for this purpose. Excessive perspirations ought to be avoided. The diet should be regular, moderate, nutritious and easy of digestion. Whilst every approach to low living should be shunned, its opposite ought never to be indulged in. The stomach should have no more to do, than what it can perfectly accomplish, without fatigue to itself, but to the promotion of its own energies. It must never be roused to a state of injurious excitement by means of palatable excitants, nor weakened by over-distension or too copious draughts of cold relaxing diluents.

The state of the mind also requires judicious regulation. It ought never to be excited much above, nor lowered beneath its usual tenour. The imagination must not be allowed for a moment to dwell upon the painful considerations which the disease is calculated to bring before the mind; and least of all ought the dread of it to be encouraged. There is a moral courage sometimes possessed by individuals who are the weakest perhaps as respects physical powers, enabling them to resist more efficiently the causes of epidemic and infectious diseases, than the bodily powers of the strongest, who are not endowed with this species of mental energy. Those who dread not the attack of epidemic diseases, and who yet exercise sufficient prudence in avoiding unnecessary exposure to their predisposing and exciting causes, may justly be considered as subject to comparatively little risk from them. This, we are persuaded, is particularly the case as respects the pestilential cholera, and we wish to impress it upon the minds of those whom the observation concerns. On all occasions a fool-hardy contempt or neglect of ailments, especially those affecting the stomach and bowels,

ought to be guarded against, and the best medical advice be immediately procured upon the first manifestation of disorder.

During the occurrence of the disease in our vicinity, or families, these precautions are still more imperatively required. A free ventilation of every apartment ought to be constantly observed; in conjunction with fumigations, by means of aromatic substances kept slowly burning, or by the vapours of the chloruret of lime. The attendants on the sick should especially attend to the measures now prescribed, and ought never to exert their attentions on the afflicted so near their persons as to inhale the effluvium emanating from them, without at least fortifying the vital energies in the way pointed out; and they should carefully avoid entering upon those duties with an empty stomach, or when fatigued. Besides burning warm aromatic substances, and odoriferous gum-resins, in the apartments, and in those adjoining them, in which affected persons are or have been confined, a saturated solution of camphor in aromatic vinegar, or in the pyroligneous acid, should be occasionally sprinkled on the floors, furniture, and bed-clothes. These means, with a thorough ventilation and a due attention to cleanliness, will not only, we are persuaded, counteract the influence of the effluvium proceeding from the affected, and ward off its action even on the predisposed, but will also prevent the clothes, bedding, or furniture of the apartments of the sick from becoming imbued with it to such an extent as can communicate the malady. They are within the reach nearly of all; and, in the event of the extension of the pestilence to any considerable town or city, if care were taken to see them put in practice, under the direction of medical councils of health, one of which should be formed in each district, or quarter, much good would result from them.

With respect to measures which require the sanction of the government we cannot enter, particularly on the present occasion. Those which have already been taken in this country have been marked by wisdom and decision, and seem founded on a correct estimate of the nature of the disease. As respects the formation of local committees or councils of health, perhaps considerable improvement, both in their constitution, and in the modes of accomplishing their ends, upon the recommendations issued by the Board of Health, may be suggested. But as we do not contemplate the extension of the malady to this country, at least before the appearance of our next number, we may then offer some suggestions on the subject.

In respect to the works which we have placed at the head of this article, it is not to them that the medical inquirer can look for the best information on the disease to which he should aspire. The best sources of knowledge, particularly in respect of treatment, even at the present day, are the reports from the Indian Presidencies, especially those from Madras, and as regards certain of the means of cure, the works of Mr. Annesley and Mr. Orton. Of the publications now before us the best are those by MM. Moreau de Jonnés, Fodéré, Harles, and Desruelles.

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## CRITICAL SKETCHES.

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ART. IX.—*Novum Testamentum Græcè, novâ Versione Latini donatum, ad optimas recensiones expressum, selectis Varns Lectionibus perpetuoque singulorum librorum argumento instructum, (additâ III. Pauli ad Corinthios epistolâ,) editit* M. Fried. Aug. Adolph. Næbe. Lipsiæ, 1825.

THE multiplied editions of the Greek Testament, with critical apparatus of greater or less extent, which of late years have appeared in Germany, sufficiently attest the ardour with which sacred literature is there cultivated. In the arrangement of the Greek text of the edition which we now introduce to the notice of our readers, M. Næbe has chiefly followed the revision of Dr. Griesbach; consulting, however, the critical labours of Doctors Schulz and Scholz, and availing himself of not a few of the emendations proposed by Knappe, Schott, Vater, and Titmann. He has also carefully corrected the punctuation throughout. In framing his Latin version, the editor acknowledges his obligations to the critical and exegetical commentaries and treatises of Grotius, Wetstein, Noesselt, Keil, Rosenmüller, Kuinoel, Paulus, Pott, Borger, Heinrichs, C. Titmann, Tholuck, Winer, Fritzsche, Wabl, Bretschneider, and many others, and especially to the Latin versions of Castellio, Reichard, Schott, Thalemann, and Jaspis. His version is, what it professes to be, accurate, perspicuous, and concise; and though it pretends not to elegance of Latinity, it is no where barbarous or uncouth. The *principal* various readings only are given, which are best supported by critical testimonies: and the brief summaries of the contents of the several chapters in each book, will be found a convenient aid to the student. In compiling them, M. Næbe has followed sometimes Fritzsche, sometimes Knappe, sometimes Jaspis, sometimes Eichhorn, and sometimes Hug, according as one or other of these critics appeared to have treated the several subjects with the greatest accuracy. The third epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, which is here given in La Croze's Latin version, from the Armenian translation of the New Testament, is confessedly apocryphal: it is merely a literary curiosity, and of no use whatever to the biblical student. Those who are desirous of possessing a Greek and Latin copy of the New Testament, will find this neatly-printed edition of M. Næbe one of the most useful which has ever issued from the press.

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ART. X.—*Historia Ecclesiæ Evangelicæ Augustanæ Confessioni addictorum in Hungariâ Universâ; præcipuè vero in tredecim oppidis Scopusii.* Halberstadt, 1830. 8vo.

A HISTORY of the Protestant Churches in Hungary is a desideratum in ecclesiastical literature. Mosheim's account of them is miserably brief and defective; and the supplemental notice, supplied by the English

continuator of Dr. Maclaine's Translation, furnishes very little additional information. The present volume is confined to those churches which adhere to the confession of Augsburg. The anonymous author has specified in his preface the various authentic sources, both manuscript and printed, from which he has drawn the facts he has narrated: and his work might have been entitled a history of the persecutions of the Protestant Churches in Hungary: for, from the time of Luther, nearly to the date of this history, the Protestants appear to have had but few intermissions (in all not exceeding seventy years) from the most oppressive persecutions, on the part of the Romish Clergy. It is, however, only an act of justice to the reigning sovereign, Francis II., to state that, from his conduct towards his Protestant subjects in *other* parts of his dominions, the Hungarian Protestants acquit him of being privy to their more recent persecutions, which they charge on the Romish priesthood, and especially on the Jesuits. No ecclesiastical history which may hereafter be published, can make any pretensions to accuracy or completeness of information, the author of which does not avail himself of this interesting narrative.

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ART. XI.—*Origine delle Feste Vencziane*, di Giustina Renier Michiel.  
(The Origin of the Venetian Festivals, by Justina Renier Michiel.)  
6 vols. 12mo. Milano, 1829.

OUR readers are probably aware, that in Italy there is, or at least was, no medium in female education, and that whilst the great body of women, even of the higher classes, could hardly scrawl their names, and were destitute of such common information as may be acquired at a Sunday-school, some of their compatriot sisters were Professors of Law, Mathematics, Philosophy, and what not, at the most celebrated universities of the Ausonian Peninsula. Nay, at so early an age were they capable of thus officiating as Learned Doctors, that more than one of these female lecturers, as we learn from good and credible authority, has been obliged to draw a curtain between herself and her class, lest the beauty of the teacher should divert the student's attention from her lessons. This, *mutatis mutandis*, still appears to be the state of the case. We are not indeed aware that now, in this ridicule-loving 19th century, any of the gentler half of the species actually occupy scientific chairs at Bologna or Padua; but we certainly do think it somewhat analogous, and not a little remarkable, that the only two Italian ladies whom, in the course of our critical labours we have met with as writers, should leave the task of delighting their countrymen or women, by delineating the emotions of the heart or weaving the web of romantic fiction, to men, to the Manzonis, the Rosinis, &c., in order to attempt those departments of literature esteemed more especially masculine. Of these fair Italians one is a satirist, by name Teresa Albarelli Vordoni,\* and

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\* The poems of La Vordoni, as she is designated by Italian critics, were published in 1821, prior to the establishment of this Review, and though clever, seemed scarce sufficiently so, to justify our making them the subject of an article.

the other, a noble Venetian of a race that has given Doges to Venice, is the author of the six little volumes before us; which we opened under an idea, deduced partly, it must be confessed, from the sex of the writer, of their containing a collection of tales adapted to, or founded upon various Venetian festivals. They proved, in strict accordance with the facts just stated concerning Italian women, less amusing, perhaps, but far more instructive than we had anticipated.

The *Origine delle Feste Veneziane* is a work of very considerable research, both historical and antiquarian, and replete with valuable matter;—valuable at least to all who wish to make themselves really acquainted with the lively and peculiar nation (if the term nation may be applied to the inhabitants of a single city) who, under a foreign yoke, must, we apprehend, rapidly lose much of their idiosyncratic difference from other Italians. The book consists of a description of a great number of popular and national festivals, mostly annual, and an account of the circumstances whence they derived their origin, many of which are important events in Venetian history. The festivals are frequently depicted with the zest of recollected enjoyment, and a spirit of fervent patriotism pervades the whole, which might impart a charm to a production of merit inferior to this. Signora Giustina Renier Michiel labours to refute some of the accusations of cruelty, perfidy, injustice, &c., brought against the Venetian oligarchy; and her arguments display not only impassioned zeal but extensive erudition, at least in all that relates to her native city. They please if they do not always convince us; and the chief, if not the only, fault we have to find with the fair and noble authoress is, that an apparent desire for compression has too often induced her to relate interesting portions of history so briefly as to render them dry. This, however, is only an occasional fault, and we think we may give a fair average specimen of the work by extracting part of the account of *la Festa dei Matrimoni, o delle Marie*, the festival of Matrimony, or of the Maries, which, if not historically important, is highly illustrative of the early state of society in Venice.

It seems that, in primitive times, the Venetians sought to increase the sanctity of wedlock by restricting the performance of the nuptial ceremony to one day in every year, when gentle and simple, rich and poor, were all married at the same time, in the same church, that of San Pietro di Castello, then called di Olivolo; and the matrimonial festival, for which the most impatient lovers were compelled to wait, took place upon the day of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, in profane parlance the 2d of February. In that ungallant age, when the refined courtesies introduced by chivalry were yet unknown, the brides were expected to repair first to the church, each carrying in her hand a small coffer, called an *arcella*, containing her modest wedding-portion. In the church they were joined by their bridegrooms, families, and friends in procession. The bishop married the several couples simultaneously by one ceremony, and then each bridegroom taking his bride and her *arcella*, all withdrew to spend the remainder of the day in feasting and dancing. Afterwards, to give more dignity, and a more national character to the festival of matrimony, twelve maidens of distinguished

beauty and irreproachable conduct were annually selected from the poorest families, portioned by the nation, decked out in borrowed ornaments, and conducted to the altar in state by the Doge, who thus witnessed the celebration of every Venetian marriage.

In the year 944 the solemn rites of the 2d of February were interrupted in a way that threatened to turn the nuptial rejoicings into the deepest mourning. Some pirates of Trieste concealed themselves and their vessels behind the island of Olivolo in the night of the 1st—

“ In the morning, watching their opportunity when the Venetians had thronged into the church for the ceremony, they shoot like a flash of lightning across the canal, spring ashore sword in hand, burst into the church by all the doors at once, seize the brides and their *arcelle* at the foot of the altar, rush back to their barks, fling themselves and their prey into them, and fly with every sail set. What resistance could be offered by the peaceful islanders, armed only with wreaths of laurel, with garlands of flowers?

“ The Doge, Pietro Candian III., fired with indignation at this infamous outrage, is the first who darts out of the church, and followed by the youthful bridegrooms, as indeed by all the spectators, hurries through the streets of the city, rousing all the citizens to vengeance. Numbers of barks are suddenly equipped and filled with resolute young men, headed by the Doge himself. Heaven and love declare in favour of so just a cause. The wind swells their sails; they overtake the robbers near Caorle, and perceive them on the strand, absorbed in quarrelling amongst themselves about the division of the women and the booty. Without a moment's delay the Venetians furiously attack the ravishers, and after a sharp struggle, conquer them. Not one can escape. The Doge, still unsated with revenge, ordered the corpses to be thrown into the sea, that they might remain unburied, and their friends and kindred be prevented from paying them any honours. To perpetuate the memory of this event he gave the little harbour the name, which it still bears, of *Porto di Donzelle*, or the Maidens' port. The Venetians then again set sail; and the consorted girls were carried home in triumph. No one has lost his bride. All are restored scatheless to the maternal arms. The holy ceremony begins anew; hymns of gratitude mingle with the nuptial chaunt; and the young brides taste more keenly the happiness and pride of belonging to men, who had known how to defend their maiden honour, and to prove themselves worthy of the tenderest affection.”

The nation resolved to commemorate this event; and the *casselleri*, a particular description of carpenters, who dwelt in a body in the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, having chiefly contributed to the success of the expedition, were authorized to demand a recompense. They chose one merely honorary, intreating that the Doge should visit their parish church every Purification of the Blessed Virgin. The Doge, wishing, perhaps, that they should ask something more substantially valuable, made difficulties—

“ ‘And if it should rain?’—‘We will provide hats to cover you.’—‘And if we should be thirsty?’—‘We will give you drink.’ ”

These simple answers were irresistible; the disinterested request was granted without further objection; and as long as the republic endured, that is to say, till the year 1797, (an epoch to which Signora Michiel often painfully refers,) the Doge and the *Signoria* repaired upon every 2d of February to the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, where the

priest, in the name of his parishioners, presented them with hats of gilt straw, Malmsey wine, and oranges.

This was the only permanent part of the festival. As, with the lapse of years, manners changed, the custom of marrying all together once a year was dropped; and then probably the name of *Festa dei Matrimonj* was altered into *Festa delle Marie*. Twelve of the prettiest and best-behaved girls in Venice were now annually chosen as representatives of the stolen brides. They were called, no one knows why, the Maries, were dressed and decorated by their respective parishes, paraded the streets in procession, attended by an immense concourse of people, were received and blessed by the Doge, and entertained by some of the nobility. In process of time these ceremonies lost their purity and innocence, when by order of the government wooden images were substituted for the living maidens as Maries. The populace were exasperated at this innovation; disturbances ensued, and laws were passed to prevent and quell them; until the distress and danger of the republic in 1379, during the war with Genoa, temporarily interrupted all joyous festivals. The Genoese were repulsed and defeated. Fear and suffering were forgotten in Venice, and most interrupted customs were resumed; but this somewhat expensive and now disorderly festival of the Maries was never revived. Its only remaining trace appears in the popular expression of obloquy, *Mari di legno* or wooden Mary, still applied to any woman who, by her coldness, leanness, or stupidity, incurs popular dislike.

ART. XII.—*Mémoires de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de St. Petersbourg*. 6me Série. *Sciences Politiques, Histoire, Philologie*. Tome premier. 1re et 2me Livraisons. St. Petersburg, de l'Imprimerie de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences. 1830. 4to.

THE foundation of an academy of sciences in Russia was the achievement with which Peter the Great intended to have crowned his labours for the civilization of his country. His death frustrated the execution of the plan in his lifetime, but it was carried into effect by his successor, Catherine, very shortly afterwards. It commenced its career with an assemblage of members most judiciously chosen, amongst whom the illustrious Euler, and the celebrated historian and geographer, Müller, will long be famous in its annals. The academy has subsequently run a steady, if not a brilliant, course, and has certainly not been altogether deficient in its contributions towards the advancement of the moral and physical sciences in Europe.

The numbers before us contain several papers of considerable interest. There are some Researches, by Herrmann, into the Suicides and Homicides committed in Russia in the years 1819 and 1820, which go through the different governments, and arrive at the conclusion that suicide is most rare in the governments on the lower Volga and in the North of Russia, tolerably frequent in the centre of the empire from the eleva-

tion of the Volga to the Steppes of the South, but very frequent on the Baltic, in Siberia, and particularly on the plateau of the Steppes. From the north and west of Russia to the governments on the lower Volga, homicide appears to be less common than suicide; in the country of the lower Volga robberies and homicides increase, multiply very much in Siberia, and on the plateau of the Steppes are surprisingly numerous. Exact inquiries of this kind in other nations, would go far to determine by comparison the place Russia is entitled to occupy in regard to the morality and civilization of Europe. An Essay of the celebrated political economist, Storch, on the effects of the depreciation of Paper Money is worthy attention, particularly his concluding advice to governments—*that it is not by exciting variations in the value of a paper-currency, that it is to be ameliorated, but by rendering its value as invariable as possible*,—an end which can, in general, be attained without much sacrifice. M. Storch's paper on the question,—whether the progressive Increase of the Capital of a Nation is ever dangerous? is an answer to the affirmative maintained by Sismondi, in his *Nouveaux Principes d'Economie politique*, and appears a satisfactory reply. Herrmann's Statistical Account of the Tartar Population in Tauris is interesting, as are also Schmidt's Dissertation on the Origin of the Language of Thibet, and that of Græffe on the question, whether the Mammoth of modern naturalists be the same as the fabulous *Odontotyrannum* of the ancients. Schmidt's paper on Budhæism is written with a special reference to several English publications on that subject, such as Upham's History, and several papers comprised in the Asiatic Transactions. We are constantly meeting with fresh proofs of the unabated zeal for Oriental literature in Russia, and of the strong desire of the government to further its study. But the most valuable portion of the Transactions we are noticing is, probably, Herrmann's Statistical Calculations on Mortality in Russia, particularly in reference to the Mortality of Children, which is treated at great length, and whose details we strongly recommend to the consideration of our writers on population. The mortality of children in Russia is much less than in Sweden, though greater than that of France, a fact which indicates a corresponding degree of national well-being in each country respectively. It is of the extension of a knowledge of the arts of civilized life that Russia now begins to feel the effect, in invigorating both the growth and the energies of her population.

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- ART. XIII.—1. *Don Juan und Faust eine Tragödie* von Grabbe. (D. Juan and Faustus, a Tragedy by Grabbe.) Frankfurt am Main. 1829. 8vo.
2. *Die Hohenstauffen, ein Cyclus von Tragödien* von Grabbe, *Erster Band; Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossa*. (The Hohenstauffens, a Cycle of Tragedies by Grabbe, 1st vol. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa.) Frankfurt am Main. 1829. 8vo.
3. *Die Hohenstauffen, ein Cyclus von Tragödien*, von Grabbe, *Zweiter Band; Kaiser Heinrich der Sechste*. (The Emperor, Henry VI. 2d vol.) Frankfurt am Main. 1830. 8vo.
4. *Napoleon, oder die Hundert Tage, ein Drama in fünf Aufzügen*, von Grabbe. (Napoleon, or the Hundred Days, a Drama in 5 Acts.) Frankfurt am Main. 1831. 8vo.

IN the fifth number of this journal (p. 319) the first of this author's productions, the *Dramatische Dichtungen*, was noticed, principally with reference to the new canons of dramatic criticism which he seemed disposed to set up, and we then dwelt somewhat briefly on the merits and demerits of the historical tragedy and satyrical comedy which these volumes contained, and the promises of future excellence which they displayed. The distinguishing quality which the author exhibited in that work was one which will atone for the want of many others, and without which, in our eyes, every other attribute has little value, namely, power; but it was power unregulated by judgment or taste—it was the strength of a posture-master, not of a Hercules.

In his three next works, written after a considerable lapse of time, (as the *Dramatic Poems* were composed some years prior to their publication,) Grabbe has soared a much higher flight, although even these still betray some coarseness in execution, if not in conception. But their faults are redeemed by great and lofty merits; in *Don Juan* by exuberant fancy and metaphysical truth; in the *Hohenstauffen plays* by a faithful and vigorous portraiture of the feelings and manners of past ages and of mighty men; in both by much true dramatic poetry.

Grabbe has already become so popular in his own country, and seems likely to be so prolific a writer, that we think ourselves justified in tracing his progress, and will with that view say a few words respecting each of the productions enumerated at the head of this article, and give some specimens of his style and talent from the tragedy of *Frederic Barbarossa*, which is decidedly our favourite.

After the publication of his *Dramatische Dichtungen*, which we have already noticed, our dramatist did not immediately enter upon his appropriate career. That work was followed, in 1829, by *Don Juan und Faust*, a strange and wild, but highly poetical attempt to “melt together” in the phraseology of one of his German panegyrists, the “two *Mythuses* of the Northern and the Southern Faustuses:” or, in plain English, to contrast the speculative, self-consuming, philosophizing, temper of the North, with the reckless sensual enjoyment of the South; the thirst for knowledge with the thirst for pleasure, both alike insatiate

and unregulated, both alike leading to guilt, and brought into strong opposition by being woven into one story. In this piece Grabbe first displayed the idealizing spirit of poetry. But it is as a National Historic Dramatist that he excels, and as such we now proceed to consider him.

Grabbe has projected a cycle of eight tragedies upon the achievements, the struggles and the fate of the Hohenstauffen race, who, we need hardly remind our readers, were at least among the greatest of German emperors, and reigned during a most eventful period of German history.\* Of the tragedies devoted to the honour of this splendid family, Frederic Barbarossa is the first, and of it we are now to speak. Our author has selected for its subject not the most brilliant, but the most touching period of that emperor's life—his quarrel with his highly favoured friend and cousin, Henry the Lion of Brunswick, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, including one of his wars with the Pope and the Lombards. The impetuous emotions of the Italians are well painted, and contrasted with the rude and honest simplicity of the Germans, as are the lofty regal views and sentiments of the emperor, with the ambition of the vassal too powerful to brook a suzerain. Grabbe has not yet acquired a sufficiently extensive reputation to justify a detailed analysis of this piece, and it is difficult otherwise to do justice to a tragedy, the chief merit of which lies in the dramatic form given to history, and the gradual development and uniform support of historic characters, rather than in scenes or passages of peculiar pathos, passion, or poetry; but we shall endeavour to afford some idea of the author's peculiar talent by extracts from scenes and speeches illustrative of the characters and feelings of the attached but rival kinsmen. Henry has accompanied Frederic into Italy to assist in quelling a revolt of the Milanese; and a soliloquy upon his own power and separate interests, upon the possible evils to himself of aiding to exalt the emperor yet higher, thus concludes.

“ Woe's me! I shudder, for mine adversary  
Is of mankind the noblest. Brighter far  
Than all the jewels in his diadem,  
Shine round his brow strength, magnanimity,  
And fascination. When I look on him,  
High throbs my heart, and to receive him opens  
Wide as triumphal arch. And his 'gainst mine  
Has beat as warmly! Voice of friendship, sound!  
Sound, till thine accents overpower the clamour  
With which the Baltic and the Northern Ocean,  
Across our German valleys and the Alps  
Echoing, recalls the Duke of Saxony  
To his own Northern realm.”

In the next scene the princes of the empire are summoned by name to attend the emperor's person;—when the Lion is called, he answers,

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\* We may refer such readers, as are unacquainted with German History, to a review of Raumer's History of the Hohenstauffens, in No. VI. of this work, for a short sketch of that dynasty.

" With all his warriors he is here !

*Frederic.* With pride and power beyond all earthly kings  
The bosom of the German emperor  
Must swell, beholding men like these around him.—  
Who can subdue them ?

*Henry the Lion.* Emperor—mine emperor—  
Saxony thou hast given me and Bavaria—  
I thank thee for them—yet I fear—thou hast,  
I fear, made me too great !

*Frederic.* Too great ? My Henry,  
I cannot understand thee, and I will not !  
Yet hear me—for the Hohenstauffen nought  
Can be too great, and least of all his friend.

*Prince Henry.* Lord Duke, if thus your greatness burthen you,  
Fear it yourself ! To us it seems but little.

*Frederic.* My son, what words from lips of seventeen ?"

The revolted Milanese are legally summoned before the princes of the empire assembled at Roncaglia, and not appearing, the emperor pronounces them under the ban of the empire, which means that their lives and property are forfeited, and marches against them. Upon the way the Lion determines to leave his liege lord, and we translate part of Grabbe's version of one of the most memorable scenes in his hero's life. The emperor is arming for battle, when his tender empress, Beatrice of Burghundy, exclaims,

" How proud, and how majestic he stands there !  
This earth boasts but a single Hohenstauffen !"

He expresses his longing for the companionship of the Lion, and on his entrance receives him with the words—

" Come, Henry, to mine arms !"

*Henry, (rushing into his arms.)* Oh I am giddy ! Beat hearts, beat  
once more,

And for the last time, beat against each other !  
Oh that ye now were crushed ! Such death were blessed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Emperor, I follow thee no more !

*Frederic.* No more ?

\* \* \* \* \*

How ! Dream I ? Or does phrenzy through my brain  
Drive horrid images ! Thou leave me ! Now !  
When foes unnumbered torrent-like pour round me ?

*Henry.* By thine own fault.

*Frederic.* Henry, thou dost but jest !  
Germany's fame, the emperor's honour, all  
The labour of my life is now at stake.  
Pray thee be serious !

*Henry.* I am too much so.  
Go home with me !—This paltry Lombardy,  
What matters it ? In Germany itself  
Resides the strength of Germany.

*Frederic.* So little

Know'st thou the Hohenstauffen's object, Welf?\*

*Henry.* Hah! Welf? That name how seasonably heard!

*Frederic.* What's Lombardy? I, as the mightiest  
Of Europe's sovereigns, am Europe's champion—  
'Gainst Roman usurpation I wage war.

And if the Pope raise Lombardy, a bulwark  
To guard the Vatican, I must destroy  
That bulwark ere I grapple with himself.  
Should millions, in this strife for liberty,  
Perish, they cannot better fall—and I—  
Already see the phoenix from their ashes  
That shall in giant strength arise, mankind  
To dazzle with his pinions' brilliancy.

*Henry.* I hear! 'Tis best we part.

*Frederic.* Fall from the heavens, ye suns! Melt, Alps, like snows  
In spring time! Tremble, earth! Vanish in smoke,  
Ye rocks! for German truth this day expires!

*Henry.* Ever with Lion-truth dwells Lion-fury,  
And fury, when it rages, knows nor truth,  
Nor shackles; crushing all to dust.

*Frederic.* This world has nought I would not sacrifice  
Here to detain thee—see, the emperor  
Falls at thy feet, and with dimmed eye implores  
Thou would'st not, in this hour of need, desert him!

*Henry.* Horrible! Up! Up! Up!

*Jordanus Truchsess.* Duke, soon the crown,  
Now humbled at thy feet, shall grace thy brow!

*Albert of Roden.* Truchsess, I tremble lest its weight destroy him!

*Henry.* How pride and anguish in my bosom storm!—  
Here, all the injuries the Welfs e'er suffered  
Lie expiated!—I pray thee, emperor, rise;  
Thou humblest thee in vain—thou grievest me—  
Yet mightest thou have known I'm resolute,  
And not th' impending downfall of the world  
Can alter my resolve.

*Beatrice.* My lord and husband,—  
Pardon my faltering accents—rise thou up!  
God will afford thee aid, when in the name  
Of this day thou implor'st it.

*Frederic.* Say'st thou so,  
Gentle one? And with scalding tears of wrath?  
They kindle me, and as the lightning's flash  
I rise in tempest—Soldiers, seize on Brunswick!

*Henry.* Woe to the man who touches him! He's armed,  
And thousands wait upon his call—Here, Welf!

*Frederic.* Here, Waiblingen!"

These war cries bring in the followers of both, when Beatrice prevents a battle by urging the German emperor and duke not to destroy each other for the amusement of the Lombards—Frederic observes,

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\* Welf and Waiblingen are the original German form of the Italianized Guelph and Ghibelin.

" I've ever thought that with high tenderness  
Must dwell true wisdom—Thou'rt i'the right, Burgundian."

And so the kinsmen part.

The desertion of the Duke of Saxony and Bavaria occasions the loss of the battle, and the emperor makes peace with the Pope and the Lombards, that he may return to Germany, and put down his too powerful and disobedient vassal. The duke does not appear at the diet, to which he is duly summoned in legal form, whereupon the ban of the empire is pronounced against him, his duchies and hereditary dominions are divided among other princes, and the emperor leads an army to execute the sentence. In the battle the rivals long avoid each other; but when the Lion has killed most of the princes who had attended the emperor, the latter says,

" Only the single combat of the chiefs  
Can end this battle—Hah! The Lion's traces!  
Dead lie here Mainz, there Austria, here Poland,  
And there Bohemia, painted with their blood,  
Shattered their kingly diadems—I'm nigh  
The Lion's lair!—He's here!—Oh, Henry, Lion!  
How we have loved each other!

\* \* \*

Henry. Oh, Frederic, Frederic, my blood is nothing!  
Scratch me with but the poorest steel, it flows—  
See'st thou this tear—From that deep source it gushes  
Which eye beholds not—and for thee it flows,  
Flows to the memory of happier days!"

Their amicable effusions are interrupted by cries from behind the scenes of,

" Here, Welf! Here, Waiblingen!  
Henry. Mark'st thou those cries?  
Call me not enemy, for in those voices  
Destiny rolls her thunders over us."

They then fight; the emperor conquers, and permits the duke to leave Germany secure from persecution.

These extracts may serve to illustrate the faults as well as the talent of Grabbe, for we think every reader of German history will agree with us that the poet has sacrificed much of the real pathos which the stern Barbarossa's tenderness for Henry sheds over the tale of their contests, to a desire of dramatic effect, and of grouping together distant events, in order to avoid extending his tragedy over a great number of years, a sin which he bitterly censures in Shakspeare.

Henry the Sixth is equally good with Frederic Barbarossa, and the Germans, Normans and Italians are well contrasted. But the play is less pleasing, inasmuch as Henry's character is cold, and destitute of the heroism that elevates his father's. His disposition is, we think, happily intimated in the few words he utters in one of the preceding extracts. We observe with satisfaction that in these three pieces Grabbe's anxiety to avoid the cloying sweetness of the uniform iambic measure,—which in his *Gothland* produced intolerable hardinesses, and lines of all

lengths, and, we will not say of all metres, but so completely trochaic as, appearing suddenly in blank verse, to perplex the reader and wound the ear,—has gradually softened down, till it no longer exceeds the limits of an agreeable variety. The obscurity, intimated by the blanks in *Gothland*, is here likewise discarded, perhaps from the author's finding that its necessary omission weakened the dialogue.

Our impression is, that had we opened Grabbe's first or last work before the others we should not have read a second; this applies more strongly to his *Napoleon* than to the *Duke of Gothland*, which, amidst enormous faults, bears marks of talent and power, whilst *Napoleon* appears to us devoid of both, and resembles rather the letter-press for a shewy spectacle, such as was presented last season on the London stage, than a work of art. A faithful portrait of French mobs, of French and Prussian camps, and a caricature of the French court, it may perhaps offer us; but even these are trite and bald. There is no ideal colouring, no imaginative effluence breathed over the vulgar common-place of real life, whether high or low. The drama ends with the battle of Waterloo, of which Napoleon and Blücher are the heroes, the Duke of Wellington being evidently not so fortunate as to enjoy our author's good graces or admiration. The piece is in prose, and presents a few of the suspicious blanks of *Gothland*. We could fancy that *The Hundred Days* had been written in hours of *dyspepsia*; else the crude daub would sadly shake the hopes we had conceived, from Grabbe's progressive improvement, that the remainder of the Hohenstauffen Cycle would entitle him to rank high as a dramatist, and to claim at our hands a more elaborate review. We will not actually resign these hopes, but he must exert himself strenuously to efface the heavy recollection of his *Napoleon*, if he wishes to establish his reputation in this more critical country, as well as in indulgent Germany.

ART. XIV.—*Einige Worte über Handel und Industrie in Deutschland.*  
(A few words on Commerce and Industry in Germany.) Munich  
1830. 8vo.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact value of commerce and industry in Germany. The tariffs of duties differ in different states; the accounts of exports and imports are not kept in a corresponding manner, and the contraband trade is carried on openly. In some small states the sovereigns themselves set the example of being purchasers of goods in foreign countries. We know enough, however, to be satisfied that the industry of Germany cannot be compared with that of Great Britain or France. The author states, that the contribution to the expenses of the war paid by France after 1815, was made up to France in five years, by the sale of the numerous articles of elegance and fashion for which Germany is dependent on her. Germany only manufactures objects of necessity; but objects of luxury and cost are imported from France and

England, the Germans being content to pay for them extravagantly high prices. The author, perhaps, depreciates Germany rather too much, when he pretends that the value of property in Bavaria has fallen one half since 1815, whilst in France it has risen in the same proportion. We doubt whether prices have fallen in Bavaria so considerably as is stated, and are sure that they have not risen to such an extent in France. For a few years prices were rising, it is true, but it is notorious that, subsequently, all kinds of French property have been greatly depreciated.

The author may be right in saying that the want of capital, of shipping, and of encouragement, presents great obstacles to commerce, though he thinks the time is come for German industry to take some spring. America has need of many of her products and commodities, and is a market that ought not to be neglected. Manufacturing establishments should be encouraged, schools of industry be founded, the roads improved, canals multiplied, and uniformity established between the various monetary systems, and those of the *Douanes*, which may still be considered necessary for the protection of the trade of Germany against the competition of England and France. The work contains comparative tables of the tariffs of France, Prussia, and Bavaria, and is the production of a man of good judgment, and clear ideas, who has, however, in some instances admitted without due caution, the facts and calculations from which he draws his conclusions.

ART. XV.—*Discours sur l'Incrédulité, et sur la certitude de la Révélation Chrétienne.* Par l'Evêque de Strasbourg. 8vo. Strasbourg. 1831.

WHEN writers of the Popish and Protestant communions make common cause, it is difficult to imagine that they have not reason on their side. The Bishop of Strasbourg is known as a controversialist, and, as far as his situation will allow, as a liberal and enlightened man. In opposition to Faber, he endeavoured to overcome "the Difficulties of Romanism:" he now appears as the advocate of the great cause of Christianity, from a conviction of the dangerous prevalence of infidel opinions; but a member of his faith can never be the most effective champion of that cause when he treats the peculiar dogmas of his church, and the doctrines of the "Universal Catholic Church," as entitled to the same reverence. *Vous ne croyez au Pape*—is a charge always confounded with disbelief in the fundamental articles of religion; and no ingenuity of argument or force of reasoning can support, in the estimation of an impartial inquirer, this most heterogeneous mass of divine truth and human error. Bellarmine and Bossuet failed in the attempt, and it is not to be supposed that a weight which they were unable to bear could be upheld by a secondary genius. Yet the present volume contains much that is judicious and sensible, and invites the serious reflection to which it is entitled by an elegant, yet forcible style. As the Foreign Quarterly Review but rarely ventures on theological subjects, we shall waive the consideration of arguments with which we trust our readers are familiar; as, to say the truth, most of them are

only old friends with new faces. We are, however, sorry to be obliged to notice an instance of the pertinacity with which writers of the author's communion revive an obsolete and exploded slander, when it favors the interests of their Church. Fifteen years after the death of Butler, Bishop of Durham, the distinguished author of "the Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed," an anonymous contributor to a daily paper (the *St. James's Chronicle*) asserted that this truly excellent man and pious Christian had died in the faith of the Church of Rome. Secker, who had been the intimate friend of Butler from his boyhood to the time of his decease, and who at that time filled the see of Canterbury, refuted this "gross and scandalous falsehood" (to use his own words) in the most conclusive manner, from the writings of the Bishop of Durham himself, from the evidence of his public and private life, and from the testimony of his friends. After the lapse of seventy-nine years from the prelate's death, the calumny against him is revived in the volume before us, on the authority of a Mr. William Sheldon, who, "at the age of seventy-eight, declared in Paris on the 17th of May, 1822, that when he was a student at the College of St. Omer, between the years 1757 and 1762, he heard it said that Butler, Bishop of Durham, had died a Catholic, and subsequently, about 1769 or 1770, when his father and Dr. Sharpe, the Master of the Temple, were speaking on the subject, the latter declared that it might assuredly be believed." It is with unfeigned regret that we see a respectable prelate like the Bishop of Strasburg affording a practical illustration of a line of Lord Byron's—"Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection."

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# MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

## No. XVI.

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### DENMARK.

M. COHEN, a learned Danish Jew, has completed a new Concordance to the Hebrew Scriptures, which has this advantage over those of Buxtorf and Calasius, that it is pointed throughout, and includes the proper names and particles. The author is supported by the King of Denmark, and a part of the MS., which is most beautifully written, is in the hands of a bookseller at Leipzig, who will proceed with the publication as soon as permitted by more favourable times.

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Professor Rask, the celebrated linguist, is preparing a new Arabic Grammar and Reading Book for the press, and it is expected they will be published in the course of this year. The Grammar is on a new plan, by which the structure of this difficult language is assimilated in a greater degree to that of the European languages, and by this means, it is hoped, the acquisition of it will be much facilitated to beginners.

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### FRANCE.

THE late M. Lemontey, left at his death a great work on the History of France during the 18th Century, which the late government, in imitation of the suspicious and inconsistent policy of the imperial government, prevented from appearing. The manuscript, at the author's death, was sealed up; the revolution of July broke the seals, and this work, which has been long expected, will soon make its appearance. A very powerful interest attaches itself to this publication, as the author, by means of ministerial authorizations, was allowed to draw his materials from different depots of the national archives, as well as the foreign ones to which the French victories afforded him access.

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After an absence of four years, M. de Humboldt has returned to Paris, and has proved that, during his late travels in Asia, neither his activity nor his zeal for science have in any degree diminished. He has already communicated to the Institute numerous memoirs and detached notices of unfinished works on this subject, and we hope the whole will be embodied, with as little delay as possible, in some *cheap and accessible* form. During this journey M. de Humboldt traversed a space of more than 4,500 leagues. It is remarkable, that during 1829 no less than four scientific expeditions were made in this part of the ancient continent, viz, that of M. de Humboldt; that of Parrot, junr. to the summit of Mount Ararat, which he found covered with beds of obsidian lava, and rising to an elevation of 452 metres above Mont Blanc; that of M. Kupfer to the trachilic mountain of Elbrouz in the Caucasus, which rises to a height

of 5000 metres; and lastly, the great undertaking of Messrs. Hansteen of Christiana, and Ermaun of Berlin, undertaken for the purpose of determining the line of magnetic influence from Petersburg to Kamtschatka. M. de Humboldt has presented to the Institute many rare and some hitherto unknown minerals, which he collected during his journey, and has announced that M. Rose, the companion of his journey, is engaged on an important work on the gold found in veins and alluvial beds in the Ural mountains, a chain which contains in its ridges alluvial deposits of gold and platina, from the 53d to considerably beyond the 61st degree of latitude.

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The *French Scientific Expedition to the Morea* will speedily begin to be published. The work will form three volumes in folio, and will appear by livraisons every six weeks, from the 15th of September, until completed. The plates will be engraved by the ablest artists, and the whole, it is hoped, will form a work worthy of the subject. A detailed Prospectus may be had of the publishers of this Review.

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Peter Du Moulin, one of the most distinguished pastors of the reformed Church in France, during the 16th and 17th centuries, left an autograph memoir, or rather collection of anecdotes, behind him, which is now in the hands of M. Marron of Paris, and will shortly be published.

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A series of letters on the state of Public Instruction in Germany has been addressed by the celebrated Victor Cousin to Count Montalivet, the French Minister of Public Instruction. M. Cousin has travelled through the most enlightened portions of Germany, and seen the system in operation, and is consequently well entitled to sit in judgment upon it. The result, as might be expected, is highly favourable. M. Cousin's letters have appeared in the *Revue de Paris*.

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*Champollion's Antiquities of Egypt and Nubia.* The long-expected work of Messrs. Champollion and Rosellini, who were commissioned, by the French and Tuscan governments, to explore the remains of ancient art in Egypt and Nubia, is now at last about to see the light; and we can have little hesitation in affirming, that a more important work in this branch of research has not appeared for many years, nor one to which public attention has been directed with greater interest and curiosity.

The discovery of the hieroglyphical alphabet occurred most opportunely for throwing a new and unexpected light on a period of history hitherto buried in almost impenetrable obscurity. Facts of the highest importance now fill up the space which was formerly a blank in the records of our species. The application of the new alphabet to the innumerable inscriptions that cover the edifices of Egypt and Nubia, was a task of infinite labour and pains; and its successful termination, in bringing to light the records of buried ages, cannot but agitate the curious student with inexpressible emotions of wonder and delight. The editors congratulate the public on the near accomplishment of their wishes—to see the results of this memorable expedition laid before the world with all the care and splendour befitting so munificent an enterprise. The following will be the plan and order of publication. It is proposed to exhibit a *regular view of the ancient state of Egyptian civilization, re-established on the irresistible testimony of the original and contemporary monuments of the events recorded.*

The work will consist of three principal sections, containing, in their totality,

I. 400 plates, of which, at least 100, will be coloured.

II. 10 volumes of text, illustrated and adorned with occasional plates.

The First Section, relating to the *Civil State* of Egypt, will contain from 136 to 140 plates, chiefly coloured; presenting a great number of subjects taken from the tombs or public edifices, and relating to all the details of the civil and domestic life of the ancient Egyptians.

The Second Section will contain the *Historical Monuments* relative to the reigns of the Pharaohs and the Greek dynasty of the Lagides, arranged chronologically, from the most ancient period to the reign of Cæsarion, son of Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra; this important series of bas-reliefs and paintings will consist of about 200 plates.

In the text, explanatory of these plates, the various accounts in the Greek and Latin writers, relative to the ancient history of Egypt, will be compared with the facts attested by the original monuments. This comparison will necessarily produce those new lights and that certainty so ardently desired by the student of history.

The Third Section is intended to embrace the monuments of the *Religion and Public Worship* of ancient Egypt, and will contain about 30 plates relative either to the religion of Egypt in general, or to the particular worship of every city of which any monuments yet exist. The text of this section will contain a notice of all the temples still standing in the valley of the Nile; the precise period of the foundation of each will be determined, and that of the restorations which they have successively experienced. Eighteen additional plates will exhibit an important series of *Astronomical Plates*, taken from the temples, or from the ceilings of the royal tombs.

The plates will be of large atlas size, partly engraved and partly lithographed; the text will be in octavo, and, as already noticed, will be in ten volumes, each containing from 400 to 500 pages. Editions will be published in French and Italian; both will be exactly similar, and of the same price.

The plates will be divided into 40 livraisons, the first of which will appear in January next, and the succeeding numbers monthly. The text will be published in volumes, or half volumes, as the illustration of the plates may require.

The work is published in Paris by Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz, Dubois and Didot, and subscriptions are received in London by the Publishers of this Review, where also a detailed prospectus may be had.

A list of subscribers' names will be printed at the head of the work.

An interesting Report has just been presented to the Minister of Public Works in France by M. Quinet, for the purpose of procuring the assistance of government in publishing many epic poems of the twelfth century in the French language. The MSS. are in the Royal Library and in that of the Arsenal, where they have hitherto remained unknown. These poems consist of many thousand verses, and would fill fifty folio volumes. M. Quinet considers them as the popular reflection of the ancient Celtic traditions, in regard to the religious and historical monuments of the Celtic provinces. When the Christian clergy became established in France, their first attempts at proselytism brought them in contact with the Druidical system; and it was in this conflict that they became acquainted with what then constituted the intellectual and religious life of the nation. Hence the origin of these poems, which were intended to popularize the new dominion of Christianity, and at the same time to gratify the taste of the people for accounts of the manners and customs, the history and antiquities of their ancestors. The editor intends commencing with the publi-

cation of *Parcerai*, a poem consisting of 20,000 verses, and evidently the production of a great and accomplished writer. It will be in two volumes, to which will be prefixed, an extensive *Essay on the Origin of the Celtic Traditions, and their connection with those of the East and the North*. The whole *Rapport* is well worthy of attention, and we sincerely trust that the government of *Louis Philippe* will show itself not less friendly to the promotion and encouragement of literature than that of *Charles X.*, which, with all its errors, afforded a *systematic* support to many most splendid and meritorious productions. We fear, that to the withdrawal of this support the non-appearance, for many months, of the *Journal des Savans*, and the *Bulletin Universel* of *Ferussac*, is to be attributed.

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The present government of France has set honestly to work to remedy the evils of the old system of education in that country. In a report just presented to the King on this subject, by the Minister of Public Instruction, it is remarked that the great events of 1830 have communicated a happy impulse to the public mind, and have produced, in all the departments, a laudable emulation to impart the blessings of elementary instruction to the rising generation. A new era has commenced for the youth of France. The old government did not disguise its aversion to educating the people; and lent all its efforts, in particular, to destroy the most efficient mode of communicating instruction to large numbers—the Schools of Mutual Instruction. The present report announces that the old schools on that system that were shut up are now being re-opened, and that new ones are starting up in every direction. The Report then proceeds to give the state of the country with regard to its schools in 1829 under the old government, as the basis of a comparison with the Report for 1831, which will be published next year. It appears that there were 38,135 communes or parishes in France, 24,148 possessed schools, and 13,984 were destitute of them. On this deficiency the Report observes, that the schools cannot be divided equally among the parishes. Among these the richest and the most populous have a greater or less number to themselves, and hence the general share is less, which accounts for the great number of communes that are destitute. The number of Catholic schools was 19,618, the Protestant 904, the Jewish 62, and the Schools of Mutual Instruction amounted to 804, which last are said to have been the feeble remains that escaped the general proscription of such schools by the bigoted government of *Charles X.* The new Report, it is confidently affirmed, will present a cheering contrast to this state of things. The total number of scholars in winter was 1,372,206, in summer, 681,005; the number of children (boys) from five to twelve years was 2,401,178.

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## GERMANY.

*Raumer*, the historian of the *Hohenstauffens*, is engaged in a second great historical work, the *History of Europe during the last three Centuries*.

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In the constitutional and protestant kingdom of Hanover, when a clergyman becomes a contributor to any journal, although published in another country, he is obliged to submit his articles previously to the general consistory to which he belongs for its approbation. Vide *Allgemeine Kirchen-Zeitung*, 1831, No. 35.

Since July last, the Journal entitled *Inland*, published at Munich, has appeared under the title of the German Tribune, (*die Deutsche Tribune*,) and its principal object is the defence and propagation of constitutional principles.

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Baron Odeleben, the author of a work on Napoleon's German campaign of 1813, has recently published a *History of the French Revolution since 1789*, for the use of the lower classes. The idea is good, but the execution rather indifferent.

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A *Review of Reviews* is announced to appear at Leipzig.

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The celibacy of the clergy has of late years been the subject of much discussion in Germany, and has been warmly attacked by two Catholic priests—M. Reichlin, Dean of the Theological Faculty at Friburg, and M. Theiner, of Breslaw, (the supposed author of a remarkable work on Catholicism in Silesia, which was reviewed in an early number of this Journal,) who has written a work in three vols. 8vo. in which the subject is discussed in all its bearings.

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Hofrath Bottiger, of Dresden, has been elected a member of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris.

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The "Atlas of Europe," now publishing by Herder, of Friburg, is not only a chef-d'œuvre of the lithographic art, but a truly stupendous undertaking, as it is to consist of 220 maps, on a very large scale. The same scale, however, will not be observed throughout, as the less populous and cultivated territories will be upon a smaller, and the more important countries on a still larger. Each number contains four maps, and is published at twelve francs, so that the price of the entire work will amount to 660 francs. The plates are worked in two colours, black and red, all the physical features being indicated by the former, and the towns, roads, political boundaries, &c. by the latter.

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*Der Todtentanz*, a poem illustrative of, and illustrated by a series of designs from Holbein's celebrated "Dance of Death," is a production that confers honour upon the rising name of Ludwig Bechstein, who has here not only followed his original *passibus æquis*, but expounded his meaning and pursued his ideas with extraordinary felicity.

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Leo von Klenze, one of the most celebrated architects in Germany, has commenced a work illustrative of the principal edifices designed and executed by himself. The first number, consisting of six folio plates, is entirely devoted to the description of the Glyptotheca, at Munich, and contains a plan, elevation, general view, three sections, and various details of that beautiful and interesting structure; besides which the interior and its decorations will be further illustrated in the following number. This work will form an admirable companion to that of Schinkel, who has embellished the Prussian capital as Klenze has done that of Bavaria, with some of the most original and classical edifices of modern times. We may here mention that a small volume by Schorn, entitled *Beschreibung der Glyptothek*, has lately been published, which gives an account of all the statues and other pieces of antiquity in the Munich museum.

Another highly important and interesting work that has recently appeared on the subject of architecture, is Boisserée's *Denkmäler der Baukunst*, which is intended to be completed in twelve parts. The author designs it as an accompaniment to his magnificent publication on Cologne Cathedral, showing the progress of architecture in the territory of the Lower Rhine, from the 7th to the 12th century, the period of what the Germans term the *Kor-Gothisch* style, or the intermediate style between the latest Roman and that of which the pointed arch is the prevailing and indicial feature.

Besides many periodical publications, monthly and quarterly reviews, devoted to theology, there are several *Gazettes* published at present in Germany exclusively devoted to the communication of news respecting church affairs and religion. At the head of these, in date as well as in merit, stands the *Universal Church Gazette*, published at Darmstadt by Dr. Zimmerman, a Protestant clergyman and moderately rational divine, who is as impartial as it is possible for one to be whose sentiments are decided and so freely stated. This publication was begun in 1822, and soon found many imitators. Many Catholic Journals have since appeared in succession. The *Friend of Religion*, published at Wurtzburg, now appears under the title of *Universal Friend of Religion and the Church*, and under the editorship of Dr. Benkert, fights stoutly for the antiquity of the old faith in a style pretty similar to that adopted by its namesake at Paris. The *Catholic Ecclesiastical Gazette*, published at Aschaffenburg, is edited on the same principles. Two other Journals defend the Romish faith on moderate principles—the *Ecclesiastical Gazette for Catholic Germany* and the *Constitutional Ecclesiastical Gazette*, published in Bavaria. But if we meet with divines in the bosom of the Catholic church who resemble Protestants in their independent tone and their opposition to every thing that would assimilate the present times to the middle ages, we find, on the other hand, Protestant divines, who are as hostile to free inquiry as the staunchest Catholic, and whose efforts to impede the progress of public opinion are unceasing. The organ of this party is the *Evangelical Ecclesiastical Gazette*, edited by Dr. Henstenberg of Berlin. As it always happens that one extravagance leads to another, the ultra-rationalist party are no longer contented with Dr. Zimmerman's Journal, and have started another in opposition to it. From Dr. Zimmerman's, however, the most impartial information may be gained as to the views and proceedings of all parties.

**Necrology.**—*Klinger*, the romance writer and dramatist, died at St. Petersburg, in February last. He was born at Frankfort in 1753, and took an active part in the regeneration of German literature which took place about fifty years ago. His complete works were published at Königsberg in 1819, in twelve vols.

*Matthiäson*, the German poet, who ranks second to none for refined and tender fancy and exquisite elegance of style, died at Worlitz, in Dessau, on March 12, in the 71st year of his age.

*Augustus La Fontaine*, the popular German novelist, whose productions have been translated into nearly all the languages of Europe, and were even admitted into the Imperial library at St. Cloud, died at Halle on April 20th.

Died at Berlin, on May 27th, Christian Adam Gaspari, Professor of Geography and Statistics in the University of Königsberg. He was

born in 1752, and was the author of many works on Geography, and, among others, of *Manuals*, which have frequently been re-printed in Germany, and have greatly contributed to diffuse a taste for that science.

## ITALY.

Two new historical romances have recently appeared at Milan; the first by the author of *Sibilla Odaleta*, is entitled *Folchetto Malaspina, Romanzo Storico del Secolo XII.*, in three volumes; the second is *Uberto Visconti, Romanzo Storico riguardante Milano a' tempi di Barnabo e Gian-Galeazzo Visconti*, in one volume, by Giovanni Campiglio. They are both imitations of the favourite *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni.

An Italian translation of the celebrated German *Conversations-Lexicon*, with alterations to suit it to the meridian of Italy, is now in the press. Our readers are probably aware that an English *rifacciamento* of this work is now publishing at Philadelphia and in this country, and that a French one has been for some time in preparation at Paris.

A *History of Poland*, in Italian, with geographical and chronological maps, and coloured plates of costume, &c., is announced to appear at Florence, by Dr. Bernard Zaydler, a native Pole, from an article by whom, in the *Antologia*, we extracted some interesting statistical details relative to Poland, in the 14th Number of this Journal.

## POLAND.

*Zamek Kuniowski, or the Castle of Kuniow*, by a young poet of the name of Gozyczynsky, is a tale somewhat à la Byron, slightly sketched and by no means free from considerable defects, yet at the same time giving earnest of much genuine poetic feeling and real power. Considered individually, many of the scenes are well conceived, and not less ably worked up; but for want of a proper connection between them, the story is not so intelligible as could be wished, or rather, is too vague and obscure in several passages. As to moral, the author does not seem to have given himself much trouble on that score, for we can hardly suppose he intended to convey any. Orlika, a young Korak maiden, after rejecting the suit of the aged but wealthy governor of the castle, at length consents to become his bride, in order to save the life of her brother. On learning this event, her former lover, the Hetman Niebaba, determines to revenge her perfidy, by inciting the inhabitants of Kuniow to insurrection, and attacking the castle. Orlika hearing the tumult of the besiegers, stabs her husband while he is asleep, hoping, perhaps, to be speedily released by Niebaba; but if so, her object is frustrated, for the gallant perishes under the walls of the fortress. There is nothing particularly edifying in all this—something, on the contrary, of more than ordinary absurdity; nevertheless this strange and rather meagre *canon* is embellished with fancy, if not always with discretion or taste.

## RUSSIA.

THE year 1830 was memorable in Russia for the destruction of *Periodicals*, as well as for the ravages of the *Cholera*. Indeed the mortality among the former was in a much greater proportion than that caused by the latter. No fewer than nine journals terminated their existence with 1830, six of which were published in Moscow, viz. — 1st, the patriarch of all the Russian journals, that dedicated to History, Statistics and Geography, in the fortieth year of its existence; 2d, the patriarch of all the critical journals of Russia, the *European Mercury*, commenced by Karamsin, in its twenty-eighth year; 3d, the *New Magazine for Natural History*, edited by Dwigubski; 4th, the *Moscow Mercury*, edited by Pogodin; 5th, the *Athenæum*, by Palon; and 6th, the *Galathee*, by Heitsch. As some compensation, however, for this stagnation in the trade, several new ones have started with the present year, among which the *Telescope* holds the first rank. With this year also commenced, at St. Petersburg, a new German journal, intended to afford other nations an insight into Russian literature, geography and history, and also to inform the Russians of similar matters from abroad; but the editor appears to be incompetent to the task.

The Russian Chamberlain, Demidov, in order to promote the interest of literature and science in his native country, has resolved to set aside, every year till his death, the sum of 20,000 rubles, to be awarded in sums of 5000 rubles to such writers as shall have enriched Russian literature, during the preceding year, with some work of distinguished merit. The Academy of Science will decide on the merits of the proposed works. M. Demidov has also, by a subsequent act, confirmed the 20,000 rubles for the same purpose for twenty-five years after his death, and added a further yearly sum of 5000 rubles for the printing of the MSS. that may be judged worthy of the prize. Should this latter sum not be found sufficient for its object, the emperor has engaged, at the express request of the donor, to make up the deficiency from the public treasury, and has given his entire sanction to the noble and patriotic views of M. Demidov.

Two works lately published on *Romanticism*, discuss the subject very differently: the one is a formal dissertation by a Dr. Hadezhdin—*De Origine, Natura, et Fatis Poeseos quæ Romantica audit*; the other is an Essay on the Tragedy of the Greeks, the French and the Romanticists, and professes to be written by a “land-surveyor” of the name of Tovarnitzky, which is, however, merely a *nom de guerre*; and the “land-surveyor” ironically commends *classicism*, as conducting directly to the Temple of Fame; while *romanticism*, as he says, leads us only into “the chaotic quagmires in which Calderon and Shakspeare floundered about.” It is a lively and clever piece of satire, and may, we hope, be of service to his countrymen, who have hitherto been slavish imitators of French models in their dramatic compositions, and, like all imitators, have copied more of the defects than of the merits of their originals. A more manly and liberal spirit of criticism, however, is now beginning to manifest itself even in Russia; and, in fact, some of their journals savour not only of literary, but of political liberalism, and occasionally indulge in a tone which is sufficient to convince us that the censorship of the press must be rather nominal than real.

A small volume of miscellaneous pieces, in prose and verse, by Mad. Lisitzin, is distinguished by the superior purity and elegance of its style, and by the taste and feeling it displays. Of the twenty-nine poetical pieces it contains, the greater part are elegiac compositions.

Pushkin has published another chapter of his poetical romance of *Eugenius Onegin*, which, although somewhat too much a repetition of the same strain that pervades its predecessors, contains many beautiful passages, and many touches of genuine poetry

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Feodor Glinka has likewise given the public a new literary production, of a rather different stamp from any of his former ones, but well calculated to add to his reputation—namely, a narrative and descriptive poem, entitled *Corelia, or the Captivity of the Empress Martha Ivanovna Romanov*.

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The prolific pen of Prince Shakowsky, the author of *Aristophanes*, and numerous other theatrical pieces, has dramatized the story of Zagorskine's *Yuri Miloslavsky*, which has been performed with much success both at St Petersburg and Moscow

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Two posthumous volumes from the pen of Venevitinov, will, while they excite admiration for the refined sensibility and the generous enthusiasm they breathe, awaken regret at the premature fate of one who, had he lived, would doubtless have become an ornament to the literature of his country. As it is, we can enjoy only the blossoms of his talent, for he died at the early age of twenty-two, on the 15th (27th) March, 1827, yet these blossoms are fraught with a freshness of imagination and feeling that might not have been found in his more matured productions, had he lived to cultivate his talents, and they acquire an additional but melancholy attraction from the presentiments the youthful poet frequently betrays of his approaching destiny. There is one poem in particular which seems to be painfully prophetic of his early death, and to refer to his own feelings, where he says,

"Existence was to him a golden dream  
All fraught with rapture, and like rapture—brief."

Venevitinov, indeed, possessed, within himself the true elements of poetry, and all those fine qualities that constitute the genuine poet—feelings both ardent and amiable, keen sensibility, a warm sympathy with natural and moral beauty, and an innate delicacy of taste. The second volume, published some time after the first, contains his prose pieces, which exhibit him to hardly less advantage, whether as an elegant writer, or as a judicious and ingenious critic.

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## SPAIN.

A *Dictionary of Marine Terms* has recently appeared at Madrid, with translations in French, English and Italian of all the Spanish expressions

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ERRATUM.—Page 497, line 5, for 1825, read 1831.





